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THE MODERN REVIE



THE MODERN REVIEW

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

"INQUE BREVI SPATIO MUTANTUR SÆCULA ANIMANTUM
"ET QUASI CURSORES VITAE LAMPADA TRADUNT."

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THE MODERN REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1880.

THE STORY OF NINETEENTH CENTURY REVIEWING.

“UPON calculating the Number of News-Papers, 'tis found that (besides divers written Accounts) no less than 200 Half-sheets per Month are thrown from the Press only in London, and about as many printed elsewhere in the Three Kingdoms; a considerable Part of which constantly exhibit Essays on various Subjects for Entertainment; and all the rest, occasionally oblige their Readers with matters of Public Concern, communicated to the World by Persons of Capacity thro' their Means: so that they are become the chief Channels of Amusement and Intelligence. But then being only loose Papers, uncertainly scatter'd about, it often happens, that many things deserving Attention, contained in them, are only seen by Accident, and others not sufficiently publish'd or preserved for universal Benefit and Information.

“This Consideration has induced several GENTLEMEN to promote a Monthly Collection, to treasure up, as in a Magazine, the most remarkable Pieces on the Subjects above-mention'd, or at least impartial Abridgments thereof, as a Method much better calculated to preserve those Things that are curious, than that of transcribing.”

So ends the Introduction to the Gentleman's Magazine:

Or, *Monthly Intelligencer*, of which Number I. was published in January, 1731, price sixpence. The *Gentleman's Magazine* gave a new significance to an English word and a new taste to cultivated society. Twelve months hence "Sylvanus Urban, Gent.," will have issued his serial without break or pause for a hundred and fifty years.

Defoe's *Review*, begun in 1704, was the father of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, and was in no sense the progenitor of those more solid monthly publications of which the *Gentleman's Magazine* was the first conspicuous example. But in May, 1716—five years after the issue of the *Spectator*—Defoe began a monthly of six octavo sheets under the sounding title of *Mercurius Politicus*. In November, 1722, appeared both Earbury's *Monthly Advices from Parnassus* and the *Monthly London Journal*, by "Cato, Jun." Presently, again, in January, 1725, was begun the *Monthly Catalogue of Books, Sermons, Plays, &c.*; and this was followed, in March, 1728, by the *Monthly Chronicle*.

Edward Cave, the projector of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and its editor for more than twenty years, infused into it a character and a power far exceeding the pretensions of any of its forerunners. It was the first great literary review. It did not, indeed, assume that form immediately. The first number fulfils no more than the modest promise of the introduction. It consists mainly of extracts in prose and verse from the *Craftsman*, the *London Journal*, *Fog's Journal*, the *Grub Street Journal*, and other newspapers, and a diary of the month's events, with a mere list of books and a Scotch ghost story, which reminds us that Cave himself, "though he did not like to talk of it," told Samuel Johnson that he had seen a ghost. In November, 1734, however, Johnson wrote to him, under the feigned name of S. Smith, suggesting a "literary article" of extended and varied criticism. The printer of St. John's Gate was not the man to neglect a sagacious hint. It was not long before

the rich contributions of Johnson himself were spreading far and wide the fame of the magazine. The responsibility of Editorship was realised by Cave more vividly than by the Editor of the *Britain* newspaper, who advertised in the *Flying Post* of May 23, 1713: "The author of the *Britain*, being at some distance from Town, during the Summer Season, that paper will only be published occasionally till the Winter." "Sylvanus Urban" soon received famous members of Parliament at his office, who came to proffer authorised reports of their great speeches in place of those which Guthrie or Johnson compiled so freely from scraps of notes jotted down in the House, and the ambitious publisher printed them, at the risk, as the centenary volume has it, "of fearful penalties." Under his vigorous management the sale of the magazine rose to 10,000 copies. How many of our present quarterlies or monthlies boast such a circulation? Yet when rumour said that a single subscriber was dissatisfied, Cave was eager to "have something good next month."

John Nichols, who took the helm after Henry and the second Cave had steered the magazine through the intervening years, surpassed the original "Urban" himself in the skill and success of his pilotage. The magazine gradually receded from political discussion, though the conductors, celebrating its hundredth birthday, proudly proclaim on its behalf "an undeviating adherence to Church and State, a warm attachment to the Crown, Laws, Establishments, and Religion of our country, a distrust of theoretical experiments upon what the experience of ages has taught us to reverence, an abhorrence of the fanciful ravings of enthusiasts, religious or political, and a desire to preserve unchanged those Institutions of our forefathers, under which England has acquired the highest renown among nations." "The political atmosphere is free from clouds to excite alarm," it is added. So wrote the Tory Editor six weeks

before the "Three Days of July" in Paris, six months before the installation of the Reform Ministry at Westminster.

It was impossible to begin the story even of Nineteenth Century Reviewing without a glance at that remarkable serial which, after braving so many storms and gliding over so many waters which other literary craft have found becalmed, continues still its unchecked voyage across the sea of years. To relate the history of the host of periodicals that sprang up and ran their course and died between the first publication of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the great outburst of Review literature which marked the early years of our century would detain us too long from our purpose. Yet the full significance of that new birth cannot be grasped without a previous word on some of the chief of these. While the *London Magazine* (1732) was the most formidable competitor of "Sylvanus" during the earlier part of his career, the *Monthly Review*, with its four successive series, was, in longevity, his only respectable English rival; though the *Scots' Magazine* (1739) has run him hard in the Land o' Cakes. Begun in May, 1749, the *Monthly Review*, bearing on its bead-roll the names of Smollett, Goldsmith, Johnson, Sterne, and Hume, lived till 1845. Southey, one of the most prolific reviewers of later times, esteemed the early days of the *Gentleman's* and the *London* the Golden Age of Magazines, for then "their pages were filled with voluntary contributions from men who never aimed at dazzling the public, but came each with his scrap of information, or his humble question, or his hard problem, or his attempt at verse." Keats and Kirke White are said to have been killed by critics; but few men ever suffered more than Southey himself from the "dazzling" propensities of nineteenth century reviewers. Edinburgh, that prolific mother of reviewing energy and talent, which has supplied even England with half her most distinguished editors, gave

early token of what she had in store in her *British Magazine*, her *Magazine*, her *Magazine and Review*, and her *Magazine and Literary Miscellany*, which lived to be killed by no less a foe than mighty Blackwood himself; while in the hapless *Edinburgh Review*, born in 1755, to die at its second number, with the fame of Adam Smith alone to rescue it from oblivion, she anticipated the name of the most illustrious of all her children. In England, Smollett, under "royal licence," tried his hand at editorship on the *British Magazine*, and at least three several attempts have since been made to establish a serial under this luckless name. But the *European Magazine and London Review* and the *Monthly Magazine* are, perhaps, in this period, the most germane to our purpose. The one illustrates the manner of literature from which the great Reviews sixty or seventy years ago were a reaction, the other that of which they were a development.

The *European Magazine* made its first appearance in January, 1782, during the momentary lull before that splendid storm in which the "vain boy," Pitt, Charles Fox, and disasters in America drove North from his twelve years' premiership. But the *European* had a soul above politics, save in the most dainty form. Was it not conducted by "the Philological Society of London"? Was it not inscribed to "the first gentleman in Europe"? That prince was then but twenty years of age, yet portly withal, if the portrait opposite the opening page deserves our trust; for the *European* was "embellished with elegant engravings." Its purpose was summed up in its familiar motto, "*Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.*" "If we do not improve, we may at least engage the mind, and if we do not detain the busy, we may be praised for giving an innocent employment to the idle." To this end we have gossiping anecdotes about the authors and the artists whose works are noticed, a feature of which the Philological Society is

evidently proud ; the plays for the month (a fresh one every night !) at Drury Lane and Covent Garden are regularly announced ; and music is published in score "for the voice, harpsichord, violin, guittar, German-flute, and bass." The *European Magazine* fought its way through the period of the rise of the great Reviews in the first generation of this century, and it was only in 1825 that it tried that "New Series" experiment, the despair of the bibliographer, which is compared by Campbell, in his introduction to the *Metro-politan*, to "the false hair and teeth of an antiquated beau, a deceitful exterior, which covers, but does not prevent, inevitable ruin." How long the *European* continued to court the aid of voluntary contributors by maintaining letter-boxes in four several places in London for the reception of "their favours," history, so far as we know, records not.

Very different in aim and conduct was the famous *Monthly Magazine*, which, issuing its opening number under the patronage of Richard Phillips, in February, 1796, with Dr. Aikin for editor, ran down to 1843. It was in 1826 that this periodical, also compelled, no doubt, by the tremendous pressure of the competition at that time, and by the panic in the book trade, began the New Series plan ; and the experiment was repeated no less than four times in the remaining seventeen years of its career. No political sympathies dictated the signal compliment paid to the *Monthly Magazine* by a *Blackwood* reviewer in November, 1824, on the score of its literary merit. Indeed he is amply justified, amid his vituperation of the other eighteenth century periodicals, in praising its improved intellectual status and its honest endeavour to promote, by queries and answers and other methods, the general information. Yet the *Monthly Magazine* could engage in very pleasant banter,—witness the mock letter from Sydney Smith, piled up with incongruities and

absurdities, in which the great clerical satirist is made to write: "Julius Cæsar would, I think, have favoured pluralities, had he been born in our Church." *

But even the *Monthly Magazine* never touched the level of literary excellence which was to be attained by so many competitors in the brilliant period extending a dozen years on either side of Waterloo. The prevailing matter of all the serials that ran through the period of the American War and the French Revolution was trivial to a degree that now would be intolerable. Great writers passed them by and sought no admission at their doors. "Even if they could have condescended to transmit [their writings] to the old magazines," says *Blackwood* a generation later, with characteristic energy, "to be there degraded and defiled by papers on an obscure tombstone, on a polish for furniture, or the blacking of shoes, they would have been deterred by the reflection that there they would be overlooked and undervalued, and never reach the perusal of those who alone were able to understand their purport and appreciate their value." †

In 1802, a brilliant group of young men enlivened the society of the Scottish capital. Francis Jeffrey, the central figure from our present point of view, was in his twenty-ninth year. Sydney Smith was about two years older; Francis Horner was twenty-four; Henry Brougham was twenty-three. The extraordinary literary feat which these four men, aided by allies of less importance, achieved, forms one of the most fascinating and one of the most familiar episodes in the history of books. Sydney Smith's paragraph is the basis of all historical accounts of the start of the *Edinburgh Review*. "One day we happened to meet in the

* January, 1826. Without loading this article with references to sources sufficiently obvious, we have thought it right to supply the means of verifying actual quotations. References not otherwise specified are to original editions.

† November, 1824.

eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed Editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number." Jeffrey substantially corroborates these sentences. The jealous Brougham, it is true, declares that "nothing can be more imaginary," and solemnly argues that, "in the first place, there never was a house eight or nine stories high in Buccleuch Place."* Probably, had Brougham been concerned in the history of *Fraser*, instead of that of the *Edinburgh*, he would have disputed the historical validity of the anecdote of "Father Prout" in his old age singing his "Bells of Shandon," "in a Parisian *salon* half-way up to the skies," on the score that there never was a Parisian *salon* half-way up to the skies.

The amazing success of the *Edinburgh* from that 10th October morning of 1802, when it burst upon the world, to days within the recollection of men now no older than the projectors were then, not only confounded the gloomy prognostications of Jeffrey, but immeasurably surpassed Smith's own bold hopes. That success had its causes easy enough to perceive after the event. Foremost among these must ever stand the splendid ability of the youthful writers who filled the early volumes with their critiques on books, on measures, and on men. Brougham himself, "the cleverest man of the nineteenth century;"† Jeffrey, "the greatest of British critics;"‡ Sydney Smith, allowed even by Brougham to be "an admirable joker;"§ Francis Horner, upon whose countenance, according to Sydney Smith, were stamped the Ten Commandments—these constituted at once as varied and

* *Memoirs of the Life and Times of Lord Brougham*, i. 246.

† *Gilfillan's Literary Portraits*. First series. Second ed., 124.

‡ *Lord Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey*, i. 1.

§ *Memoirs of Brougham*, i. 247.

as powerful a quartet of writers as ever stood at the centre of a great enterprise; and they were well supported by John and Thomas Thomson, Murray, Webb-Seymour, and the rest. The second prevailing cause of success was, no doubt, the ripeness of the times for the discussion of political reform. Both Smith and Brougham have rapidly summarised the evils which the *Review* found current and helped to remove. Of these, the toleration of the slave trade and the denial of counsel to men on trial for their lives, will seem to the reader of this day the most flagrantly wicked; but it was in the discussion of Catholic Emancipation that the young Reviewers won their political spurs. As an organ of literary criticism, its independence of the bookselling trade was one main condition of the *Review's* usefulness and popularity; hitherto the line between review and advertisement, literary notice and literary puff, had been very indistinctly drawn. The Edinburgh Reviewers were the first to set the fashion of making the title of a book rather the text for an independent essay than the introduction to an analysis of its contents,—a practice which subsequently called forth the sarcasm of *Blackwood* that “we are made acquainted with the talents of the Reviewer, but those of the author are not exhibited.”

Sydney Smith was soon called south, and the *Review* was no longer edited in *junto* by conspirators who stole by secret ways to Willison's office. The magnificent reign of Jeffrey as formal and salaried editor began, probably, at the fourth number. He was sole editor from 1803 to 1829, when Mr. Macvey Napier succeeded him. Sir Walter Scott talks of “my little friend Jeffrey.”* He was of diminutive stature, but made the most of his appearance by careful dressing. Of all editors that the world has seen, he was surely the prince, unless it be Buloz. No other man ever held so mettlesome a team so well together with so

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, ii. 124.

free a use of the whip. He slashed the contributions sent to him unscrupulously, yet kept even Brougham's *amour propre* unwounded—or only scratched on the surface now and then. Nothing is more amusing than Brougham's chagrin to find himself moralising, like any preacher, in sentences of which he had never dreamed, in the midst of an otherwise rather wicked article; and Scott described how, when the merits of an article were rather in matter than in manner, Jeffrey never failed in “throwing in a handful of spice.”* Of Jeffrey's private character the love and pride with which his associates regarded him testify enough. Even Scott, the prime mover in Scotland towards the establishment of its great London rival, long afterwards wrote an article for the *Edinburgh Review* “for the love of Jeffrey, the editor,”† and the tender strain of his heart is exquisitely revealed in a letter to his successor, written in 1833, when the terrible cholera had found its way to the Firth of Forth:—“I cannot tell you how much I am disturbed by the thoughts of that frightful pestilence being in my beautiful and beloved Edinburgh, and so near my best and dearest friends. When I lie awake at night I can scarcely help weeping over you, and feeling as if I ought to be among you, and a sharer of your perils.”‡ His very failure as an orator in the House of Commons is a measure of his consummate ability. “He fired over all our heads,” said Sir Robert Peel after the new Lord Advocate's maiden speech. Under Jeffrey the circulation of the *Review* rose in its first six years from 750 to 9,000, and in 1813 it was from 12,000 to 13,000. According to the *Analectic Review* (Feb. 1819), five years later it had further risen fifty per cent.

Looking at the career of the *Edinburgh Review* after it has been published for three-quarters of a century, all must admit that, for two-thirds of that period at least, it exercised

* Lockh. ii. 208. † Lockh. iv. 209.

‡ Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier, 126.

an extraordinary influence over policy and letters. In its early days it was guilty of many grave errors. Its literary criticisms were not only often unjust, but sometimes pernicious. Witness its insensibility to the gentle genius of the Lake poets, and its laugh at Dr. Young, the discoverer of the law of Interference of light,—a laugh which cost Young a thousand pounds previously proffered to him by a publisher, and so set the public against him that he could sell but one single copy of his grave reply. Its judgments on men and movements were sometimes, doubtless, grossly unfair; yet while no plea can justify the sweeping invective of the opening paragraphs of Sydney Smith's third article on Methodism, it is to be observed that that tempest of scorn was the rejoinder to an attack, ignorant, vulgar, and fanatical, while the first two articles, dealing with a theme tempting to the author's unbounded power of ridicule, are a monument of self-restraint and serious remonstrance. Notwithstanding all its faults, the Review was written not only with power, but with conscience, no less in the days of Horner and Sydney Smith, than in those of Macaulay, Carlyle, and Stephen. It never was—at any rate under Jeffrey's sway—a mere party organ. It judged men and things from the standpoint of the public good according to its lights, and the hatred it aroused was due as much to the sting of its sarcasm against all things mean and base as to its consistent opposition to Toryism in all its forms. The measure of that hatred may, perhaps, be justly estimated by reference to a little work on the Periodical Press of Great Britain and Ireland, published in 1824:—"Success rendered its writers callous to consequences. Their antagonists shrunk back from them. Unopposed, they imagined themselves invincible. They saw that they held the reins of criticism despotically, and their pasquinades increased in number as well as bitterness. The Tory sufferers winced under their application in dogged silence. They endured the torture,

and only thanked God it was not worse. Frequently, indeed, they offered to conciliate; but they never had the prowess to retaliate. *A dinner and a brief often averted what their pens should have paid.*"

As early as 1807, Scott, then a poet at the summit of his fame, though not yet a suspected novelist, began to look at the *Edinburgh Review*, to which he himself in the past years had made many contributions, through glasses of the same tint as those worn by the writer we have just quoted. That tint was the party-colour of Torydom. The first grave offence to Scott was the ardent advocacy of Catholic Emancipation for which the Review was so distinguished; but it is impossible to acquit him of personal *pique* at the Editor's very candid criticism upon the romance of *Flodden*. "I owe Jeffrey a flap with a fox-tail," he writes, "on account of his review of 'Marmion.'"* But the politics, which became more and more pronounced, gave the Tory poet abundant ground for his secession, and seven months after the appearance of the critique, Constable, the publisher, with an "indignant dash" of the pen had to write "STOP!!!" after his name on the list even of the subscribers.†

Lockhart has shown the active part which Scott took in promoting the establishment of the great rival of the *Edinburgh Review*. The *Quarterly Review* has now for seventy years kept up the game, and has never failed to return the ball which the *Edinburgh* has served. No less a man than Canning himself helped in the plot, and Scotch and English Reviewers were soon prepared to criticise books and men on principles of Church and State. Scott, Southey, Young, Frere, and Ellis were among the earliest contributors, and so was one unworthy of that brilliant company, in spite of Charles Knight's kind words,‡ John Wilson

* Lockh. ii. 218.

† Lockh. ii. 202.

‡ Passages of a Working Life, i. 274.

Croker. A second detonation never startles quite so much as a first; but the first issue of the *Quarterly* was not less brilliant than that of the Northern serial seven years before. In Gifford an Editor was found of singular ability, if not of a species beloved by writers of books. "He had a heart full of kindness for all living creatures except authors," says his prolific contributor, Robert Southey; "*them* he regarded as a fishmonger regards eels, and as Isaac Walton did slugs, worms, and frogs."* It is not surprising, then, that "he could count his enemies by thousands, and reckon his friends on his fingers."

It is creditable to Scott and still more to Jeffrey that the part the former felt called upon to play did not entirely destroy the old friendship of the two school-fellows. The poet suggested to the Editor a less trenchant political tone, and seems to have understood him to make promise of modification; but Jeffrey, recalling long years afterwards the conversations that passed between them, is able distinctly to remember telling his critic that the *Edinburgh* had but two legs to stand on, literature and politics, and "its right leg is politics."† Scott even writes of "the disgusting and deleterious doctrine with which the most popular of our Reviews disgraces its pages."‡ The emphatic assertion of Jeffrey, therefore, that there were but four men whose opposition he dreaded, and that Scott was one, was not likely to check the resolve of the great Minstrel; and his hint to Gifford on hearing that he was willing to edit the new venture, reveals almost a malignant hostility:—"The Whigs suffer most from cool, sarcastic reasoning and occasional ridicule." By any work of equal literary talent, which "should speak a political language more familiar to the British ear than that of subjugation to France," he is

* Southey's Life. Quoted by Allibone.

† Lockh. ii. 157; Jeffrey's Contributions to the E.R. i. xvii.

‡ Lockh. ii. 209.

persuaded that the circulation of the great Liberal organ might be reduced at least one half.*

The "little man, dumped up together,"† who first sat in the editorial chair of the *London Quarterly*, as the Scotchmen called it, at once obtained its recognition as the champion of "Church, Tory, and War principles." Jeffrey was not much discomfited by number one, which took upon itself not only the defence of the coasts against Buonaparte, but the defence of the faith against its supposed Voltairean assailants at Edinburgh. Probably Sydney Smith suffered as much as any of the Northern Reviewers; for the second number (May, 1809) contained many biting sarcasms in its notice of the remarkable sermons which he had published, and rather indiscreetly prefaced. It was not soothing to him who had blamed the Methodists so severely for dereliction from orthodoxy, to be calmly told that he appeared "to belong to the Socinian school;" and the concluding paragraphs, in which the Reviewer affects to discredit Smith's asserted connection with the *Edinburgh*, must surely have had some sting. "Would he deem it sufficient," asks his critic, "to sacrifice to decency and religion in sermons which he avows, and give himself a licence to aid the dissemination of malice and infidelity in anonymous criticism? It is not to be supposed. . . . He would not have produced one of his best and most experimental sermons expressly '*On the Errors of Youth*.'"

It is the rise of these two great Quarterlies, creative, as they were, of a new literature and a new criticism, that must always take the leading place in the Story of Nineteenth Century Reviewing. Their continuation offers innumerable points of interest, indeed; but at their origin their main characteristics were permanently fixed. The manner in which they so long kept up the extraordinary standard of literary and political ability which belonged to them at the

* Lockh. ii. 210, 211.

† Scott's Diary, Jan. 17, 1827.

outset is very inadequately explained by that high scale of payment which rendered theirs, in a more literal sense than those of the old *London and Gentleman's*, the golden age of magazines. Poets, historians, statesmen delighted to enrich their pages; and, like the theistic thinkers described by Mr. Gladstone, Jeffrey and Gifford, Napier and Lockhart, if they were not rulers, ruled those who were. When Jeffrey became Dean of Faculty of Advocates in 1829, Macvey Napier, already distinguished for his editorial work on the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and for his lectures as Professor of Conveyancing, was persuaded to assume the command of the *Edinburgh*. He had neither the genius nor the decision of his illustrious predecessor, but his correspondence shows that it was not without skill that he kept his staff together. It fell to him to deal with Brougham in the days of his utmost arrogance, and Macaulay, M'Cullough, Bulwer, were none of them without their grievances.* The *Quarterly* was steered by Gifford with

* The recently-published Correspondence of Macvey Napier reveals the fact that Macaulay, in his vexation at the rejection of his own article on the French Revolution (1830) in favour of that of Brougham, was nearer the mark than he himself can seriously have supposed in his conjectures concerning the pressure brought to bear by that notable Reviewer. From Macaulay's *Life* (i. 196, *seq.*), we had already learnt that, on August 19, he wrote to Napier:—"I have no notion on what ground Brougham thinks that I am going to review his speech" [on Colonial Slavery], and then proceeded to condemn the "vile taste" of, "puffing and flattering each other in the Review;" also, that he offered, in the same letter, to write an article on "The Politics of France since the Restoration." On Sept. 16 he wrote from Paris another letter (also given in his *Life*) in great annoyance at his article being put aside in favour of one by Brougham, and protesting that the language of the latter amounted to this:—"I must write about this French Revolution, and I will write about it. If you have told Macaulay about it, you may tell him to let it alone. If he has written an article, he may throw it behind the grate. . . . If he must be reviewing, there is my speech about the West Indies. Set him to write a puff on that." Probably every reader of this delightful biography has set all this down as the exaggeration of a slighted man. Yet it now actually appears that, on July 23, Brougham had written to Napier promising to send him his Colonial speech, and adding, "T. Macaulay is to prepare a leading article on it and the subject for next Number, which I hope will be first." (Napier's Correspondence, p. 80.) Further, on Sept. 8, Brougham did write:—"I must beg and, indeed, make a point of giving you

consummate skill till he withdrew from the command two years before his death, and five before the resignation of his Northern rival. Southey was perhaps the most important contributor under his rule; although he disliked its strong party complexion, and resented the mutilation of his contributions, the author of "*Thalaba*" could not but rejoice that Jeffrey, its contemptuous critic, himself should taste the fire of criticism. Gentle Elia winced under a *Quarterly* critique which he ascribed to the Laureate, his beloved friend. "I hate his 'Review,'" he cried, "and his being a Reviewer."* But he winced still more under the cruel mauling of his own favourable critique of the "*Excursion*" by the unscrupulous hand of Gifford. Mr. Coleridge, afterwards Sir John, took the reins from Gifford's relaxing grasp. His hold was feeble; and in 1826, the brilliant Blackwoodian, John Gibson Lockhart, "the Scorpion" of the famous "*Chaldee Manuscript*," was installed in Albemarle Street, with the goodly salary of fifteen hundred pounds a year, and pay for his own contributions besides. At that time about ten thousand copies of the *Review* were printed every quarter, but Lockhart found the stock of manuscripts in hand by no means to his mind,† and immediately laid many Northern cronies under contribution. Eager were the whispers and sundry the rumours as to the policy the new sovereign would inaugurate. But those in whose quivering frames the cruel *Review* had fleshed its maiden

my thoughts on the Revolution, and, therefore, pray send off your countermand to Macaulay. . . . I can trust no one but myself with it, either in or out of Parliament. . . . I have already begun my article, and it is of great importance that it should stand at the head" (p. 88). Nevertheless, the generally cordial relations of the writers for the *Edinburgh* with one another and with their editor by no means justify the caustic estimate made in the last number of their old Scotch rival edited by the late genial golf-player of St. Andrew's.

* "*Barry Cornwall's*" Charles Lamb, 177. "That accursed *Quarterly*" —Lamb to Southey. *Life of Southey*, v. 152.

† "*Christopher North*:" a Memoir of John Wilson, ii. 105, where Lockhart writes that the whole stock is not worth five shillings.

sword, Shelley and Keats, were dead. None with a human heart could now slash and hack at Lamb. Public taste was undergoing civilisation; and Lockhart was at least too shrewd, if not too kind, to perpetuate modes of warfare of which men were weary. Even "the scorpion who delighteth to sting the faces of men" may tire of the sport. A milder reign accordingly began, broken but now and then by stabs in the old style. In their respective situations Napier and Lockhart, notable editors as they were, served well to fill the period leading from the vivacious pugnacity of the epoch of the Napoleonic war to the more ponderous decorum of the latest generation.

The heavy artillery of the *Quarterly* had not long been levelled against the *Edinburgh*, when an assailant of lighter arms sprang up nearer home. Some thirty rounds had been fired in the cannonade when, in 1817, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* appeared with glittering rapier on the field. Here Wilson poured out the gorgeous wealth of his genius; here Lockhart wrought his "splendid sins" and sowed his literary wild oats.

The *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, published by the new firm of Blackwood, appeared in April, 1817. It was a mild miscellany. The coincidence that its editorial projectors, Messrs. Cleghorn and Pringle, were both lame was not unsymbolical, though they wielded no hammer of Hephæstus. Great, then, was the surprise of the Northern capital when it read the seventh number, issued in October. The superscription now was for the first time *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.* The change of title answered to a change of nature—the halt was suddenly an athlete. The invective against Coleridge, the ferocious onslaught on Leigh Hunt and the Cockney School of Poetry, above all, the daring "Chaldee Manuscript,"

* The promoters of the original *Blackwood* had amalgamated their venture with the old *Scots' Magazine*.

holding up all literary Edinburgh to ridicule and scorn under thinnest veil of disguise, were the manifest work, not of cheap splutterers, but of giants of the pen. The Whigs found themselves swept by a tempest of ridicule and vituperation compared with which any storms that they had raised were gentle breezes. This outburst of satiric genius was covered with impenetrable mystery. Who were these new masters of the reviewer's battle-axe and stiletto? There were "Dicaledon," "Wm. Scoresby, jun.," "H. M.," "T. B.," "J. R.," "Dandie Dinmont," and the terrible "Z.," among the first contributors; but none could fix the identity of any one of these. The mystification grew darker and darker as number followed number. All that was clear was that the days were over in which it could be sung in Edinburgh,

"Tories, tongue-tied, dare not speak." *

Tories dared not only speak, but inveigh, asperse, and libel. The courts of law were soon at work, and the "nimble, active-looking man of middle age," with the "sanguineous" complexion and the "intelligent, keen, and sagacious countenance," who founded the great house of Blackwood, was mulcted in damages for the exuberant frolic of his indiscreet and anonymous contributors.

From the host of writers who created the early *Blackwood*, including Hogg and De Quincey, Brewster and Scott, the Hamiltons, and many others, two stand out conspicuous for the stamp of genius they have left upon that caustic serial. John Gibson Lockhart, whom we have already encountered at a later crisis of his career, and John Wilson were the real *Blackwood*; though the common assumption that the magazine was ever actually edited outside the family of the publisher is once more refuted in the latest issue by the writer of a tribute to the last of that race removed by the hand of death. The permanent importance of the early

* *Blackwood*, October, 1817, p. 89, "Curious Old Song."

history of the publication in the annals of periodical literature lies in the brilliant but unscrupulous warfare which these two men introduced on the literary arena. It was not enough anonymously to mar honest reputations; the names of men totally innocent alike of will and power to make such communications were forged in signature to all kinds of random banter in prose and verse. Hogg suffered thus repeatedly, and bore it with a smile. The illiterate "Odontist," Dr. Scott, met like treatment, and accepted with every satisfaction his unearned and ludicrous renown. Other men resented bitterly the audacity of such unhand-some jests. But the flame of genius burnt too clearly, though often fed with garbage, to be denied the admiration of the world, and *Blackwood* and "the Edinburgh lads" sprang into a literary fame which the serial has never wholly lost, while it has long since made amplest atonement for the hot fervour of its youth. After a trenchant attack upon *Blackwood's* tone and substance, "nevertheless," says the *London Magazine*, in 1820, "its faults, gross as they are, bear the character of whims and flights rather than of radical vices."

The *Edinburgh Review* might well be deemed sufficiently engaged with two such adversaries as the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*. These, however, had both made their attack in front; they fought for what they supposed to be "order," against the "progress" for which their elder contemporary did battle. But a new foe was presently to break upon the flank of the great Review. In 1823, Jeremy Bentham had gathered round him a little band of philosophic retainers, whom he had filled with chivalric ambition to champion the Utilitarian creed. The great philosopher viewed with little satisfaction the division of philosophical and political discussion between the Tory and the Whig Reviewers, and fifteen years after the appearance of the *Quarterly* he brought into existence, at his own expense, the *Westminster*

Review. The editorship, declined by James Mill, was accepted by John Bowring, already distinguished, though but thirty-one, as a traveller, a linguist, and a Radical. With him was presently associated, for the literary department, Henry Southern, in whose hands the *Retro-spective Review* passed part of its career, and the unfortunate *London Magazine* expired.

John Stuart Mill has passed a severe judgment on the editorial qualifications of Bowring. Yet, issuing from a group of writers too small to be called a school, the *Review* under him won an audience and exercised an influence so large as to reflect high credit on his industry and talent. The first paper was the work of W. J. Fox, the "Norwich Weaver Boy."* It is a brilliant and earnest critique on current criticism, a plea for kindness to authors that the sacred flame may not be quenched. Bowring himself, the man whom Hood declared

able

To tell you what's o'clock in all
The dial-ects of Babel,

discussed in this same first number, the Politics and Literature of Russia. Bingham snubbed Thomas Moore like any Edinburgh Reviewer, and wrote four other articles as well. And James Mill blew the changes on the trumpet of defiance through sixty pages, elaborately analysing and denouncing the "aristocratical" proclivities, not of the Tory *Quarterly* only, but of the Liberal *Edinburgh* much more. This article won renown; but to our mind the calmer argument of Fox in the introduction, and the marvellously keen attack by Mill's precocious son, but eighteen years of age, in the April number, are both superior in power to the more ambitious assault by the historian of British India. The warfare of the two Reviews, in the co-existence of which the *Quarterly* gleefully discovered division in the

* Bowring's Autobiographical Recollections, p. 73.

enemy's ranks, reached its highest pitch of interest when the daring genius of young Macaulay was pitted, as he supposed, against the octogenarian philosopher who sustained the more Radical publication, in reality against the practised reasoning of James Mill.

The early contributors to the *Westminster* comprised, besides those named already, the two Austins, Grote, Roebuck, Perronet Thompson, Thompson's brother-in-law, Charles Barker, Edgar Taylor, Henry Roscoe, Southwood Smith, Fonblanque, William Ellis, Eyton Tooke, and others. But the younger Mill was the most prolific writer for its pages, taking credit for twenty-one articles in the first eighteen numbers,—a rate of contribution not comparable, indeed, with Jeffrey's seventy-five and Brougham's eighty articles in the first five years of the *Edinburgh*, but far outstripping anything which can be ventured in a magazine adopting that wholesome rule of signatures suggested seventy years ago by Cumberland, and pronounced by Sir Walter Scott an "extraordinary proposal" which "must prove fatal to the undertaking."*

But, in 1828, Stuart Mill, with his father, ceased to write for the Review, which the *London Magazine*, a year later, called, "the clever champion of things as they are not, in Church, State, and elsewhere." We have but one side of the dispute which severed the Mills from Bowring, and cannot, therefore, pronounce upon its merits.† It was not till six years later that the son, backed by Sir William Molesworth, established the *London Review* "to take the place which the *Westminster Review* had been intended to fill."‡ The competition between the two organs of "philosophic Radicalism" was brief. Molesworth bought the older periodical from General Thompson, and the two were thenceforth merged in one, bearing the double title;

* Lockh., ii. 230. † J. S. Mill's Autobiography, p. 130.

‡ Autobiography, p. 199.

and, owing partly to the intellectual divergences between the father and his son, for the first time in periodical literature the individualisation of articles by subscribed initial or other device was adopted systematically. James Mill soon died; and notwithstanding the telling effect which he attributes to his applause of Lord Durham's Canadian policy and his welcome of Carlyle's "French Revolution," John Stuart himself has virtually pronounced his own editorship a failure. In 1840, he made over the whole property to Mr. Hickson, and he, who at eighteen had charged the *Edinburgh* with the most "gross hypocrisy," at twice that age, more wise and temperate, found in it the happiest vehicle for his most important thoughts. Mr. Hickson, with self-abnegating zeal, carried on the *Review* for some ten years. At the expiration of that time the circulation had sunk to one thousand copies; and Mr. Hickson not unwillingly conveyed the *Review* to Mr. John Chapman. Mr. Chapman hoped for the continued support of Mr. Lombe, a well-known Norfolk landowner. Mæcenæ, however, not "sprung from ancestral kings," was extremely Radical, and to Mr. Chapman's professions of inability to find able writers of that type, he replied that there were plenty of clever young barristers with nothing to do. The rejoinder of the editor that articles, to have weight, must come of sincere conviction is said to have angered Mr. Lombe, who withdrew from the negotiation; but the first number under Mr. Chapman's auspices won back the patron's interest, and it was only his sudden death that prevented his rendering the *Review* the cordial pecuniary support of which it stood so much in need.

The battles of the gods, from the foundation of the *Edinburgh* downwards, have now been in barest outline recorded. Each of these renowned periodicals has wielded formative power in the moulding of British sentiment and thought. Each filled a place important, useful, and even

(save in the case of *Blackwood*) necessary in the evolution of literature and politics. But mortal men also had their frays; and it would become us, were space and the reader's patience at our command, to relate the warfare which the *New Monthly Magazine* waged against that *Monthly Magazine* of which we have already told. Like the little star that rises before the sun, the *New Monthly* shone with Blackwoodian light before the rise of "Maga." As the Leopard and the Scorpion smote Brougham and Jeffrey, the *New Monthly*, appearing in 1814, smote the *Monthly*. "The political poison so artfully introduced into every department of that work," it declared in preface to its opening volume, "and mixed up with a due proportion of ribaldry and irreligion, was calculated to produce a mischievous impression upon the minds of the unthinking and inexperienced at home, and to misrepresent and degrade the character of the country abroad." This miscellany ran a not undistinguished career. In various guises it was edited successively by the poet Campbell (who afterwards set up the short-lived *Metropolitan*); by S. C. Hall (not, as often alleged, by Bulwer*); by Theodore Hook; by Thomas Hood; by Harrison Ainsworth. In 1824, there was an immense number of monthlies in England, metropolitan and provincial; in Scotland many; in Ireland not one. In 1826, wreck was made of several. The *Annual Review*, the *British Review*, which owes an equivocal immortality to Byron's jest,† the *Literary Panorama* (united to the *New Monthly* in 1819), the famous *Pamphleteer* (not a regular periodical), the *Retrospective Review* (which looked back on the literature of the past), these all had their stories

* e.g. By Mr. Longfellow, who, in the *North American Review* (April, 1837), writes that, from 1831 to 1833, "Bulwer, the novelist, slept in the editorial chair." So also Allibone. Cf. S. C. Hall's "Book of Memories," vii., where he claims to have edited the *New Monthly* from 1830 to 1836.

† For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.

of success or failure. More deeply interesting was the *London Magazine*, which revived a name once famed, and won its own fame—bright, though brief—by giving home, not to Elia alone of the witty and the wise, but to Carlyle, to Hazlitt, to De Quincey with his marvellous “Confessions;” to “stalwart” Allan Cunningham, to Keats, Montgomery, and Landor, to Julius Hare and Hartley Coleridge, to “Barry Cornwall” and to Cary. Yet a vein of tragedy runs through the memory of the second *London* in the stern fate of John Scott, its editor, and a vein of horror in its association with the name of the “light-hearted,” flashy essayist and convict, Thomas Griffiths Wainwright. More fascinating still, perhaps, is the short tale of *Knight’s Quarterly Magazine*, written mainly by that dazzling group of Cantabs—lads every one—Præd, Macaulay, Moultrie, Derwent and Henry Nelson Coleridge, Sidney Walker, Malden, with other young collegians; and presently, allied with them, the graver Davenport Hill. Said the Introduction:—

“Some of us have no occupation. Some of us have no money.
 Some of us are desperately in love. Some of us are desperately in debt.
 Many of us are very clever, and wish to convince the public of the fact.
 Several of us have never written a line.
 Several of us have written a great many, and wish to write more.
 For all these reasons, we intend to write a Book.” *

All which was true, yet did not avail to save the book, after a short life and a merry, from extinction.

Of Reviews or Magazines beginning later than the *Westminster*, *Fraser* and *Tait* tempt us most to linger. *Fraser’s* story, begun in revelry, touched with tragedy, continued in gravity, has been so well and so authoritatively told quite

* Passages of a Working Life, i. 297. Cf. Memoirs of M. Davenport Hill, p. 67.

recently that we shall not stay upon it.* Its early tale of writers was brilliant indeed, yet its lasting fame must rest on the fact that it was of it that Carlyle wrote in reference to "Sartor Resartus," how the latter "had at last to clip itself in pieces, and be content to struggle out, bit by bit, in some courageous Magazine that offered." The dashing career of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, with which, in 1834, was incorporated *Johnston's*, made for it a place and name even in the crowded literature which the early days of Reform achieved. Its vigorous publisher and editor declared it to have three times the circulation of the *Edinburgh* or *Blackwood*. Few who read it can have forgotten its vehement advocacy of Liberal ideas and policy. It is not without filial pride that we reflect that the "Question of Questions" and other stirring appeals came from the active pen of George Armstrong, once incumbent of Bangor, County Down, afterwards colleague and successor of Dr. Lant Carpenter, at Bristol. To *Tait's* the prolific De Quincey sent much of what Mr. Leslie Stephen is pleased to call his "respectable padding."

The *Foreign Quarterly Review* of 1827, associated with the names of Walter Scott, Carlyle, and Southey, and edited by Gillies and Fraser, had its own editorial disputes; it can, however, but be named and commended for its attempt to make British readers care for and comprehend Continental literature. Of the host of monthly and the few quarterly publications sprung up in the last quarter of a century, we dare not write. "Boz," with his *Bentley's Miscellany*, and Ainsworth, with his own *Magazine*, led the way for *Macmillan* and the *Cornhill*, begun respectively in 1859 and 1860. Who could pass by unquoted Thackeray's prospectus to the latter, with its record that a title proposed, but rejected, was "The Thames on Fire," and the intimation, "At the social board we shall suppose ladies and children

* *Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1879. Cf. *Daily News*, Nov. 28, 1879.

always present; we shall not set rival politicians by the ears; we shall listen to every guest who has an apt word to say; and, I hope, induce clergymen of various denominations to say grace in their turn"? The almost fabulous circulation of the *Cornhill* in its youthful days testifies how nicely the kindly satirist understood the taste of a new and more refined generation.

We do not propose to discuss the rise and progress of the most influential Monthlies of the present day further than is essential to our immediate purpose. The *Fortnightly Review*, published for its first year and a half at the intervals indicated by its title, was started by the late George Henry Lewes in the summer of 1865, with the quite new purpose of distinctly encouraging the expression of mutually opposed opinions in religion, philosophy, and sociology. That novel principle of comprehension was, however, unquestionably adopted under the conviction that this impartial hospitality to hostile systems must tend to the increase of the philosophy held by the promoters and claiming the name of Positive. To take no part is possible to no man of parts; and while, both under Mr. Lewes and his accomplished successor, the *Review* has been conducted with thorough loyalty to its original principle, its net result has naturally been to strengthen Agnostic opinion and weaken Christian or theistic belief. The *Contemporary Review* was founded a few months later, based on the same broad principle; only, its centre of gravity has been nearer to traditional Christian orthodoxy, and the general set of its influence has been towards a more Conservative religious position. The third of "the impartial," taking its name from this age of intellectual ferment in which we live, betrays, indeed, no preference in school or sect. Its talented editor entertains a brilliant company, and if a man's talk is good, and he is one whom guests will be glad to meet, think as he will, be he Bishop or Bohemian, he is

welcome at that glittering board. Of the service which these three real "eclectics" have done to the sacred cause of free thought and expression there can be no question: yet we hold that no one of them has perfectly reflected the intellectual and religious groupings of men in our generation.

The periodicals thus far enumerated belong to the broad path of literature. It was inevitable and useful that other Magazines should arise avowedly devoted to the promotion of an interest or a principle. In the religious sphere this has been markedly the case. To count up the organs of the sects would, indeed, be wearisome. The *Evangelical Magazine* has already found mention in connection with its great castigator in the *Edinburgh*; the *Gospel Magazine* was begun in 1766; the *Protestant Dissenters' Magazine*, in 1794. Three years after the establishment of the *Edinburgh*, the *Eclectic Review* appeared. Conducted at times with ability, particularly under the editorship of Josiah Conder, in whose time Robert Hall "irradiated its pages,"* and James Montgomery, Adam Clarke, and John Foster were contributors, it was the organ of the Orthodoxy of the Independents, and maintained from the first its strictly evangelical tone. The preface to its fourth series, begun in 1837, relates how it was originally founded "by a number of gentlemen who were solicitous to rescue the literature of our country from the dogmatism of superficial critics and the irreligious influence of a semi-infidel party"—all which was meant for Jeffrey and his band. The *British Quarterly Review* may fairly claim to be "matre pulchra filia pulchrior." Francis Newman has left in old volumes of the *Eclectic* some memorials of his own evangelical days.

A religious Review belonging to a very different party is associated with the fame of Francis Newman's illustrious

* Gilfillan's *Literary Portraits*, i. 4.

brother. The chance of the *British Critic* retaining a name in literature rests in the fact that, from July, 1838, to July, 1841, John Henry Newman occupied its editorial chair. These years fell in the very crisis of his mental story. Already the *British Magazine* had given shelter to his own sweet hymns, along with those of Keble, of Isaac Williams, of Hurrell Froude, of Bowden, and of Wilberforce. Already the "Tracts for the Times" had called forth the admiration or the alarm of Churchmen throughout the country. The *British Critic* had, since 1793, borne the name of Rivington upon its title-page, guarantee sufficient of its policy, which was always "Anglican," and of its tone, which was always dignified. But it was at the beginning of those three years that Newman made it the vehicle of his enthusiastic advocacy of the "Via Media" between Protestantism and Romanism. Beneath that road that seemed so safe and fair, a mine was sprung. The period of the great Tractarian's fiery mental struggle had begun. In the last number which he edited, the *Critic* avers: "If our own communion were to own itself Protestant, . . . then, doubtless, for a season, Catholic minds among us would be unable to see their way." In 1841, Newman ceased to edit. In 1843, the *Critic* ceased to appear. In 1845, Newman submitted to the Roman Church.*

Of the *Dublin Review*, commenced in 1836, and other Roman Catholic organs, we do not propose to speak; nor of the *North British Review*, at first the able representative of Free Kirk principles, and but recently deceased. It is more to our purpose to turn to a procession of periodicals originating in a quarter very different from either of these.

As far back as 1769, Priestley projected the *Theological Repository*, with its Horatian motto, "Si quid novisti rectius istis, candidus imperti," and through its columns he inured a section of the reading world to the idea of the free discus-

* Apologia, Edition of 1875, pp. 60, 75, 94, 104, 112, 113, 114, &c.

sion of religious opinion in a periodical publication. The *Monthly Repository* (1806), as edited by Robert Aspland, maintained this feature, but turned its chief energies to the battles against Nonconformist and especially Unitarian Disabilities. Many of those battles were already won when W. J. Fox assumed editorial responsibilities, and under his guidance the lines of the *Repository* were widened to embrace, with theological liberality and a broad Biblical criticism, topics of general literature and politics, in both of which departments the younger Mill was a contributor. Thus the way was prepared for the brief editorship of the author of "Orion," and the genial but certainly "boyish" management of Leigh Hunt. Hunt, on assuming command in July, 1837, thus "addresses the reader": "The *Monthly Repository* was for a long time in the hands of a most respectable and liberal sect, but still a sect; and it was with great difficulty it partly extricated itself from the consequences. Mr. Fox boldly broke the chain, and may be said to have tried the numerous friends who remained with his editorship in truly golden fires. Mr. Horne, his successor, never having been connected with any sect, was enabled still further to throw open the speculative character of the magazine; and he brought to it new zeal for his own departments of literature, which thus extended it in fresh quarters." He adds that the magazine will now aim at merging *all* Christian sects "into one great unsectarian brotherhood of placid differers in opinion and exalters of the spirit above the letter." It will be "very unsectarian, very miscellaneous . . . and an ardent reformer, without thinking it necessary to mistake brick-bats for arguments, or a scuffling with other people's legs for 'social advancement.'" Hunt was very sanguine of the success of this editorial venture. The *Repository*, however, had lost its *raison d'être*, and it was soon swamped in the great sea of periodical literature. It was in this magazine in its and her Unitarian days that

Harriet Martineau first tried her wings;* her successful flights and the kind editorial encouragement so filled her mind and busied her tongue that Sydney Smith was heard to say of her, "She is always talking of a Mr. Fox whom nobody knows, and of a *Monthly Repository* which nobody reads."

Nearly synchronous with the disappearance of this publication was the rise of the modest but able and devout *Christian Teacher*, which was merged, in 1845, into the more ambitious *Prospective Review*. Though known to be edited by four eminent Unitarian Ministers, Messrs. John James Tayler, James Martineau, J. H. Thom, and Charles Wicksteed, the *Prospective*, by its literary merit, its high scholarship, and, above all, its broad and bold, yet reverent treatment of all religious questions, won the respectful attention of men of thought and letters far outside any denominational circles. Lord King, Lord Houghton, Blanco White, Walter Bagehot, and William Caldwell Roscoe, were among the collaborateurs, and the last of these ultimately shared editorial responsibility. The *Prospective* died in 1855, after some overtures from both sides for amalgamation with the *Westminster*, and gave place to the *National Review*, understood to reflect the minds of the two first-named among the editors of its predecessor, and to be intended, not merely to occupy the place by it vacated, but to counteract the pronouncedly negative tendencies which had given dissatisfaction even to some writers on the *Westminster*. The student of English theology needs not to be reminded that in the *National* first appeared the remarkable essays of Mr. R. H. Hutton, who indeed sat in editorial chair.

Thus was carried on, from the early days of George III. to times within the memory of young men now, the succession of Reviews devoted to the free discussion of theology

* Autobiography, Period ii., sections ii. iii.

in its philosophical, critical, and historical aspects. The *Theological Review*, which for the last sixteen years has trodden the same thorny but fruitful path started from a steadily Unitarian standpoint. But the Unitarians have throughout their history been distinguished by the breadth of their intellectual sympathies, and the co-operation of competent scholars and thinkers from every Church wherein liberalism is possible gave to the *Theological* a position less and less identified with any group of Churches and more and more representative of the best and most liberal culture among English theologians.*

Augescunt aliæ gentes, aliæ minuuntur,
Inque brevi spatio mutantur sæcla animantum
Et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt.

Two-fold is the tradition of the *λαμπαδηφορία*, the race with the flaming torch. Did runner after runner, weary with the course, hand on to his comrade the burning light that he with fresh zest and unspent limb should bear it on through the darkness of the night? Or did many athletes press swift feet upon the ground, each bearing aloft his link of flame, and he win the wreath and plaudits of the Hellenes, who first, *with light still burning*, touched the goal? Commentators find traces of each method of contest, and even of both combined. We, too, would run our race. In short space the generations of the living change, and, like runners on the course, age hands down to age the lamp of life. We, too, would grasp the torch fed with the oil of the

* It is strange that the literary historian has never been attracted by the subject of the foregoing rapid and meagre sketch. Yet this most imperfect account is the first general *conspectus*, so far as we are aware, of British Review literature. Continental and American Reviews we have not touched, nor the important weekly organs of criticism. Mr. Poole, in the Introduction to his useful Index to Periodicals, in 1853, half promised an historical work on the leading Reviews and Magazines; but the Chicago Librarian has been too busy to accomplish his design.

ages that are gone, and so mingle the light of the wisdom of the dead with the dawning glow of the coming day. Or, we will take it otherwise: and we will race with the fleetest down the course, eager as any to move swiftly on the free path of progress. We will linger behind the steps not even of the most advanced. Yet, though we meet the keen breeze of the modern spirit, that air, bracing to us who bear the torch, shall not quench the flame of faith, but fan it to a ruddier blaze. We would press to the goal with the first, yet carry with us undimmed the steadfast light whose wick is plaited of faith and hope and love.

We have no quarrel with any of the great literary organs. The bitterness of controversy is passed away; nor have we controversy with any Review that sustains the literary repute of our time. Only, while some are, with perfect propriety, devoted to the interests of school or sect, and others, with truest liberality, hold impartial balance between "Orthodox" Catholic or Protestant on the one hand, and Positive Philosopher or Atheistically-inclined Agnostic on the other, we note that a group of schools, in love with liberty, pledged to progress, reverent in religious aspiration and affirmation, address the public through none of these; and we note a deepening and outspreading impression (as we think, in consequence) upon the public mind, that, where Faith is, Reason has no footing, and, where Reason rules, Faith cannot dwell,—that Religion and Science are offered to the world alternatively, and the world must make its choice between. Believing that impression false, pernicious, and removable, we make it our purpose to do what in us lies towards its removal.

To this end the philosopher shall discuss in our pages, with boldest and freest words, the fundamental problems that tax the human mind; the physicist shall show how fearlessly men who still pray to God may plunge into the recesses of Nature's holy secrets; the historian shall tell

how, in times and lands remote, the generations have thought and felt concerning Man, his whence, his whither, his bonds to the Eternal; the scholar shall entice the reader into the practice of that criticism which, to many who have not understood its spirit or its aim, appears "malicious,"* but to us seems beneficently "Reconstructive" of the story of how ancient tribes wondrously groped their way towards the clear-shining light of God; the citizens of foreign lands shall tell us through what hopes and fears they still fight their way towards liberties in Church or home for us won long ago; the student of lives that have been gathered away from earth in centuries gone by or in these days of ours shall write their record for the monument of those who lived them; the man in whose heart religion is a living power shall invite others to kneel with him within the shrine.

THE EDITOR.

* The *Expositor*, No. I. p. 1.

THE FORCE BEHIND NATURE.

SOME thirty years ago, I enjoyed opportunities of discussing with John Stuart Mill (whose younger brother had been for twelve months an inmate of my house) many questions of Philosophy in which we both felt the deepest interest. Among these was the Doctrine of Causation set forth in his recently-published "System of Logic:"—"We may define the cause of a phenomenon to be the antecedent, or the concurrence of antecedents, on which it is invariably and unconditionally consequent." I pointed out to my friend that when this assemblage of conditions is analysed, it is uniformly found resolvable into two categories, which may be distinguished as the *dynamical* and the *material*; the former supplying the *force* or *power* to which the change must be attributed, whilst the latter affords the *conditions* under which that power is exerted. Thus, I urged, when a man falls from a ladder *because* (as is commonly said) of the breaking of the rung on which his foot was resting, the real or *dynamical* cause of his fall is the force of Gravity, or attraction of the Earth, which pulls him to the ground when his foot is no longer supported; the loss of support being only the *material condition* or *collocation*, which allowed the force previously acting as *pressure* on the rung, to produce the downward *motion* of the man who stood upon it.

To this Mr. Mill's reply was, that the distinction is one of Metaphysics, not of Logic. I ventured, however, to press

on him that to whichever department of philosophy this point is to be referred, it is one of fundamental importance; that, assuming experience as the basis of our knowledge, we recognise the downward tendency of every body heavier than air, by our sense of muscular tension in lifting it from the ground, or in resisting its descent towards the earth; and that our cognition of *force* through this form of sensation, being thus quite as immediate and direct as our cognition of *motion* through the visual sense, ought to be equally taken account of.

The promulgation, about the same time, of the doctrine of the "Correlation of the Physical Forces" by Professor (now Sir William) Grove, and the researches of Mr. Joule on the "Mechanical Equivalent of Heat," seemed to me to bring this view of *dynamical* causation into yet greater importance; by showing that what is true of that form of Force which produces or resists mechanical (or what is now distinguished as *molar*) Motion, may be legitimately extended to those other forms which are manifested in the *molecular* changes that express themselves in Chemical action, or impress us with the sensations of Heat, Light, &c. Partaking of the general ignorance at that time prevalent in this country of the doctrine of "Conservation of Energy," already promulgated in Germany by Mayer and Helmholtz, I myself endeavoured to carry Professor Grove's principle into the domain of Biology; by showing that what Physiologists had been accustomed to call Vital Force, may be regarded as having the same "correlation" with the various forms of Physical Force as they have with each other.* And in the introduction to the fourth edition of my "Human Physiology" (published in 1853), I thus explicitly defined my position:—

"When this assemblage of antecedents is analysed, it is uni-

* "On the Mutual Relations of the Vital and Physical Forces," in *Philos. Transact.* 1850.

formly found that they may be resolved into two categories, which may be distinguished as the *dynamical* and the *material*, the former supplying the *force* or *power* to which the change must be attributed, whilst the latter afford the *conditions* under which that power is exerted. Thus in a steam-engine we see the dynamical agency of heat made to produce mechanical power by the mode in which it is applied: first, to impart a mutual repulsion to the particles of water; and then, by means of that mutual repulsion, to give motion to the various solid parts of which the machine is composed. And thus, if asked what is the cause of the movement of the steam-engine, we distinguish in our reply between the *dynamical* condition supplied by the heat, and the *material* condition (or assemblage of conditions) afforded by the 'collocation' of the boiler, cylinder, piston, valves, &c. . . . In like manner, if we inquire into the cause of the germination of a seed—which has been brought to the surface of the earth, after remaining dormant through having been buried deep beneath the soil for (it may be) thousands of years—we are told that the phenomenon depends upon warmth, moisture, and oxygen; but out of these we single warmth as the *dynamical* condition, whilst the oxygen and the water, with the organised structure of the seed itself, and the organic compounds which are stored up in its substance, constitute the *material*."

The subsequent general recognition by the scientific world of the "correlation" between the Forces of Nature (under whatever form expressed) has thus given a breadth of foundation to the dynamical doctrine of Causation which it previously lacked; and the doctrine having been afterwards formally developed by Professor Bain, was summarised by J. S. Mill in the later editions of his "Logic," almost in the very terms in which I had originally propounded it to him in conversation, and had publicly expressed it in the extract just cited:—"The chief practical conclusion drawn by Professor Bain, bearing on causation, is that we must distinguish in the assemblage of conditions which constitutes the cause of a phenomenon, two elements: one, the presence of a force; the other, the collocation or position of objects

“ which is required in order that the force may undergo the particular transmutation which constitutes the phenomenon.” * Mr. Mill himself still preferred, however, to express the principle in terms of Motion, rather than in terms of Force:—“ If the effect, or any part of the effect, to be accounted for consists in putting matter in motion, then any of the objects present which has lost motion has contributed to the effect; and this is the true meaning of the proposition that the cause is that one of the antecedents which exerts active force.” As this mode of expressing the facts is sanctioned by high authorities at the present time, it may be well for me to explain more fully the basis of my original contention, that our cognition of *force* is quite as immediate and direct as our cognition of *motion*; in fact (as I think I shall be able to prove), even more fundamental, inasmuch as our cognition of Matter itself is in great degree dependent upon it.

It has been recently well said that “ all true Science involves both the knowledge of Nature and the knowledge of Man; it includes the study of Mind, as well as of Matter. A philosopher may pursue either, but he can have no complete knowledge of what he investigates, without borrowing from the other department of investigation.” † Many of the Nature-philosophers who affirm that we have no knowledge of anything but the Matter and Motion which lie within the range of “ experience,” show themselves very imperfectly acquainted with what “ experience ” really means; unhesitatingly ranking as actual objective facts their own mental interpretations of the sensory impressions they receive from external objects. Many Metaphysicians, on the other hand, have reasoned as if our concern were with mental operations alone, and as if the abstractions in which

* “ System of Logic,” 8th Ed. Vol. 1, p. 406.

† “ Natural Theology of the Doctrine of the Forces.” By Professor Benjamin Martin, of the University of the City of New York.

they deal had an existence *per se*, without any relation to the phenomena of Nature. But among the ablest thinkers of the present time, there seems to be now a pretty general recognition of the necessity for the replacement of the abstract definitions of Metaphysics—so far, at least, as they relate to the external world—by Psychological expressions of the modes in which the Human *ego* is affected by its changes. Thus the ordinary metaphysical definition of “matter” is that which possesses “extension.” But for this definition to convey any definite idea to our minds, we must know what “extension” means; and this, we are told, is the “occupation of space.” Now, the conception of “space,” in the opinion of most Psychologists, is ordinarily derived from our interpretation of *visual* sensations; and yet these may be altogether deceptive. When we look at a window from a short distance, we cannot tell by the use of our eyes alone whether the space included by its frame is void, or is occupied by a perfectly transparent and colourless glass. A glass globe is held up in front of it, and we cannot tell by looking at it whether it is empty, or is filled with pure water or some other transparent colourless liquid. And we can take no cognisance by our vision of the atmosphere which surrounds us, unless its transparence is interfered with by mist or fog.—Clearly, then, our Visual sense cannot *per se* furnish us with a satisfactory definition of Matter.*

Now that we have got rid of the fiction of “imponderables,” we might fall back on a definition of Matter—in use before that fiction was invented—as that which

* According to Professor Bain, the conception of Space is essentially based on the sense of muscular tension which, according to him, we experience in the ordinary movements of our eyes. But I am satisfied that this is physiologically erroneous. These movements are ordinarily guided, as Professor Alison long ago contended, and as Professor Helmholtz and I myself have since experimentally proved, by the visual, not by the muscular sense; and it is only when we put the muscles to an unusual strain—as when our visual axes converge on an object brought nearer and nearer to the eyes, or when we entirely exclude light from the retina, that we experience any sense of tension in their muscles.

possesses "Ponderosity" or Weight. But what is Weight? The downward tendency, it may be replied, in virtue of which all unsupported bodies fall to the Earth. But what is this "tendency"? We might *see* any number of bodies falling to the ground, and might frame a correct law of their Motion, without having the remotest conception of their possessing that downward *pressure*, which we at once recognise when we take a lump of lead or iron into our hands; and it is obviously on our cognition of this pressure, that our idea of Weight or Ponderosity is based. Now the instrumentality through which we take cognisance of it seems to me to be threefold. In the *first* place, we have the sense of simple pressure on the tactile surface; as when, the hand passively resting on a table, a weight is laid upon it. *Secondly*, we recognise it by the sense of *tension* which we experience when a weight is attached to a pendent limb, and which we refer to the muscles and ligaments which are thus put on the stretch; or when, the hand resting on the top of a cylinder of glass placed over an air-pump, the air is exhausted from beneath, so as to make us *feel* the downward "pressure of the atmosphere." In these two cases, the mind is the passive recipient of the sensory impressions. But, *thirdly*, when we determinately lift a weight or hold it suspended by our hands, we experience, in addition to the sense of pressure and the sense of tension, a *sense of effort*, which we recognise as an *immediate* revelation of consciousness, not referrible to any physical impression, but of the same kind as that which we experience in a purely mental act, such as the fixation of the attention. And a little consideration will, I think, make it clear that it is on this "sense of effort" in resisting downward pressure, that our cognition of Weight is essentially based.

For, in the *first* place, the *continuance* of a moderate pressure on the Cutaneous surface, like other sensory impres-

sions that become habitual, soon ceases to affect us sensorially; for we cognosce rather the *changes* in the states of our Sense-organs, than the states themselves. Or, again, we may suffer under a temporary or permanent paralysis of the cutaneous sense, that may prevent our feeling the contact of the body we are lifting or supporting; and yet, recognising its downward pressure in other ways, we can put our muscles into action to antagonise it. But, *secondly*, this paralysis may extend to the Muscular sense, so that the feeling of muscular tension is wanting, as well as that of contact-pressure; and yet none the less can a weight be lifted or sustained by a conscious effort, provided that the deficiency of the guiding sensations ordinarily derived from the muscle itself is supplied by the sight. A woman whose arm is sensorially but not motorially paralysed, can hold up her child as long as she looks at it; and a man affected with the like paralysis of his legs, can stand and walk while looking at his feet. But, *thirdly*, since the *mental sense of effort* is experienced in every determinate exercise of our muscular power, and is, as all experience teaches, a necessary condition of that exercise; since, again, it is proportioned to the exertion we put forth, and continues as long as that exertion is sustained—it is in this, and not in the cutaneous or muscular impressions, which are (so to speak) accidental, that (as it seems to me) we find the real basis of our cognition of the “ponderosity” of Matter.

But “ponderosity” cannot be considered an essential property of Matter, being merely the “accident” of the Earth’s attraction for bodies lying within its range. This attraction varies with the distance of a body from the centre of the earth; and a body occupying the common centre of gravity of the Earth and Sun would be equally drawn towards both, and would consequently have no “weight.” We must, therefore, seek a satisfactory definition of Matter elsewhere; and we find the clue to it in the consideration

that the sense of effort we experience in antagonising the downward pressure of a body, is but a particular case of our more general cognition of *resistance*. When we project our hand against a hard and fixed solid body, our consciousness of its resistance to our pressure is exactly that which we experience when we try to raise a weight that we have not strength to lift; whilst if that solid be either yielding in its parts or movable as a whole, we measure its resistance, as in lifting a weight, by our sense of the effort necessary to overcome it. When we move our hand through a liquid, we are conscious of a resistance to its motion, which is greater or less according to the "viscosity" of the liquid. And when we move our open hand through air at rest, we are still conscious of a resistance, our sense of it being augmented by an extension of the surface moved, as in the act of fanning; whilst if the air is in motion, we feel its pressure on the sail of a boat by the "pull" of the sheet we hold in our hand, or on the sails of a windmill by the rotation it imparts, the *force* of which we can estimate by the *effort* we must put forth to resist it. Attenuate any kind of air or gas as we may, its resistance can still be made apparent by the like communication of its own motion to solid bodies. Thus, in Mr. Crookes's wonderful Radiometer, a set of vanes poised on a pivot within a globe of glass exhausted to a *millionth* of its ordinary gaseous contents, is whirled round by the movement excited in the molecules of that residual millionth, either by the Heat of the radiant beam falling on the surface of the globe, or by the passage of an Electric current across its interior; and the mechanical force required to impart that motion can be measured with precision, by bringing it into comparison with some other force (as that of gravity) of which we can take immediate cognisance. And thus, as Herbert Spencer remarks, by the decomposition of our knowledge of any form of matter into simpler

and simpler components, we must come at last to the simplest, to the ultimate material, to the substratum; and this we find in the *impression of resistance* we receive through what we may call our "force-sense." *

Such being the teachings alike of general and of scientific experience, I cannot but feel surprised that any persons claiming the title of Philosophers should affirm that we *know* nothing except Matter and Motion, and that Force is a creation of our own imagination. One might suppose such persons to be either destitute of the "force-sense," or to have based their philosophical system upon the movements of the heavenly bodies which they can only *see*, instead of upon those mundane phenomena in the cognition of which they can bring their *hands* to the assistance of their eyes. How essential this assistance is to the formation of correct conceptions of the solid forms and relative positions of the objects around us, is known to every one who has studied the Physiology of the Senses. Should we not think it absurd on the part of any one who possesses in the use of his hands the means of detecting the error of his visual perceptions, if he were to base a superstructure of reasoning—still more to found a whole system of philosophy—upon the latter alone? Yet such appears to me to be the position of those who deny our direct cognition of Force.

Let us suppose (if possible) a man who had enjoyed the full use of his eyes, but whose limbs had been completely paralysed from infancy, looking on at a game of billiards. He would see a succession of motions connected by regular sequence—the motion of the arm of the player, the stroke of the cue, the roll of the ball, its contact with another ball, the movement of the second ball, the change of direction or the entire stop of the first, the rebound of

* Herbert Spencer considers the cognition of resistance to be essentially derived from the sense of Muscular tension. I have already expressed my reason for now dissenting from this view, which I myself formerly held.

balls from the cushion in altered directions, and so on. And he might frame a statement in "terms of motion" of all that passes before his eyes, thinking this all he can know.—But suppose the limbs of such a man to be suddenly endowed with the ordinary powers of sensation and movement; let him take the cue into his hands and himself strike the ball; let him hold his hand on the table so that the rolling ball shall strike it and make him feel its impact; let him hold the second ball and feel the shock imparted to it by the stroke of the first. Can any one deny that he would thus acquire a dynamical conception linking together the whole succession of phenomena, which he was previously quite incapable of forming; that this dynamical conception is quite as directly based upon the experience derived through his "force-sense," as his kinetic expression was upon that derived through his visual sense; and that this cognition of the Force producing the motions is, therefore, fully as much entitled to be introduced into a logical doctrine of causation, as the visual cognition of the Motions themselves? If it be replied that we have no proof that the movement of the ball we strike is produced by the force which we consciously exert in striking it, I simply reply that we have as much proof of it as we have of anything which rests upon universal experience, and which we can verify experimentally as often as we choose to try—quite as much as we have of the existence of anything whatever that is external to ourselves.

Let us take, again, the simple case of Magnetic Attraction. A man who knows nothing of Magnetism sees a piece of iron, brought within a certain distance of what looks like a horse-shoe bar of the same metal, suddenly jump towards its approximated ends; and might, as before, correctly express the fact in "terms of motion." But let him take the piece of iron in his hands, so as to feel the "pull" upon it when brought sufficiently near the magnet,

and he then becomes conscious, through his force-sense, of a *power* of which he was before utterly ignorant.

Thus, as it seems to me, an analysis of those *psychical* experiences, on which all our cognitions of the *physical* universe around us are really based, irresistibly lands us in the conclusion that, as Herbert Spencer expresses it, "All the sensations through which the external world is known to us, are explicable by us only as resulting from certain forms of Force;" the direct derivation of our conception of Force from our own experience of muscular tension (or as I should myself say, from our own sense of effort) being "a fact which no metaphysical quibbling can set aside." In the words of the able American writer I have already quoted, "The conception of Force is one of those universal ideas which belong of necessity to the intellectual furniture of every human mind." By no one has the principle for which I am contending, been more clearly and more authoritatively expressed than by Sir John Herschel, a philosopher who united to his wonderful grasp of Nature-phenomena a profound insight into the action of the Mind of Man in the interpretation of them :—

"Whatever attempts have been made by metaphysical writers to reason away the connection of cause and effect, and fritter it down into the unsatisfactory relation of habitual [unconditional] sequence, it is certain that the conception of some more real and intimate connection is quite as strongly impressed upon the human mind as that of the existence of an external world, the vindication of whose reality has, strange to say, been regarded as an achievement of no common merit in the annals of this branch of philosophy. It is our own immediate consciousness of *effort*, when we exert Force to put Matter in motion or to oppose and neutralise Force, which gives us this internal conviction of *power* and *causation*, so far as it relates to the material world."—*Treatise on "Astronomy" in Lardner's "Cyclopædia,"* p. 232.

Man's position as the "Interpreter of Nature" may be not inaptly likened (as it seems to me) to that of an intelligent

observer of the working of a cotton-factory, with whose mechanical arrangements he is entirely unacquainted, and of whose moving power he knows nothing whatever. He is taken into a vast apartment,* in which he is at first utterly bewildered by the number and variety of the movements going on around him; but, by directing his attention to the several machines, *seriatim*, he is able to arrive at a *classification* of them, according to the *kind of work* which each does. Thus he finds one set *carding* the cotton-wool supplied to it, so that its confused tangle gives place to a parallel laying of the fibres. He would see another taking up the bundles of carded wool, and *drawing* them out (after repeated doublings to secure uniformity) into a long soft cord. This cord he would then trace into the *roving* machine, which, by a continuation of the drawing process, further reduces its thickness, at the same time giving it a slight twist to increase its tenacity, so that it admits of being then wound upon bobbins. Thence he would trace the cord into the *spinning* machine, which at the same time stretches and twists the cord, producing from it a yarn whose fineness might vary considerably in different machines. Finally, he would see the spun yarn carried, some as weft and some as woof, into the *power-loom*, from which it emerges as woven cloth—the final resultant of the whole series of operations.

Concentrating now his attention upon any one of these machines, he studies its wheels, levers, and other moving parts, and tries to comprehend their several actions and the bearing of these upon each other. By long and scrutinising observation he masters the whole series of sequences, and traces the distribution of motion from a single large axis, through the hundreds (it may be) of

* In one of the flax-spinning mills belonging to the Marshalls of Leeds, the whole of the work is done on one floor, covering (I believe) two acres of ground, instead of in the usual building of several stories.

separate pieces of the machine directly or indirectly connected with it ; and he might thus frame a description of the working of the machine, which might be perfectly correct so far as it goes, and which yet would be defective in one most essential particular—the statement of the *force* or *power* by which it is moved. For, so far as mere visual observation could teach him, the machine might be self-moving ; and he might thus attribute to each kind an *inherent power* of carding, roving, drawing, spinning, or weaving, as the case might be.

Carrying his observations further, and noticing that one or another of these machines comes to a standstill, but resumes its motion after an interval, he may include this occasional suspension also in his general expression ; but, perplexed by the want of any regularity in its intervals, he will seek some further explanation. Continuing his patient watch, he will see that the stoppage of the machine follows the pulling of a handle by the man in attendance upon it, and that when the handle is pulled the other way, the machine goes on again ; and thus he will be led to introduce a certain position of this handle as one of the antecedent conditions of the machine's action. Still pursuing his inquiries, he finds out that the axes of the several machines are all in mechanical relation with one great longitudinal shaft, being connected with it either by continuous bands passing round pulleys, or by trains of wheelwork : and at last he discovers the important fact, that the movement of the handle which stops the machine breaks the continuity of that relation, shifting a strap from a "fast" to a "loose" pulley, or throwing the wheelwork "out of gear ;" while the converse movement, which restores that continuity, is followed by the renewed action of the machine, which goes on until the continuity is again broken. Thus he will be led to regard its maintenance as essential to the working of the machine ; but nothing that he has yet learned explains

to him *why* it is essential. He has only got at the *material collocation* which his educated vision enables him to recognise; and for anything he knows to the contrary, the change in that collocation may be *in itself* adequate to determine the result.

But let him lay hold of the band which stretches between the main shaft and the axis of one machine, or attempt to stay with his hand the rotation of the train of wheels which connects it with another,—he then at once becomes conscious, through his “force-sense,” of the *power* which the band or the wheelwork is the instrument of conveying; and as he finds that the “pull” upon his hand is just the same whether the machine is in motion or not, provided that the band or wheel remains in mechanical connection with the main shaft, he comes to the conviction that the *source* of the power is in the shaft, and that, so far from any one of the machines having an inherent power of movement, its motion entirely depends upon the Force supplied to it from the shaft. And when, under the guidance of this conception, he again examines the *working* of the several kinds of machine, he finds that while the *power* is the same for all, the diversity in their respective products is traceable to the diversity in their construction—that is, to the *material collocations* through which the one moving Force exerts itself in action.

But having thus acquired the notion of *moving power*, and having satisfied himself of the derivation of the Force that gives motion to each of the entire aggregate of machines, from one main shaft, our inquirer finds himself again posed. Has this shaft itself an inherent power of motion; or does it derive that power from any ulterior source? He sees the shaft apparently terminate in the two end-walls of the building; and, finding no evidence of its connection with anything else, he may feel himself drawn towards the conclusion that it moves *of itself*—

that is, by the "potency" of its own material constitution. But before adopting this *rationale*, he sees all the machines stop at once, and finds that the shaft also has ceased to revolve. Here is a new and startling phenomenon. After pondering on it for an hour, and carefully looking out for an explanation, he sees the shaft and its connected machines resume their motion, and yet is certain that no agency visible to him has had any concern in that renewal. By continued watching, he finds this suspension and renewal to be periodical, so that he can frame a law that shall express them in terms of *time*. Thus he might give a complete *phenomenal* account of the action of the shaft, which should be perfectly consistent with the assumption of its "inherent potency," and which might be sufficiently satisfactory to his mind to justify him in believing that there is no more to be learned about it. But not wishing to leave anything uninvestigated, he goes round to *the other side of the wall*. There he finds that one end of the shaft comes through it, and is in mechanical connection with either a Steam-engine or a Water-wheel; and by watching what occurs when its motion is checked and renewed, he sees that the Engineer shuts-off, or turns-on, either the steam generated in the boiler of the steam-engine, or the descending water whose motion drives the wheel.

I shall not weary the patience of such readers as may have followed me thus far, by tracing out in like detail the further steps of the inquiry; but shall land them in the final conclusion now accepted by every man of science—that the power exerted in both these cases is drawn from Solar Radiation: the fall of the Water which gives motion to the Water-wheel, being merely the return of that which has been pumped up as vapour by the sun's heat; whilst the combustion of Coal from which steam-power is derived, reproduces, as active force or "energy," the sunshine

that exerted itself during the Carboniferous period in dissociating carbonic acid and water into the hydrocarbons of coal and the oxygen of the atmosphere, whose recombination gives forth Heat and Light. And if we look still further back for the source of the Sun's radiant energy, we should find it, perhaps, in the progressive consolidation of the primeval "fire-mist"—Nebular Matter.

But whence Nebular Matter? And whence the Force which draws its particles together, and which manifests itself as Light and Heat during their consolidation? Here we come to a wall, to the other side of which we seem at present to have no access.

But *is* there no other side? Does not the whole course of the preceding inquiry show the unsatisfaction (if I may revive an obsolete word) of resting in any inherent "potency" of Matter as the *ultima ratio* of the existing Kosmos? If we think the man foolish who supposes the main shaft of a cotton mill to turn *of itself*, merely because he sees it apparently end in a wall which conceals from him the source of its motive power, are we not really chargeable with the like folly if we attribute self-motion to the ultimate molecules of Matter, merely because the Power that moves them is hid from our sight? The mere Physicist may see no possible way further. But there is a Philosophy which has fully as true and as broad a basis in Man's Psychical experience, as can be claimed for the fabric of Physical science; and in the admirable words of the great Master I have already quoted (Sir John Herschell, in his "Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects," p. 460), I shall sum up an argument which this paper is intended rather to illustrate and enforce by an appeal to the familiar facts of consciousness, than to present in strict logical form:—

"In the *mental sense of effort*, clear to the apprehension of every one who has ever performed a voluntary act, which is present at

the instant when the determination to do a thing is carried out into the act of doing it, we have a consciousness of immediate and personal causation which cannot be disputed or ignored. And when we see the same kind of act performed by another, we never hesitate in assuming for him that consciousness which we recognise in ourselves; and in this case we can verify our conclusion by oral communication." "In the only case in which we are admitted into any personal knowledge of the origin of Force, we find it connected (possibly by intermediate links untraceable by our faculties, yet indisputably *connected*) with volition, and by inevitable consequence, with *motive*, with *intellect*, and with all those attributes of Mind in which personality consists."

As a Physiologist, I most fully recognise the fact that the Physical Force exerted by the body of Man is not generated *de novo* by his Will, but is derived from the oxidation of the constituents of his food. But holding it as equally certain, because the fact is capable of verification by every one as often as he chooses to make the experiment, that, in the performance of every volitional movement, that Physical Force is put in action, directed, and controlled, by the individual personality or *Ego*, I deem it just as absurd and illogical to affirm that there is no place for a God in Nature, originating, directing, and controlling its forces by His will, as it would be to assert that there is no place in Man's body for his conscious Mind.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS.

AMONG the throng of young students who, in the middle of the thirteenth century came from all parts of Europe to Cologne to hear the wisdom of the renowned doctor, Albertus Magnus, was a certain "brother Thomas of Aquino," a Neapolitan of noble birth; his father, nephew of the great Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, in whose army his two brothers were generals. While a mere boy he had fled from home, and secretly joined the order of Friar Preachers, distinguished in those its early years as much for poverty and zeal as it has ever since been for learning and orthodoxy. Both force and more discreditable means had been tried, before his relatives gave up the hope of reclaiming him to what they thought the worthier life of a noble and a soldier. Now, at all events, he was far enough away to be safe from molestation. But neither youthful trials, such as he had gone through, nor even his high rank in the world, availed to attract esteem or attention in a society in which poverty was had in honour, and the merits and distinctions of past life were counted for nothing beside present proof of piety and learning. So it was that this young friar, being thick-set, square, and somewhat heavy looking, a silent listener and reserved student, withal so taciturn that it did not appear that either learning or teaching profited him, got among his fellows the nickname of Dumb Ox—a name which even the master seems to have recognised as appropriate and smilingly adopted till the occasion that Thomas

was forced to show what was in him. A difficult question had been put to him, to which he was to prepare an answer on the morrow; he did so, but in so unusual a manner for a learner, with so much clearness and confidence, that Albert said, "Brother Thomas, you speak in the way of one who is settling the matter rather than answering a question." "Master," he replied, "I don't see how I can answer otherwise." "Answer then, now," said the master; and he brought against his solution four arguments so difficult that he believed he had altogether "shut him up" (*se eum crederet conclusisse*). These Thomas met most fully, upon which Albert gave utterance to that prophecy, than which none was ever more literally fulfilled, "Dumb Ox we call him, but he shall yet bellow so that the whole world shall hear him."

It is six hundred years since, in the very prime of manhood, the silence of death overtook him, and one might well have thought that amid the tumult of more modern teachers his own "bellow," however once sonorous, had long since faded in the distance and been forgotten. Yet it is but yesterday* that one, whose voice, ridiculed or revered, is never unheeded, issued an "encyclical letter to all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Catholic world," in which he recalls the past glories of St. Thomas—how "almost all founders of religious orders desired their followers to study and adhere to his doctrine;" how, in the ancient Universities of Europe, at Paris, Salamanca, Louvain, Bologna, Naples, and many other places, "in those homes of human wisdom, Thomas reigned as a prince in his own kingdom;" how "the Roman Pontiffs extolled his wisdom with the loudest praises and the amplest testimonies";—and this letter concludes with a practical exhortation, which, addressed as it is to a thousand subject bishops, deserves the attention even of those who have

* The Pope's letter referred to is dated 4th August, 1879.

least sympathy with it. "While we proclaim," writes the Pope, "that every wise saying, every useful discovery, by whomsoever it may be wrought, should be received with a willing and grateful mind, we exhort you all, Venerable Brethren, most earnestly, to restore the golden wisdom of St. Thomas, and to propagate it as widely as possible for the defence of the Catholic faith, the good of society, and the advancement of all the sciences. The wisdom of St. Thomas, we say, for if there is anything in the scholastic doctors of over-subtle inquiry, or ill-considered statement, if anything inconsistent with ascertained doctrines of a later age, or, lastly, in any way not admissible, it is by no means our intention to propose that to our age for imitation. But let teachers endeavour to instil the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas into the minds of their disciples, and to place in a clear light his solidity and excellence in comparison with others." Grave words these, and well worthy of the attention even of Protestants, and especially of free-thinking Protestants, who should of all men be most desirous to understand aright the history and position, and estimate fairly the strength and weakness of the ancient dogmatic Church, the only worthy antagonist of liberal religion. Let it not be thought, then, that these few pages devoted in the *Modern Review* to the consideration of the place among teachers occupied by Aquinas, and a short account of his great work are either misplaced or trifling. The treatment is necessarily slight, but the subject is a right worthy one.

The position occupied by Thomas Aquinas is an extraordinary one, and in more than one respect, I think, unique. It may be safely said that, with the exception perhaps of Aristotle, no teacher has ever lived who, without any claim to inspiration or infallibility being made by him or for him, has obtained so wide, enduring, and absolute an authority. The authority of Augustine has, indeed, always ranked

very high; but he was too much of a rhetorician, too apt to forget all but the cause which he was attacking or defending, and so to make strong assertions which elsewhere, or in another connection, he would wittingly or unwittingly contradict or modify,—in a word, too full of zeal and passion—to be wholly relied upon as a guide. And even in regard of Aristotle, “philosophus,” *the* philosopher, as they called him, there was just this drawback—one would have thought to Catholic theologians an overwhelming one, but it was not so—that he was a heathen. His reasoning might not be questioned, but his conclusions might, nevertheless, be erroneous; indeed, sometimes must be altogether set aside as contrary to faith. No uninspired man could approach him in intellectual power and encyclopædic knowledge, yet the merest Catholic child could instruct and correct him by the higher light of the Church’s teaching. So it was that the authority of Augustine was doubtful, and he might be corrected if not by a greater teacher, at least out of his own works; that of Aristotle was limited to the sphere of natural knowledge and unaided reason; St. Thomas alone obtained an authority without drawback; for he was a philosopher both by education and temperament, arguing against reasons rather than with the reasoners (foes of flesh and blood), and never, therefore, betrayed into hasty or exaggerated statements; he was, moreover, a devout and faithful Catholic, having even in this respect the advantage over Augustine of living in an age in which the doctrine of the Church had been more fully determined and developed. His writings, therefore, from the first, especially his latest and maturest work, the “*Summa Totius Theologiæ*,” did his own Dominican order accept as their authority both in theology and in philosophy; and never during the six hundred years which have passed since his death has their devotion and fidelity to him been forgotten. No other—certainly no contrary teaching—is

permitted in their schools, insomuch that an oath to abide by his doctrine is imposed upon all their students assuming the degree of lector in theology. Indeed, of late years, their adherence has become closer and more loving. His text is learnt by all their theological students, and expounded by their professors as that of Holy Writ itself; and if more recent decisions of the Church have seemed to conflict with his teaching, every nerve has been strained to prove that he did in reality anticipate and provide for such definitions. Nor has his reputation been confined to his own religious order; theologians, lay, secular, and religious, have ever done deference to him as the "Angel of the Schools"—"Theologorum facile princeps"—while Popes have vied with one another in their encomiums on his doctrine, so that it is argued by Dominicans, and not without reason, that to attribute error to St. Thomas is to accuse the Church itself. It must be borne in mind, too, that, despite the jealousy and rivalry, first of Franciscans and then of Jesuits, the Dominicans have ever been recognised as the theologians of the Church, and as such have, from their very beginning, held the offices of Master of the Apostolic Palace, or Pope's theologian, and of Inquisitors of heretical pravity. To be recognised, therefore, by them is, in a sense, to have the recognition of the whole Church, and such St. Thomas has as the first and weightiest of teachers.

Was there ever another teacher who could boast of so numerous a school of theologians and philosophers devoted through six hundred years to the study and elucidation of his doctrine?

But not only is Aquinas known to the learned world as the great Doctor of the middle ages, whose works have outlived all but the religion of his time, and survived even into this nineteenth century; his has been, moreover, the singular fortune to be renowned all the world over, wherever the Church of Rome has set her foot—and where has

she not?—as a saint, an example of pure life, and a helper and intercessor for all who desire to live likewise. Especially notable is his reputation as *the* saint whose succour should be sought in all trials of chastity; and boys and girls, men and women, all the world over, gird themselves with the linen cord of St. Thomas, so as to ally themselves, as it were, with the great scholastic theologian against the assaults of the flesh. I cannot help dwelling upon this peculiar feature of his holy fame, for there is to me something singularly fascinating in this union of angelic purity and subtlest thought, in this one man being the patron of the tempted youth and of the learned theologian. Many have been deemed saints beside him, many, too, have had reputation for learning; but his unique glory is it to be accounted the subtlest, clearest, most authoritative expounder of the Church's mysteries, and at the same time to be venerated by high and low, rich and poor, for his humility, purity, devotion, and love.

How truly marvellous, too, was his power of intellectual work may be estimated by a mere look through the seventeen volumes folio which contain the writings of a life of forty-eight years. Perhaps the very lightest of them are the Biblical commentaries, and of these those on the Pauline Epistles are, *me judice*, equal or superior to any of earlier or later ages constructed on the old supposition of Bible infallibility. All his works are full of thought and reason and research, so that it is difficult to understand how he found the time for so much reading amid such constant writing, or how it came to pass that his power of reason was not overwhelmed, as has so often happened, by the weight of his learning.

But we need not dwell upon any but his last and greatest work, the mature fruit of all his labours and the crown of his fame, the "*Summa Totius Theologiæ*." Observe first the title. The theology of the middle ages may have little

claim upon our attention, and yet is it not true that every man who will give the world a *summa* of all that is worthily thought and known in his time in any one department of knowledge is a benefactor, not only to his generation, but to all who come after, whether his name be remembered with honour or slighted or forgotten? Is it not from such summings up that new starts are made, or is there any progress except by that knowledge of the past and its gains, which is thus rendered possible and comparatively easy? It may, indeed, be that to many, such works are as an intellectual paddock, and they are content to take the sum of what is known as the limit of what can be known; but to the world at large they are rather as firm stepping-stones, on which supporting themselves, the noblest and bravest spirits may reach forward to higher attainments.

Certainly such seems to be the lesson taught us by a comparison of the theological schools in which this great work is acknowledged as a *terminus a quo*, and those, whether amongst Protestants or Catholics, which, while bound with the same fetters of old rules of faith and old-world authorities, are yet without a great intellectual guide and interpreter of the past. With neither position can we sympathise, but the former is a high and commanding one, which we are forced to respect even while we oppose.

If this work be then at all what it professes to be, and does worthily sum up the gains of its day on the great subject of God and His relation to the created universe, it constitutes beyond doubt an epoch in the intellectual history of mankind. And yet there is probably no other great work which has met with so much contempt and misrepresentation. I cannot resist the temptation of giving here one specimen of the way in which English theologians have been in the habit of dealing with this greatest intellectual monument of the Middle Ages. The following passage is taken from a book of reference edited by three learned clergymen of the

Church of England* :—" It was reserved for Thomas Aquinas to be more precise concerning this mysterious subject (the Hierarchies and Orders of Angels). The 18th Article in the first part of his *Summa Theologica* addresses itself to this point. . . . But as we are by no means certain that we distinctly follow the thread of his argument, we prefer giving the main positions . . . in his own words†:—(1) It appears that all the angels are of one Hierarchy; (2) that in a Hierarchy there are not different Orders; (3) that in an Order there are not different angels; (4) that men are never raised into the Orders of angels. The first syllogism of the concluding article may be presented as an average specimen of the reasoning (!) contained in all the others. It should be remembered that the great logician has already determined in the outset that there is but one hierarchy. Nevertheless, he proceeds, 'The human hierarchy is beneath the lowest hierarchy of angels, and that, in turn, beneath the higher hierarchies, but the angels are never transferred from a lower to a higher hierarchy; therefore neither are men.'" Now all this, of course, is rubbish, and St. Thomas neither arrived at such positions, nor adduced such futile proofs of those at which he did arrive; but from it all I draw three conclusions, of a kind too commonly to be drawn from the statements of theologians regarding the opinions of those with whom they have no theological sympathy:—

First : That St. Thomas was but a clever trifler. What, then, is to be thought of the multitudes who have followed him as leader and spent their lives in the study of his works ?

* *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* : "Hierarchy."

† The mistake here, excusable in another, but unpardonable in one who gratuitously undertakes the subject, arises from mistaking the objection for the argument. Each article in the *Summa* (and there are some thousands) is divided into four parts. First come the objections, stated as briefly and forcibly as may be; then (2) the authorities quoted in a few words in support of (3) the conclusion, which is defended by argument; and lastly, the answers to the objections, in the light thrown upon them by the main argument.

Secondly : That so utterly worthless are his conclusions and the arguments by which he supports them that it is but time thrown away to inquire carefully what really are either the one or the other.

Thirdly : That, nevertheless, it is perfectly honest and legitimate to assign to him absurd and inconsistent positions and to support them with a show of candour by extracts from his words selected at random and quoted incorrectly.

My subject is a theologic one, and yet to be forced thus to estimate theological criticisms makes one almost revolt against the very name of theology. It is against this too common assumption that every one that differs from us, especially in religious matters, is a fool at best, that true Liberals should be ever on their guard. But let us take a brief survey of this stupendous work, and consider its extent, its methods, and its order, giving a brief analysis of the whole, and a more particular one of some interesting sections.

Theology is the science which treats of God, but of God necessarily as He is known to us, and, therefore, in particular of God as He is related to the universe and to the rational creature, He being thereof the Beginning, the Preserver, and the End. Hence, too, of things created considered as proceeding from, depending on, and returning to Him, and more particularly of the highest creature, *i.e.*, the rational, its adaptation to its own end, its way thither and hindrances and helps on the road, its final rest in or separation from God, according as it attains or misses the end of its being. Truly might St. Thomas say, *Theologus sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*. For not, indeed, so much God as man is the proper object of theology, man regarded as constituted and ordained by God for God, supernaturally helped and equipped, and preternaturally hindered, sharing the natures of spirit and beast, and his history interwoven with that of angel and demon and of God himself—man, in a brief life on earth, gaining the

end for which he was created, the intellectual perfection of the beatific vision, or for ever missing it and necessarily for ever miserable. The subject is one fit for a Dante among theologians, and Dante repeatedly pays homage to him who treated it so worthily.

No such review of the universe is possible now or henceforth. With increasing knowledge man has grown too small, and from his corner, no longer the centre of the world, he can get no such outlook into space or time as he imagined of old; and yet the imagination was a sublime one, and we may surely admire its beauty without incurring the charge of superstition or bastardy to the age.

Such, then, is the ground this work covers. The *hic et nunc*, the individual and the accidental, have no part in it; but all that interests man as man or that might be known or conjectured of God, is there discussed.

And now, as to the character and method of the work, it might reasonably be supposed that a writer distinguished at once for his learning, his modesty, and his submissiveness to all recognised authority, would lean much on the words of the Bible and the Church, on Aristotle and the Fathers. No doubt Aquinas did so; but it does not so appear in his theology. An authority, indeed, he invariably adduces for each conclusion, but the authority is as invariably explained and supported by philosophical arguments. With him is reason most truly what the scholastics were fond of calling it, "the handmaid of faith;" not a slave forced to another's work, but a servant loving, faithful, eager, watching the mistress's will and deed, and counting herself honoured to execute and support it. It is the intense conviction of his faith which delivers him from any unworthy quibble or evasion. "Since faith," he writes, "rests on infallible truth, it is impossible that the contrary to it can be truly demonstrated." So he never hesitates to state clearly the argu-

ments against the Church's teaching, and deals with them with that confidence and honesty with which truth-loving men meet a clever but obvious sophism. Take, for example, the article, "*Utrum sit ponere plures personas in divinis*"—Whether there can be more persons than one in God? He begins with four arguments against such plurality: the first, taken from the received definition of person—*rationalis naturæ individua substantia*; the second, that a plurality of relation does not imply a plurality of persons in men, nor therefore in God; the third, that to make more than one person in God is to introduce number into the essentially one; the fourth, that number implies parts.

And in the same manner are all the teachings of the Church discussed. The conclusions are, indeed, settled before all reason, but the absolute certainty respecting them gives a freedom of its own kind to the reason—a freedom to exercise itself in all its fire-play of subtle argument without fear of consequences, against which faith gives ample insurance.

It remains to give some idea of the contents of the work and the beautiful arrangement of it; for the whole is like a great tree, each furthest and smallest twig of which is connected through widening branches and stems with the trunk. Yet it can hardly be expected that any can duly appreciate this order, so much admired of old, if they have not some knowledge of the chaos of matter which previous works of the kind contained. It required learning and much judgment to bring together in one *Summa*, without repetition or omission, all the true gold and silver of the accumulation of preceding centuries, and still more to discern and reject the dross and rubbish. But to put into all this collection a living idea which should order each part to each other, and present, too, the order clearly to every student's understanding, required, indeed, a singular genius specially fitted for the task. Yet, as in many like cases, it

is the very merit of perfect simplicity which is apt to detract from the praise due to the author. What is easy to understand and easy to imitate seems easy too to originate.

We will begin by describing briefly the whole tree and its great branches, and then follow out a branch here and there to its topmost twigs.

The subject of the work—the trunk to which every part of it is vitally related—is God. So the holy Doctor lays it down to begin with, “In sacred learning all things are considered as under the one heading—God; the subject being either God Himself, or other things so far as they are related to God as their beginning and their end.” Hence, we have three great divisions. The first treats of God Himself in Unity and Trinity, and as the Fount of Being to all creatures spiritual, material, or, like man, both flesh and spirit in one. The second and largest portion of the work treats of “the movement of the rational creature towards God” (*in Deum*), and therein of the last end of man—his attaining the perfection of his individual being in indissoluble union with the Deity, primarily by the intellect seeing and knowing God, and consequently by the will and all his powers—and at large concerning the acts by which this beatitude may be arrived at or frustrated; concerning their “*principia*”—i.e., originating and determining causes—whether within the man, his natural powers and acquired habits—or from without, the guidance of laws or help of Divine grace. The third part treats of Christ as the way to God—seeing that only by God Himself can God be reached—of the mysteries of his incarnation and life, of the seven sacraments as the means of union with the God-Christ; and this part would have concluded, had not the author’s untimely death broken off the work, with the consideration of the end of all things, and man’s last state of final and indefectible beatitude in union

with God, or irremediable aversion from God in will and mind, and consequent eternal misery.

And now let us return to the first part, and its two great divisions : Of God considered in Himself, and of God as the First Cause. Of the Divine Being, and of the Divine Persons : these are the subjects treated of under the first division. We will confine ourselves to the former, which deals with (1) the existence of God, (2) the essence or nature of God, and (3) the divine action.

The existence of God is proved by the five arguments which Kant has not succeeded, I think, in wholly setting aside, and which appeal to all, even the uninstructed, now and then with convincing force. He is the Unchangeable, the Cause of all change ; the Uncaused, Cause of all causes and effects ; the One Necessary Being, who alone cannot not be ; the Supreme in Being, Goodness, and all Perfection, under whom are all the countless grades of being, higher or lower, according as in greater or less degree they partake of His Fulness. And, lastly, He is the One Universal Intelligence, by which all things, intelligent and material, are ordered to their due and allotted end. So, from these observed facts respecting things known to us, namely, that all are (1) subject to change, (2) effects of some prior cause, (3) such that they may be conceived of as never having come into being, contingent, (4) graduated into more or less, none being entirely perfect, (5) fitted into one another and disposed each to its own end ; it is argued to the Unseen, and, save by reason or revelation, Unknown, who is—Lord and Governor, Perfect, Uncaused, Eternal.

We then come to the questions concerning the essence of God : “ What God is, or rather, since we cannot know of God what He is, or how, what God is not, and what modes of being are not His.” Accordingly, there are removed from the conception of God all composition, and imperfection,

and limit, and change, and multiplicity; and it is determined that He must be absolutely Simple—His nature and operation and attributes all Himself, not separable, as in creatures; Perfect; Infinite in Himself, and therefore existing everywhere and in all things by essence, presence, and power; Unchangeable, and therefore Eternal—*i.e.*, not subject to time, but above it; and, lastly, One, because Being itself—“*Ens ergo unum.*”

I would specially notice the article in the question on the Eternity of God, entitled, “Whether Eternity is Something Different from Time,” for the conclusion must affect our whole view of the reasonableness of the scholastic system of the universe, and evidently has powerfully influenced the greatest of living Roman Catholic converts (Cardinal Newman) in reconciling him to some of the difficult doctrines of the Church.* St. Thomas thus, then, answers the question: “It is clear that time and eternity are not the same; but the reason of the distinction some have sought is this: that eternity has neither beginning nor end, and time has both. But this is but an accidental difference, for time may be imagined, and has been so, as without beginning or end, and yet there would be a difference—this, namely, as Boethius says, that eternity is ‘*tota simul,*’ all together, which time is not; and for this reason, that eternity is the measure of that which abides, but time is the measure of change and movement. And so, *even if time should last for ever, it would not be eternity*, for it would be divisible into parts, such as days and years; but in eternity no parts can be taken, or beginnings or endings of periods found, because, as before said, it is ‘*tota simul.*’”

I shall not enlarge on this point, but it seems to me one of the most momentous conclusions by St. Thomas published, though it need scarcely be said that the idea is by

* See “Dream of Gerontius.”

no means peculiar to him, but is familiar to St. Augustine and all Catholic theologians of his school. I could never discover that Jesuits or orthodox Protestants had properly understood or accepted it.

Now let us turn to the question, "Of God as First Cause," thus divided:—1. Of the production of creatures, or creation. 2. Of the distinction of creatures; first, into good and evil, evil being the absence of that good which should be in anything; and, secondly, into spiritual and corporeal. 3. Of the divine government by which all things are maintained in being and ordered to their proper end.

Let us take the questions concerning creatures as distinguished into spiritual and corporeal; between the two being man, who shares both natures. This last subject divides itself into three: Of the body of man, which, however, as appertaining to physics, is not discussed; of the soul of man, its nature, powers, and operation; of the first man, his creation, original condition, and fall therefrom.

The questions concerning corporeal creatures discuss at length the work of the six days of creation; days which may be interpreted literally, or—and to this opinion of Augustine, St. Thomas evidently inclines, though, for the weight of authority opposed to him, he will not decide—as successions of spiritual light manifesting to the angelic intellects the instantaneously perfected work of God, too immense for even spiritual intelligences at once to comprehend.

Fourteen questions here, and four under the consideration of the divine government, are occupied in the discussion of spiritual creatures or angels; and, despite the supercilious contempt with which it has been treated by many who have never read a line of it with attention, I cannot but regard the treatise as one of the grandest creations of the philosophic intellect. From the Bible and

the Fathers St. Thomas took scattered hints, by him of course deemed more or less revelations, and from these he built up a complete doctrine of spiritual beings.

First, of Angels in general, their spiritual substance and relation to body, time, and place; their intellect and their will; their history, so to speak—i.e., creation, perfection, fall, and consequences.

Secondly, of Angels in their relation (1) to one another, by which is determined their division into Hierarchies and Orders; (2) to the material creation; and (3) to men, to whom they bear the mind of God as messengers, and whom they protect, or, as bad angels, tempt and attack.

Perhaps I cannot do better than give the conclusions concerning the Hierarchies and Orders of Angels, as I have already quoted a parody upon them. Be it remembered first, that in a previous article Aquinas has determined that no two angels can be of the same species, on the ground that individuals of the same nature or species cannot be distinguished except by the material distinction of the bodies they subsist in.* So there are many individuals who have one human nature, because human nature connotes a body in which, and by which, it is completed.

There are three hierarchies distinguished by this, that the highest intelligences know all things in the Divine Nature, the cause and pattern of all; the secondary intelligences see things in their higher and general causes; the lower see but the things themselves, as we men do. In each hierarchy are three orders, distinguished according to different acts and offices, as in each ordered state we find the higher, lower, and middle classes. But this division of orders is, after all, but a rude and ignorant one. If we knew perfectly the offices and differences of angels, we should see that each has his own office and peculiar order, as has each star of heaven, yea, much more so these spiritual lights.

* See a like argument in "In Memoriam" XLV.

And this division, which has its foundation in their nature, is confirmed and accentuated in their supernatural state of elevation to "be partakers of the divine nature" (2 Peter i. 4). "For grace"—it is a common-place with St. Thomas—"does not destroy but perfects nature." Lastly, men are raised to the various hierarchies of angels, not, indeed, to partake of their nature, for then they would cease to be men, but by gifts of grace to be equalled with the angels in the participation of the divine vision. And here I would notice the objection mistaken for a conclusion, and inaccurately quoted in the extract above. The hierarchy of men is contained beneath the lowest hierarchy of angels, as is the lowest of angels beneath the middle, and the middle beneath the first; but the angels of the lowest hierarchy are never transferred to the higher ones; therefore, neither are men transferred to the orders of angels. Or, briefly, if angels cannot be raised from one order to another of their own kind, *a fortiori* can not men be raised to orders of a kind not their own.

The answer to this is that to angels grace and glory were allotted in proportion to their natural endowment, in consequence of their instantaneous trial; but to men grace and glory are not so allotted. Angels, therefore, both by grace and nature, are limited to their own orders. But men receiving grace out of all proportion to their inferior nature, are so made capable of rising above it, to equality with a superior nature. Is the answer very subtle? The objection, at all events, is within a child's grasp.

This is, indeed, but a poor account to render of so great a work—an abridgment of a summary. It is tempting to go on to tell at greater length of the solutions St. Thomas proposes of problems which modern science scarce approaches, and which six centuries of angry discussion and intensest study have only left as he left them,—of human liberty and divine law, of God's supremacy and the success

of evil, of the foundations of morality, and much else ; but of this there were no end.

But to what purpose this obtruding on men overwhelmed with the tasks of to-day, this work of a day long gone by ? The creed it supports we have rejected, the philosophy it relies on has been disproved and well-nigh forgotten ; its method is obsolete and superseded ; its science left to antiquarians—a preserve on which few will care or dare to trespass.

True, and yet is it no mere curiosity of literature. For all great work has in it something of the nature of eternity ; it is “ not of an age, but of all time.” The age which begets it passes away, the circumstances which form and colour it change and are half forgotten ; the keen interest which its bearing on questions of the day arouses dies with the day and its questions, but work which treats worthily of man and his thoughts, not merely of the men and thoughts of its day, which regards man in his permanent relations to earth and time and eternity and God, cannot, or, at least, should not, be suffered to die. And such is this *summa* of theology, clothed in old-fashioned garments and strictly conformed to the rules of mediæval faith, but, withal, the genuine product of too large a heart and brain to be representative of a Church or a century and not rather, as it truly is, of human thought and reverence and desire towards the Unseen.

Of its importance simply as a successful *summa*, I have already spoken. It must ever hold its place in the history of thought as collecting and arranging all the gains of the past, and so clearing the ground and bringing together the materials for workers and thinkers to come after.

But even looked at in the worst light, as a great authority which overawed men, so that for centuries the ablest and subtlest thinkers dared not go beyond its bounds, but confined their life-work to the elucidation and defence of its

every proposition, oblivious of the universe which they read second-hand in their master's explanations of it, were this labour and criticism and analysis and research all thrown away? Has not the *Summa* rather been in the education of the race somewhat like what Euclid has been in that of the individual? Most of us have forgotten proposition, proof, and corollary, but few will regret the time spent on them as wasted; most will be conscious that the benefit derived therefrom, and now insensibly enjoyed, is in direct proportion to the earnestness and minuteness of their work. In like manner have the European brain and brain-power gained by the thoroughness and subtlety of scholastic research; so that this work, whether considered by itself and weighed by its own merits, or regarded as a landmark in the history of European thought, or even as the field in which the great intellects of several generations were trained and exercised is, from each point of view, well worthy of respect and attention.

"This glory," writes the Pope in the letter before quoted, "seems reserved for Thomas Aquinas, that he should extort from the adversaries themselves of the Catholic name, homage, praise, and admiration." True, if only other words than *reserved* and *extort* had been used. The true liberal Christian pays willing homage to all the God-anointed princes of humanity—the prophets of every age and faith. Gautama Buddha, Confucius, Plato, Augustine, Aquinas, Martin Luther, George Fox, all and a hundred other, "adversaries" though their followers may count us, are names venerable to us. Not by one path or one guide does God lead men, but "at sundry times, in divers manners, in the prophets, and in the Son." But it is another question how far the Pope's faith in the doctrine of St. Thomas as the most opportune at this time for recalling to the Catholic faith "those who prefer reason to be their only master and guide" can be justified. It seems to me,

indeed, that it ought to be so as respects a very different class of "heretics"—those who hold to one or other form of orthodox Protestantism. The honest study of so candid and powerful a defence of the older faith could scarcely fail to influence, if not convert, them. But those who accept as their divine guides reason and conscience must approach such a study with *a priori* objections which no scholastic argument will affect. That the first man, for having yielded to his wife's entreaty and eaten an apple, contrary to God's command, brought down God's wrath on himself and the whole human race sprung from him; that a certain being who was born in Judæa 1800 years ago was God Himself, and that he died to remove this, his own curse; that, nevertheless, the great majority of men are doomed to everlasting torment, foreseen of God when He brought their souls into being; that a certain book, the Bible, is, from beginning to end, inspired of God and infallible—these, and like propositions which underlie Catholic and Protestant theology alike, are, once doubted, not to be received again for any scholastic argument. Indeed, we must ever bear in mind (if we would do full justice to St. Thomas) certain facts of his environment, which, while they need in no wise diminish our admiration of him, must materially detract from his influence over us or our age. Intellectually, he lived in another universe than ours. The earth he dwelt on was the great world's centre, round which sun, planets, and stars revolved. Its history was known from the day of creation—a few thousand years before his time—to the day of doom—certain to be not many centuries delayed. The religion he believed and defended was that of the whole civilised earth; Manicheans, Jews, Turks, and heathens—such was the enumeration of non-Catholics. The experiences of six hundred years of religious life and thought, the long story of the past of man and of the earth, the insignificance of our

planet in a universe of suns, ideas which are the possession of every schoolboy of our time, were to him utterly and necessarily unknown. Shall we go back, then, to learn of him who, with all his surpassing genius, might learn so much of us? It is impossible—even as it is impossible that the Church of Rome can again, as in his day, subdue to herself the learning, piety, and liberty of mankind.

It may be useful to append an *Analysis of the Summa Theologica* :—

Of Theology. Its Nature and Objects.

FIRST PART.—INTRODUCTORY.—OF GOD.—I. *In Himself*. II. *As Cause of all things*.

I.—1. Of God in the Unity of His Being.

- (a) His Existence proved.
- (b) His Nature. One, Undivided, Infinite, Eternal.
- (c) His Action, (a) Within—His Knowledge, Will, Providence, Pre-destination.
(β) Without—His Power.

2. Of God in the Trinity of Persons.

II.—1. Of the bringing of Things into being.

2. Of the different kinds of things.

- (a) Of Good and Evil.
- (b) Of things (a) Spiritual. Angels, their nature, creation, fall.
(β) Material. The work of the Six Days of Creation.
(γ) Spiritual and Material in One. Of Man—his Body, his Soul, his Creation.

3. Of the Government of all things by God.

- (a) Of the Preservation of things in being.
- (b) Of their Change (a) By the action of God.
(β) By their action on one another.

SECOND PART.—OF THE MOVEMENT OF THE RATIONAL CREATURE GODWARD.

I. OF THE END OF MAN in the attainment of the Beatific Vision.

II. OF ACTS, by which man reaches or is frustrated of his End.

1. Of Human Acts in general.

A. Of the Acts themselves.

- (a) Of Acts peculiar to man—Voluntary Acts.
- (b) Of Acts common to man and beast—Passions.

B. Of the Causes of Human Acts.

- (a) From within (a) Capacities or Powers of Action.
(β) Habits.
- (b) From without (a) Guidance of Laws.
(β) Guidance of Grace.

2. Of Human Acts in Special.

A. Of such as are common to every state of life.

(a) Of the Three Theological Virtues, and Vices opposed to them :
Faith, Hope, Charity.(b) Of the Four Cardinal Virtues, and Vices opposed to them :
Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance.

B. Of such as are peculiar to certain states of life.

(a) Of Special Gifts and Graces.

(b) Of the Active and Contemplative life.

(c) Of Sundry Positions and Duties.

THIRD PART.—OF JESUS CHRIST, and the Way to God opened up through him.

I. OF JESUS CHRIST, God and Man.

1. Of the Incarnation.

2. Of the Consequences of the Incarnation.

3. Of the Life of Christ.

II. OF THE SACRAMENTS instituted by and dependent on Jesus Christ.
Of the Sacraments in general. Then

1. Of Baptism, or Spiritual Birth.

2. Of Confirmation, or Spiritual Manhood.

3. Of the Eucharist, or Spiritual Food.

4, 5. Of Penitence and Extreme Unction, or Spiritual Medicine.

6. Of Orders, for the Spiritual Government of Men.

7. Of Matrimony, for the Spiritual Life of the Family.

III. OF THE RESURRECTION, which we obtain through Christ, and the end of all things.

The author's untimely death cut short the work, when the important moral questions connected with "the Sacrament of Penitence" were but just entered upon. The total number of "Questions" is 512, and of "Articles," over 2,500.

CHARLES HARGROVE.

IN THE NAME OF CHRIST.

THE worship of Jesus should not be confounded with prayer in the name of Christ ; for, as a matter of fact, many who, rightly or wrongly, regard the former as idolatry, still conform to the traditional practice of approaching God in the name of Christ. In their adherence to this practice, they are influenced partly, no doubt, by the *moral* authority of the New Testament,—a very different thing from any positive law. And, in particular, they have great sympathy with the feeling that dictated the passage in the Epistle to the Philippians where it is said, “God hath highly exalted him (Jesus), and given him a name which is above every name.” According to the opinion of the best scholars in the criticism of the New Testament, the words which follow should read, “That *in* the name of Jesus every knee should bow.” The words, therefore, do not raise the question of the direct worship of Jesus ; they simply suggest that all Christian prayer should be offered to God the Father “in the *name* of Jesus Christ.” I am aware that, even translated so, many theological doctrines may seem to be involved in the words, which are matters very difficult to understand, and would lead us far away from the simple object I have in view. I propose, therefore, to resist any temptation to such discussion, and to speak simply of the traditional practice, existing everywhere in the Christian Church, of offering prayer to God in the name of Jesus Christ. The reason why I think it well worth while to

devote a few paragraphs to the consideration of this one point is, that it seems to raise, in typical form, a question more or less discussed between those who desire to keep the old paths of religious progress, and those, on the other hand, who wish to start afresh, taking, so far as possible, lines of definite knowledge alone, apart altogether from most of the symbols and the associations precipitated in by-gone days by human emotion. The latter party sometimes criticise the former, amongst whom I confess myself one, for adhering, so far as possible, to ancient forms of devotion. They say, "Your ideas are often rational, and we can follow these with much sympathy; but your devotions appear to us to have no basis in reason. You are in the habit of making very large concessions to the requirements of progressive knowledge; but when you bow your heads in worship, you seem to ignore them altogether." Such criticisms may, indeed, be plausible, but I cannot say that I think them justified or entirely accurate. It ought to be remembered that in all departments of life it is simply impossible to take definite knowledge exclusively for our guide. It is a good thing to have knowledge; and, in the last result, all experience that will bear examination, all experience productive of lasting fruit, will be found to be based upon facts that may ultimately be grasped, or at least apprehended, by human knowledge. But such facts are by no means always within the ken of those who instinctively pursue a healthful practice. How many customs, for instance, among savage tribes, conducive to social security and often also to health, are adopted and carried out in entire ignorance of their reason! Nay, to go lower in the scale of creation, how certainly are the instincts of various tribes of animals based upon real facts concerning the conditions under which they have to live. But how utterly unconscious are these creatures of the nature of such facts! So, in every stage of human progress, it will be found that

there is a very large part of human conduct—and that by no means the least important—which cannot be theoretically based upon proved and definite knowledge, but which has grown up, we know not how, through the working of the innumerable influences involved in the conditions of life under which the human race must live.

Now, true rationality will take into consideration all such facts as these concerning human experience, and the organisation of society, and the conduct of life. True rationality will observe, not merely the progress of disintegration amongst religious traditions, but also the persistency of *feeling* amidst that disintegration. It may be perfectly true that there is a tendency at the present day to substitute bare, historic facts for miraculous legend, and that this substitution very considerably alters our view of sacred history. But there is also another truth that ought not to be lost sight of. It is well known how, in a saturated solution of certain chemical substances, a projecting point will form the base on which a beautiful crystalline structure rapidly develops itself out of the material around. Now, human history, human experience, is, as it were, saturated with many mystical, indefinite, but most powerful feelings concerning the Eternal and the Infinite; and these feelings cannot possibly be left out of consideration in framing our ideas of the conduct of life. And these bare, historic facts, which are apparently all that are left us after the searching processes of modern criticism, become so many points projecting into this saturated medium of human experience—projecting points that crystallise around them, in transcendently beautiful forms, those invisible and indefinite elements of imagination and emotion that always inspire the highest human life.

This is a most important subject, and, therefore, I would dwell upon it for a moment, in order to apply the better to the subject in hand the principle involved. I may illustrate

it by the fallacy of a criticism often passed upon the English nation. It is often said that Englishmen are, in their political institutions, distinguished from others, especially the French and the Germans, by the utterly illogical character of their proceedings. They do not care to set up a theory and build their institutions in accordance with it. It is of no concern to them if one part of their constitution, logically considered, is wholly out of harmony with another: it is sufficient for them that it works well. Now here, again, we have a criticism that is plausible, but inaccurate—and inaccurate for very much the same reasons as those, on account of which I maintain that the criticisms on ourselves are inaccurate and insufficiently grounded. It is not true, if the matter be fully considered, that English political institutions are illogical. The real truth is that the English nation is in the habit of taking into consideration a great many other facts besides merely abstract principles,—other facts, of which surrounding nations are far too oblivious. For instance, it is the English habit to bear in mind that the working of a constitution must needs be dependent upon the amount of mental and moral preparation existing amongst its citizens. It is the English habit, again, to bear carefully in mind the unconquerable power of custom and the innumerable obstacles offered to rapid progress by ignorant prejudices. It is the English habit, once more, to bear in mind how the progress of social evolution is necessarily extremely slow. Now surely it is not logical, but utterly illogical, in the largest sense of these terms, to leave out of consideration all such elements as these, and to proceed merely upon cut-and-dried notions of abstract theory. The practical mechanician, in dealing with real levers, pulleys, and weights, often arrives at very different results from those obtained by the youthful theorist doing his sums upon his slate. But the reason is not that the practical mechanician

is less true to mechanical principles than the student, but that he has to apply his calculations to a number of facts left out of consideration altogether by the youthful theorist. He has to bear in mind the friction of materials, the elasticity and the want of rigidity in his pulleys, his cords, and his levers; and the fact that he does so shows him to be not less scientific, but far more scientific, than the young tyro who is merely beginning the study of the subject. So, I boldly contend, from my point of view, that, in retaining certain forms of devotion, frequently rejected, we should be not less logical, but more logical, than those who, in the endeavour to reform religion, would cast to the winds all such forms sanctified by experience. We are not less rational, but more rational, because we insist upon borrowing largely from the experience of the past. We refuse to exclude from view the religious affections that have played so large a part in human history; and all experience goes to show that it is very difficult to separate these religious affections from sacred symbols, around which they have gathered themselves.

These are the general principles on which I persist for myself in offering prayer, according to the traditional forms, in the name of Jesus Christ. But in order to see how these general principles apply, it will be necessary here that I should state as clearly as I can what I mean by prayer in the name of Christ. I do not mean asking that God would grant us certain boons *for the sake* of Christ; though even had the words that meaning, to me they would be far from superstitious or irrational. They would be still instinct with an emotion which has in human nature very genuine reasons. For, whatever view we may take of the difficulties inherent in a study of the Gospel history, all who have any interest in this subject—and, indeed, most who wish to retain religion at all amongst mankind—would agree, that the Gospel stories arise out of a beautiful life of devotion to

the glory of God and the good of men—a life that was quenched in death because the Saviour would not yield to the evil in the world, or make compromises with its claims. Now, when we consider at what a cost to himself Jesus of Nazareth inaugurated a work of which the like has never been seen in human history elsewhere; and when we compare the pure simplicity of his spirit, the high aims that he set before him, not for himself but for mankind, with the perverted bigotries that are insisted upon in his name, and with the base and cruel hypocrisies that are practised under the pretence of Christianity, an irrepressible wail of wounded faith and hope rises from the heart. Oh, the pity of it!—that such a transcendent sacrifice should have been made, and these be the poor results,—that blood so sacred should have flowed, and the ground on which it fell produce thorns and briars and poisonous fruits like these! “For Christ’s sake,” we cry to Omnipotence, “make an end of this!” And is there not a meaning in the words? Not as though we supposed that the Almighty Father of mankind needed the intercession of any, however great and good, to draw down His love and pity to His children, but that the fact of Christ’s great sacrifice for mankind and his pure, beautiful devotion give to us ourselves a deeper interest in the progress of mankind, and seem to present to us an additional reason for striving against all falsehood and wrong, and for seeking to establish that kingdom of righteousness which Jesus strove to found upon earth.

There is, however, no need to pursue this subject, because the practice with which I am concerned does not at all involve any appeal to omnipotent mercy; the phrase, “for the sake of Christ,” does not signify that this sacred name is to open to us the door of the divine audience-chamber, and be an introduction, without which we could not gain the ear of God. What it means is simply this,

that, by experience, I for my part and tens of thousands of others, in this age as well as in others gone by, feel nearest to God when we can approach God in the spirit of Christ; and the *name* of Christ represents here to us the *spirit* of Christ. When we pray in the name of Christ, we mean that we strive to approach the Heavenly Father, just as he did, who was pre-eminently called the "Son of God." We strive to realise that consciousness of God within us, that contemplation of God in all His works without, which were transcendently characteristic of the bearing and the teaching of Jesus Christ.

Let me dwell here upon this significance of the "spirit of Christ;" for I cannot think that any who would feel with me in regard to this would have much difficulty about prayer in the name of Christ. What is it that strikes the sympathetic soul in contemplating the memoirs of Jesus, as they are fragmentarily recorded in the Gospels? We are struck, amongst many other things, by the marvellous combination we behold there of strength and humility. The strength of Jesus is not shown by any boastfulness, or any kingly pretensions. It is shown by a quiet, calm assumption of a work immeasurable in its vastness, to be accomplished through the means he set in operation. He faced the powers of evil apparently triumphant over all the world; and he showed a certain confidence that, afterwards, through the work he had begun, the powers of evil would be utterly overthrown, and the kingdom of God established upon earth. True, he looked that this work should be gradually accomplished. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation," he said, "neither shall they say, 'Lo here,' nor 'Lo there,' for the kingdom of God is within you." It was to be brought about by a moral progress amongst mankind. "The kingdom of God," he said, "is like to a grain of mustard seed, which when it is sown is the smallest among all seeds, but when it is

grown it becomes a tree, so that the birds in the air take refuge in its branches." "The kingdom of God is as though a man should sow corn in his field, and should sleep and rise night and day; and the seed groweth up he knoweth not how." All these parables and sayings bear upon their face the stamp of authenticity, and they show that Jesus looked not for a sudden and violent revolution, but for a gradual and constant progress. Now, in the steadfast faith that was confident of the continuity of this progress and of its final triumph over all obstacles, there was manifested a spiritual strength such as we see in no other whose name is recorded in history.*

But combined with this strength, there was a *humility* which was equally distinctive of his character. I sympathise very much with those critics of the Gospels who believe that the disciples did not in all respects fully understand the real greatness of their Lord; and I think we must bear this in mind in studying the writings of those disciples, otherwise we shall miss the significance of many hints which are left for our instruction. It is said, for instance, again and again, that Jesus shunned the multitudes that waited upon him to applaud and glorify him. He is reported to have warned those whom he had healed or blessed not to tell any man, but to go straight to the priests of God, that they might give thanks for their recovery. Now, we have in such words as these a hint of a humble, retiring character, which could not bear publicity except so far as publicity was a plain duty in order to the accomplishment of his work. Again, in the absence of pretence concerning his own moral perfections, we have a token of the same characteristic: "Why callest thou me good?" he said to one who asked his instructions, calling him "good master," "there is none good but

* The only parallel I know is Gautama Buddha. But, if I understand rightly, he did not look for a regenerated society.

One." How comes it to pass that there should exist such a marvellous combination of strength and humility? The reason is that the strength was inspiration, and the humility was resignation to the will of the Father. His strength was inspiration. "I can do nothing of myself," he said. The works that he accomplished, he declared, were the works of the Father. The words that he spoke were not of himself, but, as the spirit of the Father enabled him, so he gave utterance to the instructions he communicated to mankind. We must think of the consciousness of the Lord Jesus as everywhere pervaded by the presence of the Eternal. For him the Father was not far away in a mystic home above the skies, but dwelt ever in his heart and soul. Realising the unity of his will with the Father, he could say with profoundest truth, "I and my Father are one;" and as his consciousness was everywhere pervaded by the spirit of the Eternal, it was his joy to resign himself wholly to the will of God, to do or to be or to endure anything which this will might require for the salvation of mankind.

Inspiration, resignation,—these constitute the constant attitude of prayer. True, we are told of special times and seasons when Jesus ascended the lonely summits of the hills that he might hold converse with the Father; but as we find so few records of any articulate words of prayer that were spoken by the Lord to the Father, it strikes me sometimes that those long nights of aspiration towards the Eternal were nights of divine silence, a silence full of God; and in that fulness was the prayer of Christ. So it was that he presented the transcendent emblem of that law of life offered to us by the Apostle Paul when he says, "Pray without ceasing;" for the full consciousness, the whole activity of Jesus was one continuous prayer to the Eternal. Again, let those who would know the spirit of Christ turn to the Sermon on the Mount; let them mark

the high morality described in the fifth chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew—a morality so high, that worldlings say it is wholly unattainable, but a morality of which it would be very difficult indeed to deny the claims in any point, duly considering our relations to the Eternal. That morality is lofty, exacting, authoritative, even austere; but when we come to the sixth chapter, how unobtrusive it is in all its outward acts. Severe, austere, as it is,—in the society of men it is always to present an attitude of unobtrusive humility and kindliness. No deed of charity is to be done to gain the praise of men. No act of piety is to be exhibited so as to win their applause. Then, after showing how humility is to be the last adornment of a pure, divine morality, most naturally the Lord leads his disciples to the subject of prayer. They are not to pray to be heard or to be seen of men; but when they pray they are to address the Most High as their Father, and to speak to Him as His children, conscious of their needs, and assured of His care for them. Here we have the spirit of Christ's spotless morality, austere in its standard, yet unobtrusive, yielding, sympathetic in its practice as regards men, and both, because its eyes of aspiration are ever fixed on high, whence alone flows the moral strength needed to keep to such a standard in this world of imperfections. They who would know the spirit of Christ must mark his own conduct in times of trial and disappointment. In the eleventh chapter of St. Matthew we read, according to my understanding of the passage, how the spirit of the Lord was bowed down in depression because of the non-success of his work amongst the Jews. The Pharisees and the Scribes, who might have been expected to understand him, scorned his instructions, and looked upon him as a self-willed and self-conceited revolutionist. It was only the poor, the simple, the uneducated, and the uninfluential who waited upon his

teachings, and seemed to win any inspiration from them. Yet he would not, on that account, despair; for, full of God, he readily yielded to the motions of the Divine Spirit. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth," he said, "because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." And he was confident, nay, triumphantly confident—for it is said by another of the evangelists that he "rejoiced in spirit"—that through these apparently unlikely means, the work of God would yet triumph in the world. Here again is manifested the spirit of Christ's dauntless faith, and humble, heartfelt, overflowing gratitude to God.

Once more, follow him to that most dread scene of all, where the flesh showed its weakness under the intolerable burden laid upon the pure and loving spirit of the Lord. He was brought to that black barrier beyond which seemed no hope; he was led not merely to the depth of humiliation, as it appeared in the eyes of the world, but to a darkness from which seemed to be shut out all prospect of further action on the minds and hearts of men; and we are told that, "being in an agony, he prayed the more earnestly." It is said—and experience of utmost human anguish has shown that there was nothing miraculous in this—that "he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Now, they who have ever been brought face to face with the apparent certainty of an intolerable woe, often have felt that they would flee anywhere, seek any relief, even though it might be in hypocrisy, in dishonesty, in wrong, so only that this one unbearable cup might be taken away from them. So, we may well suppose, did he who was tempted in all points like as we are, realise the weakness of the flesh; but being still even in that darkness, full of God, he sought once more the only true refuge, which was in entire surrender to the will of God. "Holy Father, if this cup may not pass

from me except I drink it, Thy will be done." And he arose from the dust, collected, calm, magnificent in his consciousness of utter surrender to the divine will. So he went to his death, and made that death the means of conquest over all the powers of darkness.

Now, in such a contemplation we realise the very spirit of Christ; and though I do not say, of course, that the spirit of Christ would be absent because the name of Christ is not used, yet I do contend most earnestly that if we find the mention of the name of Christ remind us of his teaching, and renew in us his spirit, so far from being a relic of superstition, it is most truly rational on our part to use that name, sacred by ten thousand holy associations, in all our devotions at the footstool of grace.

Never man spake of the Father as did Jesus Christ; and though he teaches no theosophic theory concerning the Eternal, he does give to us an attitude towards the unknown and unknowable Infinite, which practically supplies all our need in the distresses of life. It is the *attitude* towards the Eternal that is wanted. We do not know how to express the nature of God, but we do know that we are in His hands. We do not know how to fathom the counsels of God, but we do know that in subjection to His will, as it is revealed to us either in nature or in experience, is our only law of life. We do not know by what mystic channels the exhaustless resources of everlasting life pass into the budding flowers, or into the growing grasses, or into the ripening fruits, or into the developing child, or into the prophetic soul; but we do know, by experience, that to breathe such inspirations, and to act according to their impulses, is the noblest life man can enjoy. Now, Jesus gave us this attitude towards the Father, and just in proportion as we realise his spirit, do we adopt that attitude towards the Father, which is the only true religion.

When, therefore, we pray in the name of Christ, we mean

that we pray in the spirit, or strive to pray in the spirit of Christ. When we pray in the spirit of Christ, we mean that we strive to realise the strength of inspiration and the humility of sanctified resignation,—that we aspire towards a morality, pure and austere, but, at the same time, tender and charitable towards all human weakness. When we pray in the spirit of Christ, we mean that amidst all the disappointments of life we strive to realise a joyful faith and a loving gratitude, together with such a full consciousness of God, and such an instant obedience to the impulses of His spirit, that though we had to face ruin and death, we should still be able to say with courage, “Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.” It is difficult for me to conceive what objection can be made to such a use of the name of Christ. It may indeed be said to me, “You do not know the facts of his life with sufficient accuracy to construct a satisfactory biography, or to draw a portrait distinct in detail.” I am well aware of it. But we feel the impulse of his spirit, nevertheless, lasting throughout the ages. Inspiration is not always articulately explicable, nor always traceable to the precise acts or forms of words from which it flows. I call to mind from early life a grand, and, to my memory, venerable figure, from whose lips I drank in the inspiration of what little of higher life there may be in me, but I can scarcely recall the words that were uttered. I know little or nothing of the story of the man’s life compared with what I know of many friends around me. Nevertheless, the inspiration endures; and what one smaller man can be to a group of students in any one generation, the great Christ, the Son of God, may be, has been, to all humanity coming after him. We do not know, as we should like to know, the story of his childhood and his manhood, the exact report of the very syllables that he used. Nevertheless, out of that cloud-land, bright with many a divine vision, there issues forth a strong impulse that has urged

mankind on in the path of moral progress and is felt breathing on our souls to the present day.

But it may be said, "People misunderstand you when you use the name of Christ in your prayers, and suppose you to be praying through Christ as a necessary Mediator between God and man." If people misunderstand me, I cannot help it. All that I can do is to explain myself to the best of my power. I welcome truth from all sources, from all critical inquirers, from all natural discoveries; I am compelled to surrender to the innumerably converging lines of evidence which show that the miraculous stories of the past are constructed more out of vivid and glowing imaginations than out of real historical events. Yet, nothing whatever disturbs that idea of a divine life which Christ has given to the world; a life in the consciousness of God, a life lovingly one with mankind. And in the contemplation of that life, ideal or historic, whichever men choose to call it, I rejoice in obeying the apostolic exhortation, "Whatsoever ye do, in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus; giving thanks unto God and the Father by him."

J. ALLANSON PICTON.

*THE HOMES OF THE STANLEYS AND THE
TAITS.**

IT does not need the grace and charm with which the Dean of Westminster invests every theme which he touches, nor the high esteem in which the Archbishop of Canterbury is held outside, as well as within, the National Church, to recommend the volumes which have suggested the title of this paper, or to justify their publication. Readers who are repelled by ordinary religious memoirs are drawn to these by the revelation of the divine power of spiritual religion which they exhibit. No truer evidence of what Christianity is in its deepest root can be found anywhere than in the records of such lives as these. Like the lives themselves, such records are witnesses to its living and permanent influence.

Something of this feeling has inspired the publication of these biographies. Speaking of the too brief fragments of journals and letters left by his mother, Catherine Stanley, the Dean of Westminster remarks:—"They will not be deemed less instructive because, like her husband's activity, her own spiritual insight belonged to that larger sphere of religion which is above and beyond the passing controversies of the day. In this age of transition, it may be useful to

* *Memoirs of Edward and Catherine Stanley.* Edited by their son, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. (Murray, 1879.)

Catherine and Crauford Tait, wife and son of Archibald Campbell, Archbishop of Canterbury: *a Memoir.* Edited by the Rev. W. Benham, B.D., Vicar of Margate. (Macmillan, 1879.)

find expression given to thoughts of which we may be sure that, as they preceded our present conflict of opinions, so they will long survive it, and which may possibly convey guidance and consolation to those who know how to value the faculty of seeing things as they really are, without the distorting medium of personal prejudice or party passion."

In language striking from its simplicity, Miss Tait gave her judgment in favour of publishing the memoir of her mother :—" If it be thought that the history of my mother's life is likely to do good by helping and encouraging anybody in good living, then let the thing be done, but any other motive ought not to be heard of." To considerations such as these the Archbishop yielded, for, as Mr. Benham writes in his modest preface to the work which he has so carefully edited—" These memorials comprise a record of deep piety ; of an unstinted wealth of effectual sympathy ; of untiring labour, along with an exulting love of home and husband and children."

The two books have, as might have been expected, many divergences ; yet there is beneath these an essential similarity in their tone and spirit. The four lives—of Edward and Catherine Stanley, of Catherine and Crauford Tait—reveal that unworldliness which consists in devotion to the highest ends of living. In no one of them is there a trace of that thankless contempt for God's earthly gifts which has too often passed in Evangelical circles for spirituality, but in all alike, blended with sympathy with all bright and pure things in this world, there is a tone of thought and feeling which rises habitually above the level of that so-called " society," in the atmosphere of which idealism of any kind, religious or other, finds it difficult to thrive or even to live. In the Archbishop's notice of Mrs. Tait, at a time when she helped him by her sympathy and by her activity in the work of his diocese, we read :—" She never laid herself out in any way for what is commonly called London society, but

her position necessarily brought her into connection with many of its brightest ornaments. I know nothing in her life more truly Christian than the way in which she moved as befitted a bishop's wife in such society. When she first came to London she was still young, and had it not been for the deep lessons of her previous life, she might have been tempted to plunge into the society that opened before her. . . . She neither sought society nor avoided it ; she enjoyed it when it came in her way quietly and calmly, and consistently with all the claims of important duty which were ever present to her mind."

We see less of Mrs. Stanley's outward life than of Mrs. Tait's, but the coincidence in this spirit of unworldliness, in its best sense, as equally removed from absorption in externals and from contempt of them, is as conspicuous in the thoughts which we find in the letters and journals of Mrs. Stanley as in the memorials of Mrs. Tait. "The absence of some pursuit beyond the mere living in society narrows the heart as much as the mind. Where the natural sense of beauty and excellence is destroyed, where neither is felt or admitted but through the medium of circumstances, connections, or some prejudices of this nature, how the character is debased and lessened, how the selfish principle expands ! The moral and intellectual nature are, and must be, connected." " ' Crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts ' may extend over a wide range of duty. It almost comes to making out whatever is disagreeable to be right, which yet is an odious, discouraging, legal view of the case. An odd transposition of duty and pleasure thus takes place. I leave off reading Chalmers' sermons on a principle of duty to assist at a dancing lesson. Self-indulgence would have preferred the first." "Form your idea of Christ, not from the *detail* of His conduct, but from the virtues which He personifies ; *establish* these, and Christ is within you." It is rare even

yet to find in current types of religious teaching a tone of thought and feeling like this, leavening life with its influence while leaving unspoiled every genuine human interest.

This, too, is the charm of the memoir of the late Bishop of Norwich. Edward Stanley was born in 1779, and thus his early life belonged to the period before the Oxford movement of 1834 had arisen, and when the Evangelical movement had touched the highest point of its influence and was already verging towards its decline, passing from its first passionate fervour into that servitude to words and formulas which has been the bane of the later Evangelical school, and prevents many good men who have been brought under its influence from recognising even their own ideas when presented in other language.

The Dean of Westminster's concise memoir hardly permits us to judge to what extent this stream of spiritual tendency had affected his father's earlier years. It is quite possible that the breath of new life to both Church and Nonconformity—which the Evangelical revival unquestionably was—may have had its share in the formation of his mind and character; but if so, happily for himself and for us, its influence was that of a spiritual power, not of a form of thought. It is interesting to note in his case the parallel with F. W. Robertson, whose passion for the military profession, for which he was destined in his youth, "gave a colour to his whole after life." Edward Stanley's passion was for the sea, and his love of nature, as well as his fondness for natural history, helped to impart to his mind that sense of reality which saved him from mere questions of words and names. "The exhibition of divine power and goodness in the natural world seemed to him so much more direct and simple than amidst the perplexities and confusion of the moral world, that he always regarded it as one of the purest sources of intellectual and religious instruction, and always studied and encouraged it as a

natural part of a clergyman's duty, and as conducive, when it could be followed up, to the welfare of his flock also. 'The perversions of men,' he used to say, 'would have made an infidel of me, but for the counteracting impressions of Divine Providence in the works of nature,'"—a curious contrast, we may remark by the way, with J. S. Mill's indictment of nature,* and with much modern thought on the subject, but suggesting that childlike faith to which science in its ultimate issue will bring back the human mind.

"Of the Scriptures," says Dr. Stanley, "he was at all times a careful student. But the contrast of the elaborate systems of later divinity with the simplicity and freedom of the Bible was a topic to which he constantly recurred; and though giving a practical assent to the creed and worship of the Church of England, he never could endure minute controversies relating to the details of its doctrines and ceremonies. It was not till a later period of his life that the full effects of this tendency, whether produced by temperament or education, were clearly manifested; but it deserves remark thus early as having conduced to foster and determine in great measure his taste for physical science."

The life of such a man affords a lesson which the religious world of most times, our own included, greatly needs to learn—the possibility of combining with earnestness, devoutness, and strong personal convictions in the matter of religion, manly simplicity, freedom from party bias, tolerance, and charity. It was more difficult, perhaps, then than now to exercise such qualities, when all earnestness was stigmatised as Methodism, and all largeness of mind branded as infidelity.

We get glimpses in this memoir of a state of things in the English Church comparatively rare now, which severely tested Edward Stanley's strength of character, both as

* Three Essays on Religion, pp. 28—32. *Conf. Lucret. De Rerum Nat., Lib. V. v. 195 et seq.*

Vicar of Alderley and as Bishop of Norwich. "The state of a country cure . . . was not an easy post for one who had formed a high ideal of pastoral exertion." At Alderley "the clerk used to go to the churchyard stile to see whether there were any more coming to church, for there were seldom enough to make a congregation." "The rector used to boast that he had never set foot in a sick person's cottage." Of the neighbouring clergy—"all who could afford it, hunted; few, if any, rose above the ordinary routine of the stated services of the Church." The condition of the diocese of Norwich, to which Edward Stanley was appointed in 1837, is thus sketched by the Dean:—"Non-residence, pluralities, one instead of two services once a week. . . . carelessness in admission to holy orders, imperfect administration of the rites of baptism and burial, such were some of the more obvious anomalies which had made the diocese of Norwich a by-word for laxity among the sees of the Church of England."

With a light but firm hand the Dean of Westminster sketches in this notice of his father, a pastoral career, the secret of the success of which was so largely due to the strong individuality of the man. The details of his management of his parish and of his government of his diocese must be read, to be fully appreciated, in the book itself. His frank and genial bearing towards the poor, his cordial sympathy with their joys and sorrows, his interest in education, in science, and in literature, his courage physical and moral, his liberal attitude towards ecclesiastical and political reform, his capability of recognising the good in those from whom he differed most, his conscientious exercise of his patronage, his respect for those of his clergy who frankly avowed convictions differing from his own, his unwearied efforts for the welfare of his parish and his diocese—all these

things we find illustrated in life and word in the memoir itself. "I hear a great deal," he once said, "about zeal for the welfare of the *Church*. I wish I could hear more of anxiety for the welfare of *Christianity*." These are words which express the spirit of his life. For him Christianity meant living after the pattern of Christ.

Dr. Stanley has admirably summed up the lesson of such a life :—"If the simpler religion exemplified in the pastoral career here described was less brilliant in its results than some of the subsequent revivals or imitations of mediæval practices, yet it was also without their darker features of strife and suspicion. There have been cases even in the judgment of those not unfavourable to such experiments, where 'a parish which had been before as the garden of Eden has been transformed into a howling wilderness.' It is instructive to notice that, independently of these recent aids, there existed a sound form of moral and religious life, not the less admirable because it sprang from a zeal tempered by common sense, and because it aimed, not so much at the interest of a party, or even of a Church, as at the good of the whole community."

As we turn from the volume of Dean Stanley (upon whom, even while we write, we learn, with deep regret and sincere sympathy, that a fresh bereavement has fallen) to the memorials of Catherine and Crauford Tait, we seem to pass into the very sanctuary of sorrow. Perhaps no part of the book has been read with a keener interest than Mrs. Tait's narrative of the loss of her children at Carlisle, and the account of the more recent death of the Archbishop's son, Mr. Crauford Tait, and of that of Mrs. Tait herself. We leave this narrative to tell its own tale. Silence is the only tribute that can be paid in the presence of such griefs as these. But the deeper interest of these memorials lies, we think, not in the sorrow so much as in the life. Even this pathetic picture pales before the history of a life-long

devotion to the service of the highest good. We have already quoted a passage from the Archbishop's notice of his wife's superiority to the fascinations of society, and we doubt if wealth and station have ever shown more of the power of faith in heart and life. Incidentally the Archbishop refers more than once to the "ample means" and to the outward circumstances which necessarily freed his wife from those harassing cares which so seriously hamper in many cases the higher work of life. Yet a woman of another order would have made much more of wealth and station such as hers for purely personal gratification—for show, for glitter, for refined self-indulgence—even while fulfilling in the bare letter the office of a chief pastor's wife. Decent regard for religious conventions can very well go hand-in-hand with a spirit and temper of mind as really worldly, in the worst sense of this much-abused term, as those of the woman who "liveth in pleasure, and is dead while she liveth." And this victory over the temptations which belonged to her place in the world impresses us all the more forcibly, because Mrs. Tait never wore the dress of any religious exclusiveness, but frankly delighted in home, in children, in literature, in cultivated society, in all that adorns and beautifies life.

The two sets of influences to which Dr. Stanley refers in his preface—the Evangelical and the Oxford movement—had each its share in the formation of the character of Mrs. Tait. Her early training was in the Evangelical school. The associations of her home in the parsonage of Elmdon seem to have been exclusively Evangelical. We learn, in fact, that "the first distinct awakenings of her spiritual life" came from a relative "who finally joined the Plymouth Brethren." It was a happy circumstance that her spiritual development should have been so greatly modified, before her opinions were fixed or her habits of thought fully formed, by the introduction of a "totally

strange element into the family," the teaching of the Oxford school, and the indirect influence of John Henry Newman. There are many examples of men, and still more of women, who have passed at one bound from the extreme type of the one school to the extreme type of the other; many examples, too, of these two forms of religious tendency neutralising each other, and leaving the soul stranded on total unbelief, or, at least, on utter indifference to all religion. It was not so with Mrs. Tait. She touched both extremes, but rested in neither, still less subsided into some conventional form which covers with a decent drapery the absence of all religious earnestness. She has her earlier dream of becoming a missionary to the Catholics in the West of Ireland. Then she is drawn towards asceticism, and thinks that there is nothing like the teaching of the Oxford school. But the conflict between the two opposing types left at last a soul naturally Christian (to use Tertullian's phrase)—the bright, pure, loving nature of the woman—free to yield itself to the inspirations of the Life of the Lord, which both schools alike have too often warped; and while she never lost that spiritual earnestness which is the best characteristic of Puritanism, "all through her life a marked love for the ceremonial of the English Church . . . continued as the outward form in which her deep inward piety embodied itself."

We do not gather from these memorials that Catherine Tait ever quite freed herself from her early Evangelical or early Oxford bias, or rose into those upper zones of thought in which the temporary and local forms of both schools are seen in their true significance, and only the eternal elements of both remain. For that, her life was too busy. But it is certain that she was saved by her own good sense, by her real piety, and by her husband's influence from the errors and extravagances which have, in different directions,

marked the two forms of religion which seem to divide the National Church between them. She was capable of understanding and sympathising with many from whom, as from Broad Churchmen, she dissented. "One day Crauford, when a boy, said to her, 'Mother, I don't think you and father think always alike.' Both parents laughed. 'Have you found that out, my boy?' said she." "She could apprehend the truth and beauty of another's mind, while seeing the same truths herself from a different point of view." "She had no faculty for detecting heresy," she said; and she "could read with the deepest interest the books and enjoy the conversation of men from whom she differed, and admire their great qualities, and help them in good works without in any way pledging herself to follow their guidance."

A life such as this is the best proof of how much deeper lie the springs of religious emotion and action than the forms of faith for which men contend so bitterly, and, except for evil, so fruitlessly. It was a life Christlike, because it was a life of unwearied energy in the cause of humanity. The story unfolded in these pages is the story of a home-life, womanly and true; but also of an outer life crowded with active exertions, full of sympathy for the poor and the suffering, which still found time for reading and meditation, and which no external activity could withdraw from fellowship with the Father of Spirits. The theological and ecclesiastical distinctions which separate rival creeds and schools fade into insignificance as we close the book in which we have followed through another human life the enduring influence of Jesus of Nazareth.

Our space will allow of only a few words of tribute to the memory of Crauford Tait. It is not surprising that, brought up in such a home, he should have been what he was, and displayed a promise of which his early death forbade the fulfilment. His father's simple narrative of his worth and

goodness will not bear condensation. We will not say with Wordsworth—

“ The good die young,
“ While those whose hearts are dry as summer dust
“ Burn to the socket;”

but we think that none can read this memorial of a young man, so early called away, without a sense of pain that one whose modesty hid real powers should have fallen on the field while his work was scarcely yet begun.

CHARLES SHAKSPEARE.

FERVENT ATHEISM.*

THE admission of Miss Bevington's exposition and defence of practical Atheism into *The Nineteenth Century* may be fairly taken to indicate that the Editor has reason to believe that a considerable portion of his numerous readers are not likely to find anything very distasteful to them in this clever young lady's strenuous endeavour to divest human life of all the sanctions and trusts of religion. This is only one among many indications that the profession of Atheism does not now shock the sentiment of society as it once did. Nor is it difficult to account for this change. It is, no doubt, in part due to the fact that, owing to recent scientific discoveries, and still more to the daring theories and speculations which these discoveries have occasioned, a large and increasing number of thoughtful people are being carried into that vague condition of theological opinion called Agnosticism — a condition in which the mind oscillates between the two opposite poles of belief; at one time touching the confines of Atheism, at another time approaching equally near to definite Theistic convictions. Conversation with a genuine

* "Lectures and Essays." By the late William Kingdon Clifford, F.R.S. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Frederick Pollock. With an "Introduction" by F. Pollock. 2 vols. Macmillan and Co.: London, 1879.

"Modern Atheism and Mr. Mallock." By Miss L. S. Bevington. *The Nineteenth Century*, October and December, 1879. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

"The Personal Aspect of Responsibility." By Miss L. S. Bevington. *Mind*, April, 1879. Williams and Norgate.

Agnostic soon reveals that he does not like the Atheist; that, in fact, he has a much more decided objection to Atheism than he has to Theism. But, at the same time, it is evident that the Agnostic unintentionally helps the Atheist to a social recognition, which the latter could hardly otherwise obtain. Some shades of Agnosticism are, as I have said, not far removed from Atheism. So near, indeed, are the two, that the intellect of the majority of good people fails to distinguish clearly between them; and hence it comes to pass that since Agnosticism, as being the creed of so many eminent and popular *savans* and philosophers, is, of course, perfectly respectable, Atheism—its next-door neighbour on the negative side—gets the full benefit of this close association, and can now confidently show its face at the fashionable *conversazione* and in the high-class Review without fear of being frowned upon as a disreputable intruder.

But it is not only on account of its close proximity to the negative developments of Agnosticism that Atheism has obtained kindlier treatment. A much more just and substantial consideration has contributed to this result. I allude, of course, to the more general recognition of the truth that it is quite possible for intellectual scepticism concerning fundamental religious ideas to co-exist with much moral worth and benevolent enthusiasm. Most Christians and Theists would probably still endorse Lord Bacon's assertion that "the denial of a God tends to destroy man's nobility, and to deprive human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty;" but they are now quite aware that this mischievous tendency of a false intellectual system may, in the case of the Atheist himself, be largely, if not wholly, counteracted by his voluntary adherence to an ideal of virtuous conduct. They see that there can be no genuine and complete negation of God's presence and authority so long as the spirit reverently aspires to realise its ideal of moral excellence. Each man's ideal of moral

excellence is, in the view of the Christian Theist, a glimpse of the living presence of the Eternal—a more or less imperfect vision of the character of God. Whoever, then, is diligently fashioning his life in accordance with his highest idea of moral excellence, and is rejecting in obedience to the claims of that ideal the importunities of personal appetite and selfish ambition, that man is recognised as doing the will of the Father within him, and as spiritually drawing nigh to God, even while intellectually doubting or denying His existence. For Atheists of this stamp the devout Theist must feel at once admiration and regret—admiration for them in that they reverence their Conscience as their King, regret in that they are not reinforced and comforted by the assurance that this same Conscience is a living testimony to their present and perpetual relation to that Indwelling Spirit, of whose perfect justice and eternal love human justice and human love are imperfect presentations and embodiments.

There are, doubtless, many in the present day who are Atheists in the above sense. The philosophy of Evolution has loosened their intellectual hold on God, but has as yet failed to lower their moral ideal, or to diminish in any appreciable degree their warm love for humanity. Can, however, this condition of what we may call fervent and philanthropic Atheism be a permanent one? It is the object of Miss Bevington's paper to show that it both can be and will be permanent; that, indeed, it is destined to become the universal condition of mankind. Love for man will, she thinks, burn with even greater brightness and intenser heat when the thought of God and the love of God have been totally extinguished in the mind and heart. I will presently examine the more important of the reasons which she alleges on behalf of this doctrine, and will endeavour to justify my belief that such Atheism as we have been considering generally succeeds in passing into some more or



less adequate recognition of religious truth ; and that if it fails in so doing, it can hardly long retain its high moral ideal, inasmuch as it will lose at length the emotional power and fervour which is needful for great and sustained moral efforts.

It must, however, be remarked at the outset, that it would be a serious mistake to suppose that the great majority of those whose theological convictions have been affected by recent scientific discoveries and speculations, entertain that confident sense of the beauty and sufficiency of Atheism which characterises the utterances of Mr. Bradlaugh and Miss Bevington. Most of those who feel the old intellectual foundation of their faith in God and Immortality giving way beneath them, are by no means in a mood to proclaim this circumstance through the press and from the platform, much less to boast that their religious loss is amply compensated by the light and comfort which their new views afford. Those who have once richly enjoyed the spiritual experience involved in the assurance that they are not alone, for the Father is with them, may, in exercising the right and duty of free inquiry, be forced to doubt the validity of this assurance ; but the doubt is generally regarded as an unwelcome visitor, whose presence in the soul chills and freezes the precious springs of spiritual trust and hope. Mr. Mallock truly describes the condition of the mass of earnest unbelievers in God and Immortality, when he says, "their only impulse is to struggle and endure in silence." That Miss Bevington recovers from the loss of religious belief so readily, is probably due to the shallowness of her spiritual experience. Her review articles display much power of clear thinking, and to judge from her verses, she is by no means a contemptible poet ; but one becomes conscious of a marked defect in her mental constitution when she is contemplated side by side with natures of the

spiritual or saintly type, such as Madame Guyon, Fénelon, George Fox, or Channing. As the fervent experiences of these eminently spiritual persons rise considerably above the average religious sentiments of mankind, so, on the other hand, does Miss Bevington's capacity for religious emotion appear to sink far below the ordinary level. It is probably on this account that she is content to call herself an Atheist rather than an Agnostic; for Agnosticism, as represented by such teachers as Professor Tyndall, implies the recognition and the cherishing of religious emotions, that is, of emotions which are kindled by meditating on that invisible power of which matter and mind are the manifestations. Professor Tyndall says, "What Dr. Martineau *knows*, I *feel*;" but Miss Bevington seems desirous to repudiate all emotion as well as knowledge in reference to aught else than man and the phenomenal universe.

A cursory perusal of the late Professor Clifford's philosophical and ethical Essays would probably leave the impression that his Atheism was quite as thorough as Miss Bevington's. Certainly, Atheism in his writings often presents a more openly offensive and unjust attitude towards Christianity than is seen in that lady's more temperate and cautiously worded articles. I am inclined to think, however, that Clifford's writings exhibit more traces of a capacity for religious thought and feeling of religiosity as it is sometimes called, than are apparent in the pages of the lady Atheist. The essential difference between them is seen when we compare their sentiments towards that Theistic faith, which their scientific and philosophical views had compelled them to resign. Miss Bevington's words are:—

"Our 'unbelievers' know what they lose in losing religion. They lose their moral sofas, their spiritual 'cakes and ale'; but the solid ground remains for spiritual exercise, and the bread and meat of success and survival will continue to reward that exercise wherever faithfully performed."

I do not think that any one who had really experienced the power and the peace which religious faith imparts, could ever refer to the loss of it as the loss of "moral sofas" and "spiritual cakes and ale." These words betray a poverty of spiritual experience, which alone would utterly disqualify any one for the task of estimating aright the ethical worth of religion. In reference to the same subject Professor Clifford writes:—

"Now, whether or not it be reasonable and satisfying to the conscience, it cannot be doubted that Theistic belief is a comfort and solace to those who hold it, and that the loss of it is a very painful loss. It cannot be doubted, at least by many of us in this generation, who either profess it now, or received it in our childhood, and have parted from it since with such searching trouble as only cradle-faiths can cause. We have seen the spring sun shine out of an empty heaven to light up a soulless earth; we have felt with utter loneliness that the Great Companion is dead. Our children, it may be hoped, will know that sorrow only by the reflex light of a wondering compassion. But to say that Theistic faith is a comfort and a solace, and to say that it is the crown or coping of morality, these are different things."

The two writers agree in resigning Theism, and in declaring that Morality will not be affected by this loss; but in how different a spirit do they bid farewell to the faith they have once professed! In the one case it is the parting with a mere acquaintance whom we have only superficially known, and the loss of whose dainty hospitality creates a transient regret; in the other case it is the severance from a dear friend with whose life our own life has become intertwined, and in losing whom we seem to lose the better part of ourselves.

It is true that Clifford at times assaults in a rude and unjust way, not only sacerdotal Christianity, but even the essential principles of all spiritual faith. One cannot deny, I think, that this mathematical genius and brilliant speculator upon all things human and divine, was defective in

that feeling of reverence which is at once a source and product of religious faith. Affectionate he must have been to a high degree, and he seems to have powerfully drawn to himself the hearts of those who came under his personal influence; but to the sentiment of awe it would appear that he was almost a stranger. It may, indeed, be true that much in his tone and language that looks like irreverence is really due to disappointed reverence; that it was because ideas and doctrines which he had once revered had failed, as he thought, to keep their promise to his mind and heart, that he turned savagely upon them, and vehemently abused and denounced them. It was probably under the influence of some such reaction as this that he wrote from Malaga to Lady Pollock:—

“I don't understand why one is expected to be polite and reticent about the distinction between the Hebrew piety and Roman universalism attributed to Jesus and Paul, and the ecclesiastical system, which is only powerful over men's lives in Spain, the middle and south of Italy, and Greece—countries where the population consists chiefly of habitual thieves and liars, who are willing opportunely to become assassins for a small sum. I suppose it frightens people to be told that historical Christianity as a social system invariably makes men wicked when it has full swing. Then I think the sooner they are well frightened the better.”

In this same unwholesome mood of reckless defiance to a doctrine which he had once held dear, he talks of the belief in Providence as an “immoral doctrine,” and insists that if man has free-will, morality is impossible.

Yet while thus vigorously contending for doctrines that utterly remove the foundations of all Theistic belief, Clifford can still declare, and no doubt with truth, that “he reveres with all his heart the teachings of James Martineau.” It is clear that we must not take too literally all the smart sayings of Clifford as though in their unqualified form they fairly and fully represented his deep and deliberate con-

victions. He who delighted, when at Cambridge, to startle his admirers by the boldness and novelty of his gymnastic feats, and felt more proud of being mentioned in *Bell's Life* as a distinguished athlete than of attaining the second place in the list of wranglers, may well be expected to have yielded at times to the temptation to say brilliant and audacious things, in which exaggeration and clever caricature won a transient triumph at the expense of exact and complete truth and justice. One of his friends, who rivalled him in athletic skill and daring, writes:—

“His nerve at dangerous heights was extraordinary. I am appalled now to think that he climbed up and sat on the cross-bars of the weathercock on a church tower; and when, by way of doing something worse, I went up and hung by my toes to the bars, he did the same.”

His characteristics as a gymnast were also his characteristics as a critic and theorist in philosophy, morals, and theology. In reference to this point the *Spectator* remarks:—

“As he seems to have been entirely free from anything like giddiness in his gymnastic feats, so he seems to have been equally free from anything like awe in the equally marvellous gymnastic feats of his mind, treating the infinity and eternity in which his fellow-creatures believed with the same sort of contemptuous familiarity with which he treated the ecclesiastical height he had once reached, only to balance himself by his toes on the weather-vane.”

But though Clifford was lacking in the sentiment of reverence, his was a nature that loved deeply and yearned for responsive sympathy and love. In the Theistic faith there was much that satisfied this deep need of his soul; hence the pathetic way in which he refers to his parting with this faith. But could he do without *some* faith and worship? It appears that Miss Bevington can: I doubt much if Clifford could. It is, I take it, a universal fact,

that in every soul that is capable of passing out of personal interest and surrendering itself wholly to some self-forgetful aspiration, the cry for a religious faith, for an object of religious trust and adoration, becomes irrepressible. We see this exemplified in the worship of Humanity by the Comtists; we see it, too, in a very marked form in the case of the highly-gifted man whom we are now considering, and whose early death all of us must heartily deplore. Having given up the Father-God of Theism and Christianity, Clifford is soon found personifying, trusting, and virtually worshipping what he calls the Father-Man, or the results of the accumulated experiences of the forefathers of our race, which, as Mr. H. Spencer teaches, present themselves in our souls as intellectual intuitions and moral impulses. We may well believe that in the passage I am about to quote, Clifford is worshipping a very inadequate God, which his own imagination has created; but that his words are all aglow with fervid sentiments of love, trust, and adoration, cannot be questioned; nor can we fail to see, I think, in this spontaneous creation of a form of faith and worship by one whose intellectual life was wholly saturated with the idea of Evolution, a practical refutation of Miss Bevington's doctrine that the human race can and will manage to dispense with religious ideas and emotions. Clifford's lecture on "The Ethics of Religion" concludes with this eloquent utterance:—

"Far be it from me to undervalue the help and strength which many of the bravest of our brethren have drawn from the thought of an unseen helper of men. He who, wearied or stricken in the fight with the powers of darkness, asks himself, 'Is it all for nothing? shall we indeed be overthrown?'—he does find something which may justify that thought. In such a moment of utter sincerity, when a man has bared his own soul before the immensities and the eternities, a Presence, in which his own poor personality is shrivelled into nothingness, arises within him, and says as plainly as words can say, 'I am with thee,

and I am greater than thou.' Many names of gods, of many shapes, have men given to this Presence, seeking by names and pictures to know more clearly and to remember more continually the guide and helper of man. No such comradeship with the Great Companion shall have anything but reverence from me, who have known the divine gentleness of Denison Maurice, the strong and healthy practical instinct of Charles Kingsley, and who now revere with all my heart the teaching of James Martineau. They seem to me, one and all, to be reaching forward with loving anticipation to a clearer vision which is yet to come—*tendentesque manus ripæ ulterioris amore*. For, after all, such a helper of men, outside of humanity, the truth will not allow us to see. The dim shadowy outlines of the superhuman deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depth of every soul, the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in His eyes, and says, 'Before Jehovah was, I am!'

In what respect, then, does "our father Man" differ from the Theist's God, the Father? To both alike it seems we can apply the words, "the Father within us," and also the words, "My Father is greater than I." The God of the Theist is the indwelling guide and helper, and so we are told in the above passage is "our father Man." At the first superficial glance, we might suppose that the religious ideas of Clifford and of the Theists are virtually interchangeable, and that the difference between them is, for the most part, in name only. A moment's reflection, however, dissipates this pleasant illusion. The "Father within us" of the Christian Theist is a *living* God holding personal relations with the human spirit; but the object of Clifford's adoration is either a lifeless abstraction or, at most, a self-evolving Force acting unconsciously and from the blind necessity of its nature. The unity and *quasi*-personality which Clifford for the nonce appears to ascribe to it, and which are needed in

order to justify his language about it, appear to have no reality objective to the worshipper's own mind; and it is evident that the soul of man cannot long impose upon itself and find an adequate satisfaction for its religious needs in a being whose chief glory and grandeur are simply the reflection of the soul's own moral and spiritual light. If this mysterious "Presence" within the soul, which presides over Evolution, be really greater than man, as Clifford says it is, then of a surety it must be nothing less than personal; and if it be personal, or in some mode inconceivable by us higher than what we mean by personal, why may we not regard it as not merely the originator and controller of the physical force whose evolution constitutes Nature, and of the psychical force which passes up through the animal kingdom into the sentient and impassioned frame of man, but also as the giver and inspirer, the judge and the comforter, of that Spirit in man which giveth him understanding, which *raises him above nature* by enabling him in some degree to determine his own activity and to exercise a certain control over the physical and psychical energies which are evolving themselves around and within him? This, so at least it appears to me, is the only view of human nature and its relation to the Father within us, which will provide an intellectual basis for a satisfying religious belief; and I cannot but think that this conception of God as personal or superpersonal, and of man as in his spiritual (as distinguished from his physical and psychical) nature a true offspring of the Eternal and Infinite One, and not merely a part of the process of phenomenal evolution, rests upon a solid foundation in the incontrovertible and otherwise inexplicable facts of man's moral and religious experience. On no other theory than this can a satisfactory account be given of our consciousness of personal causation, of persistent self-identity, of volitional freedom,

and of moral responsibility. And not only is this theory imperatively demanded by the fundamental and ineradicable intuitions of our reason and conscience, but it likewise harmonises with and explains those more variable and fluctuating, yet most real and precious, experiences of the soul, which we describe as the personal communion between the spirit of man and the Divine Presence within us.

It is much to be regretted that neither in the admirable biographical sketch by Mr. F. Pollock, which is prefixed to this edition of the Lectures and Essays, nor in the selection given from Clifford's letters, is there any adequate insight afforded us into the great change which took place in Clifford's theological views. We read that "when he took his degree, and for some time after, he was a High Churchman; but there was an intellectual and speculative activity about his belief which made it impossible that it should remain permanently at that stage. . . . Religious beliefs he regarded as outside the region of scientific proof, even where they can be made highly probable by reasoning; for, as he observes in a MS. fragment of this time, they are received and held, not as probable, but as certain." "When and how" (continues Mr. Pollock) "Clifford first came to a clear perception that this position of quasi-scientific Catholicism was untenable, I do not exactly know; but I know that the discovery cost him an intellectual and moral struggle, of which traces may be found here and there in his essays." It would be very interesting to learn more about that period of his mental history when he was in the Theistic stage; for that he did tarry sometime in Theism, the passages I have quoted from his writings appear to prove. One thing is quite clear—namely, that it was the study of the views of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer which finally led him to abandon all definite theological belief, and to assume, with almost passionate enthusiasm, the attitude of an extreme Evolutionist.

This important doctrine of Evolution (so far, indeed, as it rests on actual scientific discoveries) presents, I believe, not the slightest incompatibility with liberal Theology; but Evolution, as it commends itself to such thinkers as Clifford and Miss Bevington, passes beyond the domain of science and becomes a merely speculative theory which very far oversteps the limits of possible verification, and aspires to give an exhaustive explanation of all the changes in both the physical and the spiritual world. This extreme form of the doctrine overlooks the ultimate distinction between what is real or causal, and what is phenomenal or caused. Spirit belongs to the former category, while Evolution has only to do with the latter. To apply it to the former is to violate the primary deliverance of our consciousness, and to undermine the foundations alike of philosophy, morals, and religion. To the recognition of this basal distinction between causal Spirit and caused Phenomena our *savans* will, I feel assured, one day return. At present many of them are too much intoxicated with this really grand idea of Evolution to see the necessary limits of its range and its utter inapplicability to the sphere of spiritual causality, whether it be the causality of God or of the human spirit, the offspring of God. It is the causal action of Spirit which explains Evolution, and therefore Evolution is utterly powerless to explain the nature and activity of its own cause. By extreme Evolutionists, who seek to overleap this impassable limitation of their theory, the Theistic doctrine, which I have endeavoured to expound, is naturally felt to be very objectionable, for it takes the action and relations of the spiritual element in human nature to some extent out of the actual and possible range of scientific explanation and prevision, and while leaving to Science the undisputed possession of the phenomenal universe, yet vindicates for Philosophy and Theology a real *locus standi*, and gives

them a most important function to perform in that grand curriculum of culture which is needful for the complete education of mankind. It is not difficult to understand the character of the fascination which impels many of our *savans* to seek to include the whole of human nature within the scope of necessary Evolution. Such an hypothesis captivates by its simplicity and by the summary way in which it makes a clean sweep of all philosophical difficulties and theological mysteries. It cannot, however, make good its vast pretensions. Stubborn facts of consciousness rise up in mighty protest against it. It may well be doubted whether theories fashioned in violation of consciousness are ever practically realised even in the case of their expounders themselves. I cannot persuade myself that Mr. J. S. Mill ever succeeded in thinking of his absent manuscripts, for instance, as mere possibilities of sensation, and really felt that what we call Nature has no existence at all beyond the subjective states of the observing mind. Still less can I imagine that Miss Bevington can exemplify in her own case the theory of moral responsibility which she has elaborated in the pages of *Mind*. She there assures us that as Free-will is an illusion, which Modern Thought (*i.e.*, the Evolution theory as held by her) has happily exploded, we must cease to apply the ideas of personal merit or demerit to human conduct. Are we, then, to suppose that, if that lady should see a friend of hers being shabbily or insultingly treated by some person who allowed his selfishness or passion to have its evil way, she would ascribe no personal demerit to the offender, and that the indignant remonstrance which she would utter would not be intended to express blame at all, but would be solely prompted either by the pain which the ugly act gave to her delicate æsthetic perception, or by the benevolent intention of furnishing the offender, and others like him, with an additional motive not to

act in the same way again? And when in one passage of her paper she refers to Mr. Mallock as "a conjurer," whose sleight-of-hand "tricks" her sharp eyes have detected; and in another passage speaks of his "glib and sinister insinuations," are not these expressions redolent with a sense of his personal demerit? If they are not, English words have changed their meaning under the régime of "Modern Thought." But, indeed, in that lady's neighbourhood words are undoubtedly used in a very peculiar way, for she tells us that if her watch goes wrong it is visited with her *disapproval*.* In most parts of England "disapproval" would be reserved for the incompetent watch-maker. The truth appears to be that Miss Bevington's and Professor Clifford's theories of our moral ideas and emotions rest upon a perverted psychology, an utterly false reading of the human mind and heart. The entirely distinct domains of æsthetics and morals are by them hopelessly confused together. They have evidently not begun by looking into their immediate consciousness to learn what verdict it gives on moral matters, but have first asked what does the theory of Evolution require our consciousness to be, and having discovered what the sentiments and ideas ought to be on the Evolution hypothesis, they have set to work to persuade themselves and other people to remodel their moral consciousness accordingly. But they will find that the well-worn maxim, *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*, still holds good, and the time-honoured words, "right" and "wrong," "merit" and "demerit," will continue to retain their ancient meaning when "Modern Thought" has come and gone.

Professor Clifford's account of the Universe is that it is made up of particles of "mind-stuff." As consciousness is certainly in existence now, and as it evidently cannot be evolved out of unconscious matter, Evolutionists are driven

* *Mind*, April, 1879, p. 247.

to make the unverifiable assumption that consciousness or feeling in some exceedingly faint and elementary state has co-existed with all matter. When the material elements cohere in an animal organism, the vague sentiences which pertain to the material particles cohere likewise and produce that definite consciousness which animals enjoy, and which attains its most vivid and highly differentiated form in man. Now, whether this explanation is competent to account for the consciousness of animals, and for that psychical portion of our consciousness and activity which we appear to inherit from the animal kingdom, must be left at present an open question. There seem to be immense difficulties in the way of such a theory; but I do not know that there is anything in it which is intrinsically absurd or which collides with any well-assured facts of our inner experience. But when it is maintained, as it is by Clifford, that this is likewise the constitution and mode of genesis of the spiritual element in our nature, of our true self (the *πνεῦμα* of Paul, and the *νοῦς* of Aristotle*), so that that which possesses a clear consciousness of its own unity and continuous self-identity, of its freedom of choice and its moral accountability, is merely an aggregate of separate atoms of "mind-stuff," which have been brought into temporary combination during the animal life, and which will be dissolved again at death; we may well ask what warranty there is for the truth of this bold assertion, seeing that it represents the formation of the soul by a process which is *prima facie* most improbable, and indeed, so far as I can see, quite inconceivable.

That Clifford was so dazzled by the Evolution Theory,

* "According to Aristotle, the human soul, uniting in itself all the faculties of the other orders of animate existence, is a Microcosm. The faculty by which it is distinguished from those orders is reason (*νοῦς*). The other parts of the soul are inseparable from the body, and are hence perishable; but the *νοῦς* exists before the body, into which it enters from without as something Divine and immortal."—Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy," Vol. I., p. 168.

that his sober judgment was at times in abeyance, is clear, I think, from his language with regard to volitional movement. Gratuitously assuming that the only thing which can influence Matter is the action upon it of surrounding Matter, he unhesitatingly proclaims, in open defiance of the evidence of consciousness, that "the statement that Will influences Matter is simply nonsense"—an affirmation which (as Dr. Carpenter justly remarks) "assumes that Professor Clifford knows all about Matter and its dynamical relations, and therefore has an unquestionable right to say that Man-kind at large are wrong in the conviction that the movements of their Bodies are in any way directed by their Minds."

That such a statement as that which I have just quoted from one of Professor Clifford's popular lectures is nothing more than the sheer dogmatism of a mind hopelessly committed to a foregone conclusion, is rendered the more probable by the significant circumstance that such a competent authority as Dr. Tyndall (himself also an eminent Evolutionist) admits that the ordinary belief that the Mind exerts an influence upon the Body, which belief Clifford had summarily disposed of as "nonsense," is probably the correct account of the matter. It is by such unwarranted assertions as the above, and by diverting the attention from the real source of truth, the careful study of consciousness, that the extreme Evolutionist gives a superficial plausibility to his doctrine that the spirit of man is a mere transient phase in the process of phenomenal evolution. If, however, Professor Clifford's and Miss Bevington's account of human nature be accepted as the true one, it is clear that all the ordinary notions about morality and responsibility must undergo a radical change; nor can it be doubted, I think, that the disappearance of the genuine sentiment of moral freedom and moral obligation would speedily be followed by the decadence and final extinction of all faith in God and Immortality.

I turn now to consider briefly, in the remaining portion of this paper, what are the effects upon human Happiness and Virtue, which the loss of this Theistic faith may reasonably be expected to produce. With regard to the first of these questions, there appears to be a tolerably unanimous confession by recent Atheistic thinkers that the immediate effect of the decay and death of religious belief would be a decided diminution of the sum of human happiness. Miss Bevington's language on this subject affords, it seems to me, evidence of the weakness of her own position—and evidence, too, the more cogent because it is indirect and unintentional. She allows that the poor, the sick, the unsuccessful,—in short, all who are in any way grievously disappointed and distressed,—may undoubtedly derive much positive relief and comfort from the thought of the constant presence and sympathy of a Heavenly Father, and from the hope of Immortality. Her words are:—"Their earthly life is made more bearable by a belief in unfailing love, which mysteriously permits the misery, and in unfailable power which will eventually remove it, and by the convinced hope of 'another chance' after death." One would think that the perception of this truth would naturally suggest the further thought that the comforting power of religious faith operates most effectually where it is most needed. So far, however, from seeing this, she proceeds to undervalue this potent agent in the work of lessening the misery of mankind by alleging that it is only wanted where there is imperfection. "Were there no sickness," she says, "and no earthly hopelessness and joylessness, there is nothing to show that there would be any need of celestial comfort." Even if it were the fact (which it is not) that the beneficent influence of religion is only needed and felt under these distressful circumstances, there would still be no ground for supposing that

occasions for the exercise of this beneficent function will ever be wanting on this earth. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward" is a saying which is not likely to become obsolete. Bodily and mental suffering, painful and early deaths, can never be wholly eliminated from humanity ; and though it may be true that the social sympathies of mankind will by degrees grow stronger, and mitigate in some measure the inevitable physical and moral evil in the world, still there can be no question that such human affections, most precious though they are, will never supersede the further need of religious trusts and hopes. But even supposing that the Utopia of the Secularists were realised, there would be just as great, if not a greater, necessity for religion as a condition of happiness. Miss Bevington strangely fails to notice, that in proportion as these social sympathies increase in intensity and purity, and human hearts are linked more closely together by the sacred ties of affection, the longing after immortality becomes a more prominent and persistent factor in human consciousness. The love of man, as well as the love of God, suggests and postulates the eternity of personal relations. As the soul awakens to a clearer sense of its illimitable rational faculties and emotional capacities, it realises more and more that this life on earth affords no adequate conditions either for the complete fulfilment of what it feels to be its true vocation, or for the satisfaction of its purest and loftiest aspirations. Hence is it that a decline of religious faith in a highly-cultured and refined age sheds a still denser gloom over men's minds and hearts, and pessimism is the peculiar ailment of a time when high secular civilisation is divorced from religious convictions. Miss Bevington cannot be ignorant of the important lesson taught us by the experience of that admirable man, the late J. S. Mill ; how that, when his emotional nature had expanded under the kindling influence of holy love, he retracted his doctrine that man

ought to confine his thoughts and aspirations to this life, and declared that it was both permissible and desirable to cherish the hope that God may be powerful enough to grant His children immortality. Mr. F. Pollock says of Clifford, that "as never man loved life more, so never man feared death less." One can well believe it. In an upright man, whatever be his philosophical or religious creed, the thought of death is not likely to awaken any fear. But surely Mr. Pollock would allow that Clifford's last days on earth, and many of his previous hours also, would have been very much cheered and comforted by the assurance that he was not about to look for the last time on wife and children dear; and by the hope, which Socrates cherished, that he might after death enjoy the privilege of converse and discussion with the noblest and wisest of mankind. One other of the many powerful influences of faith on happiness may be mentioned—namely, that whether it be true or not that virtuous endeavour would be as constant and persistent if dissociated from the sanctions and expectations of religion, it is certainly true that the yoke of the conscience grows lighter, and duty is done with greater alacrity and joyfulness when the mind is conscious of the approval and sympathy of Him whom Clifford calls the Great Companion, and when we further feel that the issues of moral character extend into eternity.

And this suggests my final topic—a topic which would require a volume for the adequate treatment of it, but which I must not here leave quite unnoticed; I mean the probable effects of Atheism on Morality. Miss Bevington, who does not entertain, it seems, the slightest doubt as to the ultimate triumph of extreme Evolutionist ideas all over the world, and the consequent entire extinction of faith in God and a Future Existence, argues that virtue will gain rather than lose by the restriction of men's thoughts and interests

to this world and to this life. She allows that the immediate effect of removing the restraints which certain philosophical and theological ideas have exerted over the conduct, may be a temporary decline of morality; and accordingly she warns her readers that "human virtue is on the eve of reaching a difficult and stormy crisis in its development." She confidently expects, however, that virtue will weather the storm without receiving any vital injury, and "firmly believes that after some possible tacking, moral opinion will eventually set sail in a direction so nearly parallel with Christianity, that the divergence towards a yet more social standard will, for generations to come, be scarcely perceptible." This conclusion Miss Bevington rests on the doctrine of heredity. The moral conduct of mankind is, she thinks, only temporarily affected by any change of theory respecting the psychological or philosophical foundation of morality; so that after some transient perturbation, people will not fail to obey the deeper tendencies which, owing to ancestral influences, have got a firm footing in their mental constitution. There is, no doubt, important truth in this doctrine of hereditary influences on character. It is a case of the mighty power of Habit, as exemplified in the organism of the race no less than in that of the individual. That the good habits of conduct which past generations have generally formed by obedience to conscience and under the inspiration of religion are generally transmitted and reappear in the psychical constitution of the present generation can hardly be disputed. The same holds good also of transmitted bad habits. Each personal self, or spirit, falls on coming into this present existence under these inherited psychical conditions; but the Theist believes that it receives from the indwelling Divine Spirit, insight into the relative worth of the impulses and attractions which prompt it to action, and that in the light of this self-knowledge, and in virtue of its personal freedom, it

is enabled to make such moral choices as shall gradually improve or deteriorate its character and place it in sympathy or out of sympathy with the Father within it. The spirit of man is not responsible for the original goodness or inferiority of its inherited psychical nature, but it is responsible for the changes which it produces in itself by its own free choice and activity.

But the psychical forces of inherited habit are too strong to allow of spiritual energy or spiritual inactivity making in a short time any radical change in the morality of the age. So far I agree with Miss Bevington. The real question at issue is, Will the gradual change in human character which she allows must take place be affected for good or for ill by the absence of a faith in God and Immortality? After carefully reading Miss Bevington's thoughtful Essays, I am only strengthened in the conviction that the abandonment of Theistic and the acceptance of Positivist views places the spirit of man under conditions very unfavourable to the persistent exercise of its personal energy on the side of virtue and humanity. I cannot now enter upon the question whether there are several moral intuitions, and therefore several virtues, or is, as Miss Bevington believes, only one virtue, namely, that of sacrificing the personal self to what Clifford calls the tribal or social self. For my present purpose I may allow that all the virtues may be resolved into benevolence or humanity. Will mankind, then, I ask, be as ready to sacrifice self-indulgence and greed for the sake of their fellow-creatures, when they firmly believe there is no God who approves of them and blesses them, no personal merit or demerit in their vice or their virtue,* and no future before themselves and other people save this short and precarious life? Morality, it is true, does not directly depend upon Religion. It is rather Religion that

* See Miss Bevington's article in *Mind*, April, 1879.

depends on Morality, or at least it is on the moral consciousness and on that Categorical Imperative which, as even Clifford candidly admits, unavoidably suggests an external personal authority,* that religions of the conscience (such as Judaism, Christianity, and Theism) find their deepest and most secure foundation. But while Theology to a large extent reposes on our moral intuitions, it is equally true that practical morality in turn finds in the experiences and hopes of religion a mighty source of energy on the side of rectitude and philanthropy. The fatal feature in this Positivism is that it takes all their natural life and meaning out of our moral sentiments and ideas, by seeking to import into them new meanings which do not correspond with the moral consciousness of mankind; for by this misrepresentation it insidiously undermines one of the chief supports of religious belief, and in so doing deprives morality itself not only of its inner sanction, but also of a stimulus and motive power, with which it can in no wise dispense.

Miss Bevington emphatically assures us that "a belief in right and wrong as such" is by no means impaired by the acceptance of the Atheistic view of human nature and human life; and I understand her to endorse the popular conception that the consciousness of doing "right" forms a very considerable part of the conception of happiness. "It is," she says, "this assumption that gives its ring of bitter melancholy even to the lurid glee of the Lesbian singers in their ever-conscious defiance of ~~what~~ the world calls virtue." Most true; but it seems to me self-evident that her tampering with the ideas of Right and Wrong,—her doctrine that wrong-doing is no indication of personal demerit in the conscious sinner, but only something strictly analogous to the offensive yelping of a troublesome dog which can be prevented in the future by giving the

* See the *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1877, p. 354.

animal a new and sufficient motive in the recalled smart of a blow,—is likely to be as effectual as any intellectual error can be in weakening this conviction of the necessary connection between virtue and happiness, by bewildering the moral judgment of all who are under its influence, and so paralysing instead of stimulating that clear, strong sense of duty on which all the true progress and well-being of society finally depend.

I have before pointed out that her Atheistic doctrine is incomparably inferior to religious faith in its power to deal with physical and mental suffering; I now maintain, in addition, that it is in like manner helpless and worthless—nay, absolutely mischievous, when brought face to face with human sinfulness. How, for instance, are these “Lesbian singers” whom she refers to above to be raised to a purer and higher life? Miss Bevington’s words testify that the divine element is not wholly extinguished in their souls. How, then, is it to be roused from its slumbers, and stimulated and aided to break away from its vile captivity, and win once more a reconciliation with the Eternal Father, the Great Companion, conscious estrangement from whom is the real cause of that haunting melancholy and unrest? Let some saintly spirit, such as a Baptist-Noel or a Channing, appeal to them, speaking to them out of the overflowing of his own faith and compassion, making them vividly conscious of God’s presence and God’s love and of the priceless worth and eternal destiny of that spiritual nature of theirs, which vanity and passion are now debasing, and may not such an appeal awaken the soul to a true sense of its real position and of its divine relations, and so enable it to experience in the spiritual emotions thus called forth such mighty reinforcement on the side of purity and virtue, that the will may have it in its power to win a noble victory, and true reformation of heart and life may begin?

But suppose that, instead of the men I have mentioned, Miss Bevington came with her "Modern thought" and new-fashioned Ethics, and told the erring ones that they were not to feel remorse and self-reproach for their past sinfulness, for competent persons were now assured that there was no personal demerit in the case; that she had come to provide them, if possible, with such additional motives as might perhaps turn the scale the other way the next time they were tempted to go wrong. To judge from her essays, these motives would be the assurance that society took a warm interest in their well-being, and really did not think they were to blame for what they had done, and also the thought of the superior happiness for themselves and others that would eventually follow from a virtuous course, if strenuously and laboriously sustained. She would assure them that there would come to them "in the long run" such sweet harmony with their surroundings, such satisfaction in being impelled to action by social affections and aspirations, that it would be clear to them that the balance of happiness is decidedly on the side of virtue. They must take care, however, not to suppose that there would be any personal merit in their persistence in a better way; for, just as their sin was the necessary result of the predominant bias of their nature at the time, so, too, would their reformation be, if, perchance, it came about. I do not think that many of those, whom I suppose her to be addressing, would derive the needful help and spiritual power from such exhortations as these. They would probably reply to her —

"We did feel, before you spoke to us, that we really deserved to be blamed by God and good people for our course of life, and that was the one thing which troubled us most of all; but as you have tried to show us that we have become what we are by the force of our strongest tendencies, and that therefore we really had no choice in the matter, we suppose that we need not feel uncomfortable or reproach ourselves on that score any longer.

And as to what you say about the advantage 'in the long run,' we are very doubtful as to whether ours will be a very long run; so we will e'en go on in the old way, eat and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die, and we have your word for it that in that sleep of death no haunting dreams of by-gone wickedness will come to break our rest."

Surely virtue would find in Miss Bevington's so-called "science" a very questionable ally.

Finally: I do not doubt that this lady is correct in one doctrine which she takes great pains to establish—namely, that as Evolutionists study more and more carefully the immediate and remote consequences of actions, their code of practical ethics will come near to the ordinary Christian morality. The Christian Theist, indeed, anticipates *a priori* the truths which the Utilitarian moralist arrives at *a posteriori*; for believing that the Inspirer of the Conscience is Eternal Love, he feels a strong assurance that obedience to the law written on the heart will conduce to the highest and truest happiness of mankind. The sum of the whole matter is simply this—that however closely Atheistic and Christian morality may come to resemble each other in the outward form and letter, in their inner spirit and dynamic efficiency they are wide as the poles asunder. The former dismisses the ordinary conceptions of Sin and Remorse as "unscientific" fictions; the latter appeals from this science, falsely so called, to the ineffaceable truths of experience, and finds in our sense of personal accountability and of conscious revolt from the Divine Authority within the breast, facts of the most real and momentous significance. In thus eviscerating man's moral consciousness, Atheism saps also, as we have seen, the spiritual forces to which the progressive social elevation of mankind is mainly due. Not from Secular lecture-halls, but from the inmost heart of Christianity have proceeded that divine love and that sublime sense of duty which have inspired and strengthened the world's great philanthropists

—the Howards, the Wilberforces, and the Florence Nightingales—to enter upon and achieve their noble and abiding works. It is not, in short, from Atheism, but from Religious Faith that the Heart derives the trusts and hopes which in its darkest hours save it from despair, and the Will is reinforced by that mighty power of spiritual emotion and affection which makes it possible for it to resist successfully the gravitation of our nature to sensuality and selfishness, and to climb up bravely and hopefully towards the realisation of its God-inspired ideal.

CHARLES B. UPTON.

THE PRESENT SITUATION OF THE REFORMED CHURCH OF FRANCE.

IT would, perhaps, be difficult for foreign readers to arrive at any very exact comprehension of the questions which have been so passionately debated in the Reformed Churches of France during the last few years, without some previous understanding of their ecclesiastical organisation, and of the laws which govern them. In order to convey some idea of these, we must go a little way back into the past, and give a brief *résumé* of facts. To do this, and to lay these facts as clearly as possible before the readers of this *Review*, is our present object.

Up to the year 1852, the Reformed Churches of France were dependent solely upon the provisions of what is called "the Law of Germinal, Year X." (1802). After having, in 1801, signed the Concordat with the Catholic Church, the First Consul, just about to become Napoleon I., wished by this law of Germinal to settle the organisation of the Reformed Churches. He completed his Concordat, when, for Catholics and Protestants alike, he fixed the relations of their Churches with the State. These documents bear the impress of the clear, but singularly authoritative, or rather despotic, mind of the man who aimed at absolute mastery, and who would have constituted himself head of the Church as readily as he proclaimed himself General-in-Chief of his armies. The idea of an autonomous Church could not have entered the mind of

such an autocrat. Naturally, then, this Law of Germinal is not exactly perfect; but the Protestants had been so little accustomed to be treated as citizens at all that they accepted it with gratitude. It was only later, in conjunction with the progress of thought and the improvement of their social condition, that they perceived the defects of the organisation which had been given to them, and keenly felt the disadvantages which these involved. The restraints and disabilities were, however, far from being so serious as the Orthodox, in a spirit of partizanship and disparagement, have represented.

The organisation of the Protestant Churches of France, according to the Law of Germinal, is extremely simple. It comprises Consistories and Provincial Synods. There is one Consistory to every six thousand Protestants, and five Consistories together form an *Arrondissement Synodal*. These two bodies conduct all the business of the Church, but all their important decisions require the approval of the Government. No Confession of Faith, no article of discipline, can be promulgated without the approbation of the State, and the State alone can decree the deprivation of a pastor. These conditions naturally follow from the fact that the Church is the result of a Concordat. The union of Church and State obviously and necessarily involves State control; and no objection was raised on the part of the Churches to this State control for at least a quarter of a century. Peace reigned among the Churches, such differences of tendency as are inseparable from the very spirit of Protestantism were tolerated with fraternal charity, while all alike laboured for the diffusion of the Gospel. There were no ecclesiastical differences, because all were willing to emphasize grounds of communion rather than points of difference.

Everything went on well until the Revival (*Réveil*) appeared among us. This religious movement commenced

about 1830 ; at least, it was about this time that it began to excite attention, and to produce those consequences which have left so deep an impression upon our history. It was a movement of foreign origin and importation, and one on which it is difficult to pronounce judgment. Good there certainly was in the Revival, but, at the same time, there was a singular amount of harm. It did good in calling attention to religious subjects ; it stirred the minds which were falling into apathy as a result of a life too uniform and too placid ; it did good, inasmuch as it supplied, by its very exaggerations, the first stimulus to critical studies. But it was harmful by reason of its narrowness, its harsh interpretations, its daring theories, and its frequent exhibitions of a mean and petty spirit. From this time forth, the peace which the Churches and Consistories had hitherto enjoyed was broken, and doctrinal divergences, becoming ever more sharply defined, pointed to the final crisis. Some pastors who ardently espoused the cause of the Revival, and embraced its doctrines in some of their most exaggerated forms, went so far as to assert their right to act in total disregard of the will of the Church to which they belong. This is mere disorder and anarchy ; here the State should interfere, simply for the enforcement of the Law of Germinal, since a contract ought to be equally binding upon each of the contracting parties. Some time before the struggle had reached the degree of intensity which marked its later stages, a pastor, who was an earnest promoter of the Revival, said, " We will act, if need be, without the Consistories, and, if they drive us to it, against them ! " Yet, in spite of little outbreaks from time to time, a sufficiently good understanding between the two parties, or tendencies, of the Reformed Church of France was maintained in a general way under the Monarchy of July. There was unity enough to keep all French Protestants within the same borders—a unity which the *odium theo-*

logicum was not yet strong enough to break. When the Revolution of 1848 broke out, it became obvious that the Protestants, whether pastors or laity, were by no means so divided as certain statements, more striking than exact, might have led one to suppose. The proclamation of the Republic occasioned great anxiety, if not actual panic, among the Protestants. The new political ideas were, it is true, those of the vast majority of Protestants, but the question of the separation of Church and State was coming to the front, and in view of such a contingency there was need of concerted action.

A "*General Synod*" consequently met at Paris on the 10th of September, 1848. This synod, however was purely unofficial, since the Law of Germinal recognised only *provincial* Synods. Representatives of Churches attended in large numbers, and the most fraternal feeling prevailed. It was, however, impossible that the Assembly should separate without giving evidence of differences which were daily growing wider. On purely ecclesiastical questions there was perfect accord; but now, as always, the stone of stumbling was the dogmatic basis, the Confession of Faith which it was proposed to substitute for the ancient Confession of La Rochelle, already deservedly fallen into disuse. It was this, as we shall see, which brought about the sharper conflict of 1872; and so it will ever be, in the case of a Church allied with the State.

After the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. a new modification was introduced into the organisation of the Reformed Church of France. A more serious defect in the Germinal Law than the want of a General Synod was the omission from the organisation of the Consistories of the representation of parishes. The unofficial Synod of 1848 therefore proposed the creation of a body which should represent the parish, and take cognizance of its affairs, under the control of the Consistory. The Law of Germinal had provided that

nomination to office as members of a Consistory should be restricted to those who paid the highest taxes. The Synod of 1848 demanded that members should be elected by the suffrages of Protestants above twenty-five years of age. This proposal was, in 1852, substantially adopted by the Legislature. The Law of the 26th March, 1852, which re-organises Protestant worships, Reformed and Lutheran, holds every Protestant of thirty years of age (instead of twenty-five) who has resided in the parish for at least two years, and who gives evidence of his qualification as a Protestant, to be an elector. This new Law, which is the complement of the Law of Germinal, establishes—(1) a Presbyteral Council at the head of each parish, entrusted with its administration, and subject to the authority of the Consistory; (2) a Consistory, constituted like that of the Law of Germinal; (3) Provincial Synods, like those of 1802; (4) a Central Council, in place of the General Synod, of which the Law of 1852 makes no more mention than the Law of 1802; this Central Council is the recognised mediator between the Consistories and the State. Such is the constitution under which the Reformed Churches of France have been living for the last twenty-eight years. We gladly recognise the fact that it was a great step in advance, and that the Churches have had reason to be well pleased with it. Undoubtedly it would have been more logical that the Reformed Church should have its General Synod in place of the Central Council. But the Napoleons were despots, and would have viewed with alarm the re-establishment of the old Synods, as the creation, in fact, of a constituent authority in religious matters, side by side with their own discretionary power as representing the body politic. It may be said that the Synods could promulgate nothing without the approval of the State, and that consequently their constituent power would have been a mere fiction. Yet if the State had refused sanction to its decisions, a certain amount of agitation would have been

sure to ensue ; and agitation for the sake of ideas was as distasteful to the last emperor as to the first. The simplest thing was to suppress General Synods altogether. As for the Provincial Synods, we may say at once that they never had more than a nominal existence, so that all matters which concern the Churches are, in fact, settled by Presbyterian Councils, Consistories, and the Central Council, with no lack of efficiency in business, and without detriment to the interests of parishes. The Orthodox still urge with much pertinacity the establishment of General Synods, moved in part by the consideration that they themselves have managed the grouping of the circumscriptions* and are sure of a majority, because they have swamped populous Liberal parishes with insignificant Orthodox parishes. And as all parishes, whatever their population, have the same number of delegates, the voices of Liberalism are quite drowned by those of Orthodoxy. The astuteness of this arrangement is more remarkable than its equity.

In the Synod of 1848 warm discussions arose upon the question of a Confession of Faith. Ever since 1850 the gulf which separates the two doctrinal tendencies within the Reformed Church of France has been growing gradually deeper. The Strasbourg *Revue de Théologie* threw a strong light upon the most intricate problems of theological learning. With a keen and pitiless logic it dissected system after system, leaving each in such a plight that it could never be put together again. Questions of history were sifted to the bottom. Before the flood of truth which burst forth on all sides, many illusions were swept away and many phantoms vanished. Hence a perpetually increasing irritation among the adherents of tradition ; they lamented, and complained that their God had been taken away, and they knew not where they had laid Him. Their faith, dependent upon

* i.e., Electoral districts, of which there are twenty in France, with another for Algeria.

externals, could not stand the test of criticism. From reviews and books, the scientific spirit passed into the pulpit. Some pastors, endowed with eloquence, warmth of conviction, and keenness of intellect, presented the results of contemporary criticism in admirable sermons. This was the last drop which made the cup run over. Up to this point Orthodoxy had confined itself to lamentations, outcries, and occasional threats. The Pastoral Conferences, which took place every year in Paris, furnished a common ground upon which the members of the different Churches, both Orthodox and Liberal, were in the habit of meeting. There was plenty of lively, and even violent, debate, but still the two parties continued to meet. Suddenly a scandalous event took place. The Consistory of Paris, a centre of Orthodox reaction, acting under the influence of a man who, with all his great abilities, did considerable harm to the Reformed Church of which he was a member, M. Guizot, suspended M. Athanase Coquerel *filis* from his office of suffragan to M. Martin Paschoud. The news of this action was received from one end of France to the other, and even in foreign countries, with a burst of indignation. It was evident that henceforth the struggle between Orthodox and Liberal was to be a war to the knife. Unfortunately for themselves, the Liberals had not taken such precautions as the Orthodox, who had silently ensured themselves positions of advantage in the different ecclesiastical bodies. In the later years of the Empire the Orthodox were especially persistent in urging the authorities to take vexatious measures against the Liberals, who, by reason of their notions of independence and freedom, were not in the best possible odour in high places. The leaders of Orthodoxy, having completed their work of secret organisation, were pressing in their demands for a General Synod, in which they were sure of obtaining a majority, if only that arrangement of circumscriptions which they had already sketched

were adopted. In spite of these endeavours, repeated not perhaps without some degree of humiliation in certain quarters, the Empire and its advisers turned a deaf ear to their entreaties. If the Imperial rule had continued, would the Orthodox have gained their point? Possibly; many of them have asserted as much. Their opinion is certainly based upon a sufficient acquaintance with the back-stairs of Government offices, and the head of the State, justly anticipating some despotic procedure as the result of a Synod with an Orthodox majority, might have seen in it something which would make for his own interests, and be in accord with Imperial policy.

The insane war of 1870 broke out; in shame and bloodshed the Empire fell. Throughout this terrible year the members of the Reformed Church forgot their quarrels, and thought only of their country. The same patriotic enthusiasm, the same devotion, the same sorrow pervaded Liberals and Orthodox; all hearts beat in unison. But when the danger was past, and peace concluded, the religious and ecclesiastical differences became more strongly marked than ever before. The Government of the Republic was pressed more hardly than its predecessor to yield consent to the holding of a General Synod. At last, after some hesitation, it is said, M. Thiers, then President of the Republic, signed the decree convoking the General Synod on the 29th November, 1871, and a Ministerial circular fixed its assembly for the 6th June, 1872. We can well believe that if M. Thiers could have read the future, and foreseen the trouble which he was preparing for the Government of the Republic, he would have given to those who demanded the Synod the same reply as was given a short time ago to certain requests of a like purport—"When you are all agreed in your requisition of a Synod, the Government will be prepared to grant it."

On the day appointed, the members of the Synod, pastors,

and laymen—108 in number—met in the Temple du Saint-Esprit, Paris. Whatever judgment we may be inclined to pass upon this Assembly, it is impossible to deny the vast importance, the high tone, and the religious earnestness which characterised the discussions in which it engaged. French Protestantism had sent its most illustrious representatives to take part in these solemn deliberations. Before the end of the sitting it became matter of remark that if Orthodoxy had the advantage in point of numbers, it showed itself singularly inferior to Liberalism in learning, in sense of responsibility, and in serious handling of subjects under discussion—an estimate fully confirmed by the official minutes of the Synod.

It is not our intention to give a *résumé* of the thirty sessions of the Synod. We may briefly say that everything centred in the discussion of the profession of faith which was brought forward at the opening of the third session. This was the salient point; for this ghost of a creed, which the Orthodox wished to proclaim as the official faith of the Reformed Church, would suffice, they thought, to drive from the Church the Liberals, who were known to be resolved against subscription to it. The two articles of this Confession of Faith are as follows :—

“The Church proclaims : The supreme authority of the Holy Scripture ;

“And salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, only Son of God, who died for our offences and rose again for our justification.”

Regarded as an expression of religious feeling, this document betrays singular poverty. God, the Holy Spirit, &c., are conspicuously absent. It is, in fact, a weapon of war, and nothing else. This matter was debated through ten sessions. The most eloquent voices were raised in proof—first of the inutility, and next of the danger, of enacting this Confession of Faith, and in preaching peace and concord. It was all in vain ; the Orthodox party had long been pre-

pared for this. Many of its speakers pressed for a complete severance of the two tendencies in the Reformed Church ; but they did not at that time go so far as to demand the *expulsion* of the Liberals. At last, at the thirteenth session of the Synod, on Thursday, 20th June, the Confession of Faith was adopted by 61 votes against 45, 106 voting. Two members were absent—one Liberal and one Orthodox. The only feature in the subsequent work of the Synod which calls for mention here is its adoption of a regulation by which the age of electors is lowered to 25, instead of 30, as fixed by the Law of Germinal and the *Décret-Loi* of 26th March, 1852. The Assembly dissolved on the 10th July, and the two parties, instead of being brought closer together, were more sharply divided than before. From this moment the breach became irreparable.

The adoption by vote of a Confession of Faith was something, but it was not all. Obviously, it was not merely for the platonic satisfaction of seeing it enrolled among the acts of the Synod that the Orthodox had drawn it up. They wanted to be able to make use of it ; hence their repeated declarations that they did not intend *to impose it* cannot be taken, as the sequel sufficiently proves, as exactly expressive of what was in their minds. But, in order to use it as they wished, there was one condition to be complied with. The terms of the Concordat provide, in the case of the Reformed as well as of the Catholic Church, that no Confession of Faith, no article of discipline, may be promulgated without the consent of the State. Before the Confession of Faith could assume an official existence, this consent had to be obtained, and the Council of State must pronounce a favourable opinion. During the presidency of M. Thiers all efforts in this direction proved fruitless ; but when the coalition of reactionary political parties overthrew M. Thiers, the men who came into power on the 24th March, 1873, listened with more attentive ear to the representatives of

reaction in religion. The victory, however, was not won without a struggle. To be brief, on the 28th February, 1874, the Council of State authorised the *publication* of the declaration of faith adopted by the Synod. It is important to note the terms used by the Council of State:—"Est autorisée la *publication* de la déclaration de foi votée par le Synode Général. . . . &c." The Council of State, therefore, while authorising the publication of this Confession, does not in any sense or degree give it the force of law before which all Protestants belonging to the national Church shall be compelled to bow. Every sensible man must acknowledge that this is the only possible, admissible, and honest interpretation of the Council's decision. Hence it appeared that this "publication" need not in anywise affect the position of the Reformed Church. Besides, had not the Orthodox themselves declared that they did not wish to impose their Confession of Faith by force? Above all, had not the Minister of Worship, who had convoked the Synod in the name of the President of the Republic, declared that this Synod was purely *consultative*, and, consequently, that it could not, and must not, assume to legislate? Yes, undoubtedly; but events have shown that it was with political reaction and the pertinacity of reactionary Orthodoxy that the Liberals had to deal. Here begins one of the most melancholy phases of the long struggle which has agitated the Reformed Churches of France. Every day for the next five years, the Liberals who form at least half, if not more than half, of the whole number of French Protestants, asked themselves whether they were not on the point of being ejected from their Church. The leaders of Orthodoxy, who were all-powerful with the politicians who came into power after the fall of M. Thiers, laboured with all their might to get the Confession of Faith imposed upon all Protestants without distinction.

The means to this end were not far to seek. All the Councils of the Church are newly elected every three years. The Minister of Worship, in 1874, was a man whose ignorance was equalled only by his ardour in the cause of the Clericals and the Legitimists. Yielding to the advice and entreaty of the managing spirits of the Orthodox party, he delayed the parochial elections for three months, and imposed the decisions of the Synod as "electoral conditions." The ends of the Orthodox were now attained. Liberalism must submit to the yoke, or quit the State Church. Great, then, was the surprise of the Orthodox party when they saw that the orders of the Minister were met, almost everywhere, with an indomitable resistance. In fact, the Liberal Churches, as a rule, conducted their elections without paying the least attention to the prescriptions of the Synod, and confined themselves to the scrupulous observance of the provisions of the Law of Germinal and the Décret-Loi of 1852. The Minister retorted by annulling these elections; but the Liberal Consistories took no heed. Some Churches even appealed to the Council of State against the Minister's decision. Things remained *in statu quo*, and this strange posture of affairs was brought about, that there were Councils having no legal existence, the greater part of whose proceedings were legally valid; and in certain Churches this situation is still maintained. It seems now to have been resolved to starve out the Liberal party; and accordingly additional grants for extraordinary parochial expenses were lavished upon Orthodox, and refused to Liberal, Consistories; nor would it be difficult to cite yet harsher acts of the strong hand. In 1876, the strain in the political situation was slightly relaxed; a Minister of rather more liberal views was in power. Yet even he ordered that the triennial elections of parochial councils should be conducted in conformity with the decisions of the Synod. The Liberal Churches were

just then strongly influenced, in a manner to them both new and sweet, by promises of ministerial justice and good-will. The Minister of Worship gave emphatic utterance to his wish to see peace in the Church ; and he asked the Liberals, for that end, to act in conformity with his predecessor's circular at the coming elections. In a spirit of conciliation, the great majority acquiesced. Some Consistories, however, did not accept the compromise, and ignored the Synodal prescriptions. All the elections of these recalcitrant Consistories were regarded by the *Sous-direction des Cultes* as null and void ; and a certain number also of Synodal elections in Liberal Churches were annulled, on the ground, it was said, that the test of the Confession of Faith had not been *seriously* applied. Yet the whole of the elections of Orthodox Churches were approved, though in many of these no test whatever had been applied to the electors. A more flagrant case of using two weights and two measures would be hard to find. The proposals of the Minister, the concessions of the Liberals, and the general pacification which was to result thence, had come to naught. The demands of the Orthodox party now were what they had been before ; it was clamorous for a new Synod, to finish the work of repression. From M. Dufaure, indeed, this was not to be got ; but with the political reaction of the 16th May, 1877, the hope of triumph momentarily revived, to be again disappointed by the elections at the end of 1877, the new constitution of the Senate, and the elevation of M. Grévy to the Presidency, which gave a decisive check to the Orthodox reactionists. For the time, at least, they have given up the hope of procuring the convocation of a Synod ; and a recent fact, which we must presently notice, has afforded them sufficient proof that a Synod after their own hearts is farther off than ever.

The foregoing sketch of the recent history of the Reformed Church of France will enable the reader to understand

clearly enough the position and tendency of each of the two main parties which divide the Church almost equally between them. It is easy to see which way the natural affinities of each party lie, in respect of politics as well as of religion. Whether Orthodoxy wishes it or not, it is a fact that the newspapers interested in political reaction count upon it as an ally; and the men who represent Protestant Orthodoxy in the Councils of the State act almost uniformly in opposition to the Republicans. Just in proportion as the party of liberty or the party of reaction has been in power, so has Orthodoxy been discredited or favoured. According as the Minister of Worship has been a partisan of authority or of Liberalism, Orthodoxy has been arrogant or humble, boastful or silent. At the present moment we have a Minister who is resolved to carry out progressive Liberal ideas, and we consequently hear very little from the Orthodox camp. There is no talk just now of the expulsion of the Liberals from the Churches. On the contrary, Orthodoxy now holds a language of pacification; it only asks that questions likely to provoke irritation should be abandoned, and even that "questions which might recall our ecclesiastical dissensions" should be forgotten. The Liberals ask nothing more. But who began the strife? The Liberal party opposes no practical improvement of the ecclesiastical organisation. It has no rooted objection to the regular convocation of Synods. It only desires that the functions exercised by these Synods should be *disciplinary*, and not *dogmatic*. It recognises no right, no power, vested in them, for the embodiment of the Protestant faith in decrees. And it is because the party which represents the Synodal majority rushes at an impossibility in its wish to decree articles of faith, that the present Government, whose Republican views cannot fail to become more marked as time goes on, will not permit a meeting of the Synod—unless, indeed, it be forbidden by a special law to formulate an obligatory pro-

fession of faith. A proof of the determination of this Government not to convoke the Synod again is to be found in the fact that it has just reconstituted the Central Council of the Reformed Churches of France, created by the law of the 26th March, 1852. This Council, which should be composed of fifteen members, had been reduced by deaths and retirements to less than half that number. By decree of the 3rd July last, the Council was reconstituted, the Minister nominating its members. He has, however, given assurance that a law shall be brought forward at an early date, which will vest the nomination in the representative bodies of the Church.

The friends of the Synod have killed the Synod by their high-handed action. The Orthodox now, indeed, begin to understand the situation, and they have ceased to ask for the Synod; they confine themselves to meetings of an unofficial character, to which the Liberal party can have no possible objection. The Orthodox are welcome to meet each other, to draw up professions of faith for their benefit; but seeing that we have our complete legal organisation, surely something better might be done. So long as the Church continues to be based upon the Concordat, the State is the regulating power, and it is its right and its duty to prevent the oppression of one section by another. The action of the present Ministry gives us a guarantee that the Republican Government will not evade this responsibility. Cannot the two parties, then, live together in harmony, and co-operate in the diffusion of those Protestant sentiments and principles which France is now once more disposed to regard with favour? The question presents itself to-day in terms widely different from those of two or three years ago. At that time, one party, supported by reactionary politicians, paraded its intention of crushing or ejecting the other. In such a condition of affairs, the expediency, and even the necessity, of separation were maintained in the public prints by the

writer of these pages ; but now the Republic is mistress of the situation, and she has said in unmistakable terms, "You have equal rights ; I will not permit one party to trample on the other." This exactly meets the Liberal demands. Now that liberty in matters of faith and manly self-respect are guarded from infringement, it will be easy to arrive at mutual understanding and co-operation, if the endeavour be made with pure and generous intention. There are numerous indications that this view is embraced at the present moment by a very large number of the Orthodox party themselves, who fully recognise the risk which would be involved by any further pursuance of that false policy to which the angry partisanship of certain of their leaders has hitherto pledged them. Pressing appeals have even been addressed to that *unofficial* Synod which will meet in a few days, praying that its deliberations may have special reference to pacification and concord.* Gladly will the Liberal party see the unity of the Reformed Church maintained ; it has always regarded separation as a step only to be taken at the last extremity. It will be readily understood that the great majority of the laity have been unfavourable to schism. Many of those most distinguished for character and learning, among the Orthodox as well as among the Liberals, have urged that the Church must be united if it is to be strong. From day to day the attention of the Protestant public is drawn to this vital question by special publications. One of these, which has recently appeared, is noteworthy ; published anonymously, it is evidently the work of an Orthodox writer, yet his truly Christian spirit wins our warmest commendation. Amongst other suggestions the author recommends :—

- "(1) The independence and fraternal union of Churches.
- (2) The erection in Paris of a central edifice, where both parties

* Since these lines were written, this prayer has been grievously disappointed by the uncompromising temper of the Synod.

may freely discuss the great religious and moral interests of Protestantism, and in which the administrations of our different Protestant agencies and associations may be grouped together. This building should be a sort of *Maison de la Réformation*. Founded by the benefactions of the entire Protestantism of France, it should become its property; a large hall should be appropriated to lectures, public meetings of religious societies, and every kind of service or festival which may be conducive to the progress and development of the Protestant spirit. Space should be set apart for a Protestant library, especially the Library of French Protestantism, which would then find a worthy home; and further, for reading and conversation rooms, in which French Protestants, or visitors from other countries, who from time to time may be in Paris, might meet their brethren."

These proposals have received the hearty concurrence of a man well known in France and abroad, a Liberal Protestant holding a high rank among contemporary *savans*, M. Charles Read, the founder of the Library of the History of French Protestantism, and promoter of the Establishment of the Central Council. He has opened a list of subscriptions towards the proposed building, to which he proposes to give the name of *Concordium Protestant Français*. The future will show us whether the members of the Reformed Church are wise enough to listen to such counsels and act upon them. We hope and believe that such will be the case, the more confidently because the same advice is being given simultaneously by many voices from many quarters.

Thus the great storm by which the Reformed Church of France has been tossed is almost stilled. That it may be succeeded by a complete calm, which the various currents of religious thought shall not seriously disturb, it is only necessary that the Consistory of Paris should return to the ways of justice and fair-play. This body has in reality been the promoter of discord; it was the first to drive Liberals from the Church; it took from them their places of worship, their pastors, and their electoral rights. If only it will give

back what it has taken away—and it must do so under compulsion, if it will not do it of its own motion—a complete pacification may be effected. Thus the Reformed Church may look forward to a useful and noble future. It is long since circumstances have assumed an attitude so favourable to her as at this moment. Serious thought, which seemed to be banished of set purpose from our country in the days of the Empire, is no longer without honour. Symptoms of a strong reaction against the gross superstition of the popular miracles, and the fanatical Catholicism of the Ultramontanes, are perceptible. Instances have occurred in some departments of the conversion of priests to Protestantism, and their parishioners have followed them. The people are not ill-disposed towards Protestant worship. Above all, Protestant thought is found to be in sympathy with that of a great number of thinkers, inquirers, and devoted friends of truth. It is among these that it must seek its natural allies; it is to this chosen band that its teaching and its preaching must appeal. If only the pulpits of Paris, of the Oratoire, of St. Esprit, &c., are thrown open to orators like Fontanès, Dide, and Viguié, the churches, now nearly empty, will be filled with attentive hearers, who will find there the healthy and invigorating nourishment which their religious nature requires. Then will Protestantism occupy in Paris that place of distinction to which it is entitled. With two or three exceptions, the official preachers in Paris are altogether unequal to the demands of contemporary preaching, especially for such a public. Matter, form, delivery, are alike inadequate; little thought, no style, no oratorical action. Hence, if the cultivated public ever finds itself by chance in one of the official churches, it is astonished to find Protestant preaching almost as flat, stale, and unprofitable as Catholic. French Protestantism possesses, indeed, orators of the first rank; but the official pulpits of Paris are closed against them. Those

who have excluded them have, in the wretched interests of party, silenced the voices which could give the most effective utterance to truth. Not till this policy is reversed will a Liberal faith obtain its own in Paris.

To sum up :—The two parties which compose the Reformed Church of France, after long years of incessant strife, have tacitly agreed upon an armistice, and appear to be upon the eve of a formal signature of peace. The Orthodox are making timid advances ; the Liberals are a little distrustful, because they do not wish to be duped as they have been before, but are quite prepared to hold out the hand of reconciliation, knowing that the Republican Government will preside at the signature of the treaty of peace and alliance, and that it is the settled intention of this Government to hold the balance even.

The foregoing exposition of the position of the Reformed Church of France would not be complete without mention of the transference to Paris of the Faculty of Theology of Strasbourg, which took place two years ago. Strasbourg had a mixed Faculty, which furnished all the pastors of the Lutheran Church and a large proportion of the Reformed pastors. After the war of 1870 and the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, it became necessary to make provision for the needs of the Lutheran Church. It was naturally proposed to reconstitute in France the Alsatian Faculty. The question was—Where ? Paris was suggested at first, but for nearly six years nothing was done ; the Ministry, persistently urged in an opposite direction, brought forward no scheme at all. While these matters were in debate, the interests of the Lutheran Churches were suffering. At last, on 27th March, 1877, the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Waddington, obtained the signature of the President of the Republic to a decree transferring to Paris the mixed Faculty of Theology of Strasbourg, the Faculty of Montauban being preserved intact. Great was the dis-

pleasure among the Orthodox at finding that the new Faculty was to be *mixed*—that, as at Strasbourg, it would include Reformed students, and educate pastors for the Reformed Church. They would have wished it to be for Lutherans exclusively. It is, indeed, obvious that the Faculty of Montauban, in which all the professors but one are Orthodox, is likely to lose a good deal of its importance. The Orthodox, however, cherished one last hope, which was to ensure the appointment to the Faculty of Paris of Orthodox Reformed professors. This hope was destined to be disappointed. They were dismayed when they read in the *Journal Officiel* of 19th April, 1879, the names of the two professors who, with two who had belonged to the Faculty of Strasbourg, were to be entrusted with the theological instruction of the Reformed students. Bitter complaints appeared in the Orthodox papers; there was some talk at the time of appealing to the Council of State to annul the two appointments. Whether such an appeal be still contemplated or not, it is perfectly certain that it has no chance of a favourable consideration on the part of the Council of State. The Strasbourg Faculty, thus reconstituted at Paris, is now well housed in the Boulevard Arago, not far from the Observatory. The official inauguration of the new buildings was performed on the seventh of November last by the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Jules Ferry, and was attended by a large number of persons eminent in science, literature, or politics. The Minister delivered an address, of which French Protestantism may well be proud; no nobler tribute could be paid to Protestant principles, and it was happiness indeed to hear justice so eloquently done to the Reformation by a member of the Government.

“You are a mixed Faculty,” said M. Ferry, “by which I understand that here one breathes an atmosphere of wide Liberalism and wholesome toleration; that the sectarian

spirit does not cross your threshold—that spirit of exclusiveness and jealousy, which is the shrivelling, and, if I may use the term, the ossification of the heart of religion, and a sheer caricature of the Gospel.” After speaking of the relations of Church and State in regard to education, the Minister concluded by saying: “Between the State and you, what room is there for disagreement? In modern history, Protestantism has been the first-born of liberty. Our political gospel is also yours; the Revolution of 1789, of which our Republic is the logical development and necessary conclusion, was effected partly on your behalf; it marks the date of your enfranchisement. We salute you, then, as a friendly power, as a necessary ally, which will not be found wanting to the cause of the Republic or the cause of liberty. You may count upon us as we count upon you; and be assured, gentlemen, that you will always meet not only with justice at our hands, but with profound sympathy.”

These words were greeted with overwhelming applause. Uttered in a Catholic country by the lips of a Catholic Minister, they are remarkable indeed. The Dean of the Faculty, M. Lichtenberger, spoke next, warmly thanking the representative of the Government. In conclusion, the Professor of Sacred Eloquence, M. Viguié, gave an inaugural lecture upon the “Oratory of the Reformers.” M. Viguié is himself one of our most brilliant pulpit orators; his eloquence won the admiration and applause of his distinguished audience and the highest compliments from the Catholic Minister himself.

That day, the seventh of November last, was auspicious for French Protestantism, for liberty, and for truth. Henceforth a clear course is open to serious theological study; and there is reason to hope that the Faculty of Paris will find no lack of students. They are urgently needed, for there is a dearth of pastors for the Reformed

Churches of France. The Synod of 1872 disgusted and estranged from the ministry a large number of young men who were intending to devote themselves to Theology, and who entered other professions in which they might at least be free, and not enslaved by a formula. Some years must elapse before the breaches in the Church can be repaired. But the future is on the side of the representatives of liberty and conscience—and the victory is sure.

D. CHARRUAUD.

[The above Article must be read in the light of the unexpected obstinacy shown by the recent unofficial Synod, and of the still more recent ministerial disturbances which have taken place during the last few days.—Ed.]

THE MIRACLES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

I.

THERE are two classes of readers of the New Testament to whom the miraculous narratives contained in many of its books are a serious embarrassment. In the first place, there are those who have definitely relinquished all belief in miracles, and who are at a loss to understand how such a mass of what they regard as fiction can have clustered round the apparently genuine and historical nucleus of the Gospel narratives and early Christian tradition. In the second place, there are those who are not in the habit of believing in miraculous events, but who have not yet definitely made up their minds to reject the miracles of the New Testament as unhistorical, though they cannot rest in them with any real satisfaction or security.

These two classes of readers agree in this: that they cannot see how to separate the miraculous from the non-miraculous, the historical from the fictitious elements of the New Testament narratives, so as to accept the one and reject the other. They differ in this: that the first are so fully convinced of the fictitious character of the miraculous narratives as to feel unable to place reliance upon anything that appears in close connection with them, even if it seems to bear the strongest impress of historical truth; whereas the others are so profoundly impressed with the fidelity of the central historical tradition as to be forced into a kind of half assent to even the most incredible statements which

seem to be inseparable from it. The result in either case is a sense of embarrassment, discomfort, and uncertainty in reading the historical books of the New Testament.

It is the object of these articles to enumerate and illustrate, in a brief and popular form, some of the different processes by which the miraculous narratives of the New Testament may be supposed to have sprung up. Could it be shown that, in an age avowedly prone to believe in marvellous events, a mass of miraculous tradition might grow rapidly and luxuriantly round a genuine historical trellis-work without altogether concealing its form (still less throwing doubt on its existence, which it pre-supposes and even demonstrates), then one important step would have been made towards enabling those who cannot heartily accept the supernatural to read the New Testament with renewed interest, comfort, and profit.

It is generally unwise, however, in my opinion, to attempt a confident and detailed explanation of the way in which this or that miraculous narrative actually came into existence. All we can safely do is to indicate the various processes of growth, and to illustrate them by showing that they *might* have given rise, in whole or in part, to such and such special narratives, without at all committing ourselves to the statement that this particular narrative *did* grow in the special manner indicated. In something the same way, the chain of natural phenomena of which *wind* and *rain* are links may be very satisfactorily explained in such a manner as to convince us that there is nothing capricious, abnormal, or preternatural about even the smallest changes of weather; but he would be a very rash meteorologist who should undertake to state why a special shower began at half-past three and stopped at a quarter to four, or why neither more nor less than three gusts of wind shook the elms round his house on a particular morning.

In dealing briefly with this important subject, under several heads, I shall not presuppose any detailed acquaintance, on the part of the reader, with the literature of Biblical criticism or Christian antiquities, and shall not shrink from dwelling upon facts with which the majority of students are already perfectly familiar.

What is technically known as the "Rationalistic" method of dealing with the miracles has for some time fallen into a not unnatural disrepute amongst scholars, though constantly revived, in isolated applications, by amateur critics. The typical expression of this system of interpretation is to be found in the once-famed "*Leben Jesu*" of H. E. G. Paulus, a book which may still be read with interest and profit, but hardly with assent. The conception by which Dr. Paulus endeavoured to solve all difficulties with regard to "the miracles" was that the *facts* had been correctly (though sometimes imperfectly) recorded, but that the *impressions* of the spectators had been intertwined with the narratives in such a way as to give them a supernatural appearance.

Thus, according to Dr. Paulus, the *facts* of the restoration to life of Jairus's daughter, of the son of the widow of Nain, of Lazarus, and of Jesus himself, are all given correctly; but the erroneous *impression* that these persons were dead (whereas they were really only in a state of coma) has given a supernatural appearance to the narratives. Again, in healing various diseases and bodily defects, Jesus is supposed by Paulus to have made use of natural means obscurely and imperfectly hinted at in the existing records, so that there was really nothing miraculous about the events described. Once again, when the Five Thousand were fed, Jesus saw that there was food enough amongst those assembled for the wants of all, and that nothing was needed but an example to make those who had provisions share them with those

who had not. This example Jesus gave, and this, we are assured by Dr. Paulus, is all that the Gospel narratives say that he did !

It is unnecessary to give further examples. As a wholesale method of interpretation, this "Rationalistic" theory breaks down by its own weight ; and it has been almost completely superseded by the Mythical, the Symbolical, and the Polemical theories which will demand our attention hereafter. All these latter theories differ from the Rationalistic in denying that the miraculous stories are records of real physical events that actually took place at all. Nevertheless, several of the more recent Lives of Jesus still cling to the Rationalistic interpretation of some of the miracles which represent Jesus as controlling the laws and forces of inanimate nature—walking on the sea, turning water into wine, multiplying the loaves and fishes, and so on. Traces, more or less distinct, of this Rationalistic method are familiar to the English reader in the works of Furness, Ewald, Schenkel, and even Keim ; but for ourselves we must confess to feeling little or no confidence in these applications of the old method, and to regarding all such attempts at exact explanations of this special class of miraculous stories as mere exercises of ingenuity without practical value.

In another direction, however, a modification of the Rationalistic method still seems capable of satisfactory application ; and the present article will be confined to the consideration of certain facts which may be held to warrant us in accepting a very considerable amount of the Gospel narrative as substantially historical, without being compelled to accept any miracles as fact.

(i.)

In the first place, there is one great branch of the miraculous narratives which nearly all modern authorities

are agreed in treating upon principles closely resembling those of Paulus. I refer to the accounts of "casting out devils."

Here we may well believe that many of the stories in the New Testament embody fairly original and accurate traditions of what eye-witnesses actually saw and heard, or supposed themselves to see and hear, with such embellishments and exaggerations, in some cases, as would naturally arise in the passage of the tradition from mouth to mouth.

It is important to establish, in this connection, that about the time of Jesus, and for several generations afterwards, many diseases (especially of an hysterical, epileptic, mental, or nervous nature) were attributed to "possession," and that certain persons were supposed, by themselves and others, to have the power of "casting out" the devils from their victims.

A few well-known passages must suffice to represent the mass of evidence which exists on this subject.

Josephus, who lived about a generation later than Jesus, speaks more than once of the "possession" of living men by evil spirits, the souls of the wicked dead ("Jewish War," 6. 11, 2), and mentions the art of exorcising, as a flourishing and ancient institution, dating from the time of Solomon. "I once saw," he says, "a certain fellow-countryman of mine, called Eleazar, casting the devils out of those possessed by them, in the presence of Vespasian and his sons, surrounded by tribunes and other military men. And his method of treatment was as follows: Applying his ring, with one of the roots indicated by Solomon under the seal, to the nose of the demoniac, he drew out the demon through his nostrils as he smelled it. On this the patient instantly fell down, and Eleazar conjured the demon not to enter into him again, reciting the name of Solomon and the charms which he had composed. And by way of demonstrating to the

conviction of the spectators that he really had this power, Eleazar placed a little cup or basin, filled with water, in front [of the patient] and commanded the demon to overturn it as he came out of the man, showing the spectators that he had actually left him" ("Antiquities," 8. 2, 5).

With this exorcism we may compare and contrast a passage in Mark which describes the cure of a deaf man, who was also partially dumb. Observe that deafness and dumbness were sometimes regarded as the consequence of possession (Matthew ix. 32, Luke xi. 14, Mark ix. 17.) Indeed we may almost gather from Mark ix., that the gloomy silence or imperfect articulation of epileptic depression or hysterical excitement were regarded as "dumbness."

"And they bring unto him one that was deaf and had an impediment in his speech, and they beseech him to put his hand upon him. And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue; and looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened. And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain." (Mark vii. 32—35.)

The early Christians firmly believed that exorcism was practised with success amongst themselves, and appeal with absolute confidence to the test of actual experience. Thus Justin Martyr (died about 167 A.D.) dwells repeatedly on the potency of the name of "Jesus, who was crucified under Pontius Pilate," in the formulæ of exorcism, and declares that by using this name many Christians all over the world, *and in his own city*, were able to cure demoniacs whom all the other exorcists, enchanter, and drug-men had failed to relieve ("Apology" II. p. 45).

Tertullian (end of second century) is still more detailed and emphatic. He attributes the power of exorcism to all the Christians without exception, and is willing that the life of any Christian should be staked on his success in

commanding the demons. After arguing that the heathen deities are demons, he proceeds:—"But hitherto I have dealt with words. It is now time for me to come to the absolute demonstration of the actual identity of the spirits known under either name. Let any man who is admitted to be vexed by a demon be produced here in the public courts of law. The spirit, on being commanded to speak by any Christian whatsoever, will truly confess himself a demon with an alacrity equal to that with which on other occasions he falsely asserts himself a deity. Or, again, let any of those who are supposed to be inspired by a god be produced in like manner, . . . and unless they confess themselves demons, not daring to lie to a Christian, then pour out the blood of the impudent Christian on the spot. What can be plainer than this demonstration? What proof can be more infallible? . . . Will you say that it is done by magic or some such trickery? Nay; your own eyes and ears would refute such a thought. What can be urged against a demonstration conducted in such naked sincerity? . . . Now, all this authority and power which we have over them are derived from the naming of Christ and the rehearsing of those pains which the demons look to suffer before long from God at the sentence of Christ. Fearing Christ in God and God in Christ, they submit to the servants of God and Christ; and, therefore, being seized by the thought and image of that fire, as soon as we touch or breathe upon them, they depart, against their will, and in grief, and blushing in your presence, from out of the bodies" ("Apologeticus" cap. 23).

Subsequently the exorcists became a recognised order of the lower clergy (apparently next above the "readers"), and they are dealt with by numerous councils. Many questions also rise in connection with the demoniacs under their charge, such as whether and under what conditions they may be admitted to baptism and communion.

We also find it distinctly recognised in this later period that the state of "possession," even when under the treatment of the proper exorcists, is often more or less chronic, not yielding permanently or perfectly to the exorcising formulæ. The fourth council of Carthage (A.D. 398), for instance, treats the possessed as a permanent class. The articles xc.—xcii. run as follows :—"The exorcists are to lay their hands upon the possessed every day. The possessed are to sweep the floors of the houses of God. Daily food is to be administered by the exorcists, at a suitable hour, to the possessed who sit in the house of God."

The vast mass of evidence, of which I have given a few specimens, induced the learned Bingham to declare, "There is nothing more certain than that in the Apostolical Age, and the next following, the power of exorcising, or casting out devils, was a miraculous gift of the Holy Ghost, not confined to the clergy" (*"Antiquities,"* Bk. iii. ch. iv. Sec. 1). And, though we cannot endorse the assertion in this form, we may safely say, 1st, That in and after the times of Jesus certain derangements were regarded as resulting from possession by demons; 2nd, That certain persons were supposed by themselves and others to have the power of casting out devils and that eye-witnesses might assert, in perfect good faith, that they had seen devils cast out.

It is not difficult to understand how these beliefs might be maintained. It is well known that hysterical, epileptic, and mental derangements are, in many instances, subject to more or less complete control by those who have acquired a moral ascendancy over the patient; nor can it be doubted that some persons have a special facility in acquiring this ascendancy. We have only to suppose that famous exorcists possessed a power of soothing nervous and mental diseases analogous to that which is often displayed in our own day, in order to obtain a satisfactory general theory of the

circumstances under which striking effects might be produced that would be described by eye-witnesses as the miraculous casting out of devils.

We have already seen reason to believe that when the demoniacs came to be continuously observed and tended, it was seen that the effects of exorcism were often transient and amounted to no more than a temporary alleviation of the derangement.

Indeed, it is curious to note the naïve disregard displayed in the Gospels of the essentially recurrent and intermittent nature of the phenomena of possession. One of the most vivid and detailed accounts of exorcism contained in the New Testament is neither more nor less than a faithful record of the progress of a severe epileptic fit, nor does the narrative give us any reason to suppose that the fit was either shortened or relieved by anything that Jesus did, or any assurance that the patient did not afterwards suffer from renewed attacks. Jesus does, indeed, *command* the demon not to enter the boy again, but the Evangelist is so far from seeing that everything hangs upon this very point, that, he does not so much as state that the command was obeyed. And yet this scene is represented (no doubt truthfully) as producing upon the disciples the impression of a most extraordinary casting out of a devil (Mark ix. 14—27). Matthew, who is much less graphic and detailed, implies that the cure was permanent (xvii. 18).

With such evidence as this before us, we are surely justified in saying: Jesus (probably on the ground of his possessing a special power of soothing and controlling nervous and mental derangements) had the reputation of being a great exorcist, and a number of the accounts of his "casting out devils," and of his "healings," may, very probably, be historical, in the sense of representing, with more or less fidelity, the actual impressions produced on eye-witnesses.

Round this historical nucleus a floating mass of heightened and embellished tradition would inevitably gather.

A certain repugnance is often, and not unnaturally, felt towards this account of some of the mighty works of Jesus, on the ground that it seems to class the Master with a set of men who, even when perfectly free from all suspicion of imposture, have not been remarkable for spiritual, moral, or intellectual gifts. It is undeniable that, although we can easily imagine the possibility of moral and spiritual strength and serenity giving a man the power of controlling the manifestations of possession, yet, as a fact, the association is by no means uniform or close between a noble and exalted character on the one hand and the power of assuaging mental and nervous disease on the other; nor can we deny that the occupation of an exorcist appears unworthy of the dignity of Jesus.

But is it not quite in keeping with this, and is it not a striking evidence of the fidelity of the Gospel tradition, that we should still be able to gather from many passages in the Gospels that Jesus himself often felt the strongest repugnance to the exercise of this power, and again and again, and sometimes even with indignation, commanded those whom he relieved not to spread his fame as an exorcist? He would not refuse to do any deed of mercy, but he was constantly alive to the danger of his being forced from his true work of preaching the Gospel into the comparatively unworthy position of a wonder-worker.*

(ii.)

Any one who has dipped into the lives of the saints must

* Compare especially the opening chapters of Mark, showing how Jesus endeavoured to escape the crowd of miracle-hunters. The authorised version in Mark i. 48, very feebly renders the severity of the prohibition in the original.

On the general subject of demoniacs, nearly all that I have adduced, and much more also, will be found quoted or referred to in Middleton's "Free Enquiry" and the portions of Bingham's "Antiquities" there indicated.

have been struck by the great number of saintly miracles vouched for by good authorities, though never claimed by the saints themselves as entitling them to any special consideration or deference. Here and there we can lay our finger, as it were, upon these legends in the nascent state, and can observe the extreme facility with which they might combine with all kinds of other elements, and the various directions in which they might be developed.

Thus we are assured by the biographers of Wilfrid of York (died 709, A.D.) that when that holy man reached the heathen court of Adgil, King of Friesland, he found the land so "salt" that it was hardly fit for man or beast to dwell in. But no sooner did the Frisians become Christians and "abound in good works," than the land also began to "abound in produce" and the value of the fisheries increased greatly. Now, we happen to know from another authority that on another occasion Wilfrid had saved some English peasants from starvation by teaching them how to *make and use fishing nets*. We also know that in the time of this Adgil of Friesland the sea was for the first time dyked out of the pastures. Wilfrid was a man of wide experience, sound sense, and practical energy, and we can well understand how it was that people whom *he* had converted found their agriculture and fishing miraculously improved by his blessing. (See Moll's interesting work on the "Early Ecclesiastical History of Holland," Vol. I., pp. 198, 469.)

The life of St. Eligius, or Eloy, by his friend and contemporary, Audoënus, or Dado, will furnish us with one or two specimens of the genesis of miraculous stories. Eligius lived in the seventh century, and was a man of position and influence. Innumerable miracles are related of him, but we are repeatedly assured that he himself took every opportunity of "modestly" renouncing his supposed miracles—sometimes with a touch of humour, which is far

more common amongst the saints than amongst their biographers.

On one occasion Eligius was giving alms, after his custom, to a great host of indigent folk, when he came to one who had his [right?] hand withered, and who, therefore, held out the other. "Not that hand!" said the saint. The beggar displayed his cramped and withered hand as his excuse. Eligius "began to pray to Christ *in his heart*, rubbed the arm from the elbow downwards, drew out the hand, straightened the bent fingers as the muscles relaxed," and, in a word, restored the hand to a healthy condition. Noticing, however, that the spectators attributed the event to the favour he enjoyed from heaven, and wishing as usual to conceal his gift, the modest saint remarked, "I thought he was shamming to get an alms from me all the more readily!"

Here we are witnesses of the manufacturing process, and can actually see a miraculous story being made.*

Eligius had obtained leave from King Dagobert to cut down and bury any executed criminals whom he found exposed on the gibbets when passing through the country. On one occasion he found a man near Strasbourg who had been hanged that very day. As his companions were preparing to bury the body, Eligius examined it, and immediately began to rub it from head to foot. Life soon returned, and Eligius, again desirous to escape the reputation of the miracle, exclaimed, "Oh, how great a crime we might have committed, had not the Lord helped us, in burying this body while the life was still in it!" Eligius had considerable difficulty in protecting the man from a second execution, and had to get him a special certificate from the king. (See the "Life of Eligius," Book I.,

* In the next chapter but two we are told of a distorted cripple whom Eligius restored by his passionate prayers and entreaties, "all who were present *hearing* (!), with the utmost amazement, his joints and muscles and all his bones" recovering their position.

chaps. xxiv., xxvii, xxxi., in D'Achery's "*Spicilegium*," Vol. II.)

These instances show how easily miraculous events may be reported in perfect good faith on the evidence of eye-witnesses; and nothing could be more natural than that the tradition of such events should be passed from mouth to mouth, still associated with the genuine sayings of their hero, and still preserving general traits of his character, but gradually dropping the minute details which enable *us* to understand their true nature, but which had no special significance to those who observed and recorded them.

It is curious that an almost exact parallel to this feat performed by Eligius is recorded in the one historical document in the New Testament which modern criticism allows us to accept as the authentic narrative of an eye-witness. I allude, of course, to the fragments of the diary of Paul's companion embedded in the Acts, and still distinguishable amidst the mass of less authentic matter that surrounds them, by the use of the first person plural "*we*" in the direct narrative.

In this document we read:—

"And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow; and continued his speech until midnight. And there were many lights in the upper chamber where they were gathered together. And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep: and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead. And Paul went down, and fell on him, and embracing him, said, Trouble not yourselves; for his life is in him. . . . And they brought the young man alive, and were not a little comforted" (Acts xx. 7—12).

Here, as in the life of Eligius, we detect a natural circumstance in the very act of passing into a miraculous record.

The same unimpeachable authority gives us the details of another supposed miracle. A serpent fastened upon Paul's hand, but he suffered no harm. This was a circumstance which would still be greeted as a miracle by the ignorant rustics of many districts in England, who are firmly convinced that every kind of snake is "poisonous," as well as newts and toads.

It is not a little curious that this document relates in detail two events which were regarded as miraculous, but which we can see were perfectly natural. The second passage is followed by a statement that Paul healed the father of the governor of the island and "others also." Here we are made witnesses (by the writer himself, or perhaps by an editor who abbreviated his narrative) of the actual transition from a circumstantial account of a natural event which was looked upon as miraculous to the general assertion of miraculous powers exercised by the apostle. (Acts xxviii. 1—9.)

(iii.)

The cautious and candid student of history is sometimes compelled to avow his inability either to accept as true certain statements which he finds in his authorities, or to give any reasonable account of how they came there, if untrue. He is driven to the assumption that there must be an error somewhere, though he cannot see how there is room for it to have crept in. Meanwhile, he does not necessarily withdraw his confidence from those who vouch for the incredible occurrence which he rejects, or disbelieve the narrative with which it is inextricably intertwined.

A typical instance is furnished by the healing of the blind man recorded by St. Ambrose and St. Augustine.

In the year 378 A.D., in the city of Milan, at the height of the contest between the Empress Justina and St. Ambrose, when the latter was supported by his faithful flock in resist-

ing the imperial sentence of banishment, the bodies of the martyrs Gervasius and Prothasius, "of gigantic mould, such as the former age produced," were discovered by Ambrose under the divine guidance. Ambrose himself writes "to his sister, Omina, whom he prefers to his life and eyes," an account of the whole affair, in which occur the words: "The next day we took them to the Basilica, which they call the Ambrosian. As we were taking them there, a blind man was cured." This letter (*Epistola lxxxv.*) is rather brief and hurried in its narrative, and contains an abstract of the sermon addressed on the occasion to the concourse of people. We possess, however, a later sermon, delivered when the events were already matter of controversy. It appears that the Arian opponents of Ambrose denied the miracle; but Ambrose himself is defiantly and triumphantly emphatic and precise. "They say that the blind man did not receive his sight; he himself says no such thing. He says:—I see, and I was blind. . . . He is a well-known man, who held a public appointment as long as he was sound. His name is Severus; he was a butcher by occupation. He gave up his business when his sight failed. He calls to witness the people by whose charity he was formerly supported. He calls the same people to bear witness to his seeing who were the witnesses and judges of his blindness. He declares that as soon as he touched a thread of the vestment of the martyrs in which the remains were clothed, his sight was restored. . . . What room is there for fraud or suspicion of deceit?" (*Sermo xci.*)

Augustine, as yet unbaptized and "unconverted," was in Milan at the time, and has given us a graphic description of the event ("Confessions" Bk. ix. ch. vii.), from which it appears that, though probably not an eye-witness, he had the closest and most immediate cognisance of the whole affair.

He tells us that it was during those troubles that the regular chanting of the Psalms was introduced in the

Milanese Church to solace and encourage the faithful in their long and anxious vigils. Augustine's mother was in the church with others, prepared to die with Ambrose, and Augustine himself, "though still unwarned by God's Spirit," was excited by the general commotion of the city. He tells us that Ambrose was directed by a vision to the place where the martyrs were buried, and after recording other circumstances, continues :—"A certain citizen who had been blind many years, and was perfectly well known in the city, inquiring and learning the cause of the tumultuous joy of the people, leapt forward and told his guide to conduct him to the spot. When there, he gained such admittance as to be able to touch with his kerchief the casket of the death of Thy [God's] holy ones, precious in Thy sight; and when he had done this, and applied the kerchief to his eyes, they were instantly opened." Augustine goes on to say that the fame of the miracle cowed the persecuting fury of Justina, and to reproach himself with not having been more moved by the miracle at the time himself. A year afterwards his tears were all the more profuse, because of his former callousness. In the "*De Civitate Dei*" (Bk. xxii., ch. vii., sec. 2) Augustine speaks of this miracle again as a well-known event, which took place in Milan when he himself was there, when the Emperor was also there, and in the presence of a host of witnesses.

Again, in his "*Retractationes*," Augustine, towards the end of his life, passes all his own works in rapid review, correcting or qualifying anything in them which does not meet with his mature approval, or which seems liable to misunderstanding. In the thirteenth chapter of the first book he reviews his treatise, "*De Vera Religione*," and calls attention to this passage in it: "Nor have miracles been allowed to continue into our own times, for fear that the soul should constantly demand visible signs, and that the very things which set mankind aglow by their novelty

should chill mankind by their familiarity." Augustine now explains that these words refer to such miracles as the gift of the Holy Spirit by the laying on of hands, the power of speaking foreign tongues, the cure of sick folk by the passing shadow of the preacher, and other such things. "But," he adds, "my expression is not to be understood as supporting the belief that miracles are now never wrought in the name of Christ. For, at the time I wrote that book, I myself already knew that a blind man had received his sight by the bodies of the Milan martyrs in that same city, as well as sundry other things, such as happen frequently even in these times, so that we cannot possibly be acquainted with them all, or enumerate all with which we are acquainted." ("Retractationes," Book i., chapter xiii., section 7.)

Paulinus the Presbyter, the secretary and biographer of Ambrose, details the circumstances of the same miracle, in strict accordance with Ambrose and Augustine, adding that Severus was still (probably 411 A.D.) serving God devoutly in the Basilica Ambrosiana, where the remains of the martyrs reposed. He tells us also that Justina and the Arians ridiculed the miracles, and declared that Ambrose had bribed people to impersonate demoniacs who were relieved by the sacred relics ("Divi Ambrosii Vita," p. 2). This aspersion may be taken as an additional testimony to the exorcisms related by all the authorities in connection with the healing of Severus.

The fame of these events long survived, and at the close of the fifth century we find Sidonius Apollinaris still referring to the discovery of the martyrs by Ambrose as a signal manifestation of the divine favour, with few parallels in modern times. (Ep. Bk. vii. 1; or in Baret's Edition, vii. 12.)*

* Most of the original passages are given or referred to by Dr. Peirson at the beginning of his "De Oorsprong der Moderne Rigting." Compare also Gibbon, Chapter xxvii.

Here, then, we have a miracle, vouched for by an eye-witness of the highest authority (Ambrose), supported by two other witnesses (Augustine and Paulinus), who were specially well-qualified to speak, and treated as a matter of notoriety during many years of the life of its subject (Severus).

The miraculous event is closely interwoven in the authentic narratives with the contemporary history of the struggle between Ambrose and the imperial family, with the origin of psalmody in the churches of Italy and the West, and with the personal spiritual history of St. Augustine.

I do not see how disbelievers in miracles can well avoid the following conclusions :—

1st. The miracle did not take place as recorded.

2nd. It was not an imposture.

3rd. It would be waste of ingenuity to attempt to ascertain exactly what it was that really did happen.

4th. Although we reject the miracle, we may accept with undiminished confidence the historical, personal, ecclesiastical, and spiritual facts and experiences which cluster round it in the authentic records.

In reading the New Testament records, then, I think we are justified in believing—1st. That Jesus possessed a remarkable power of soothing and controlling the nervous and mental system which gained him the reputation of a great exorcist ; and that it is difficult to say to what extent this power might produce effects, which, when reported in good faith by eye-witnesses, whose beliefs did not aid them in distinguishing between essential and unessential circumstances, might produce the impression of marvels. 2nd. That, by the alternate processes of generalising from special facts and filling in the details of general statements, it is quite conceivable that genuine utterances and, above all,

genuine traits of character, may be preserved in connection with recorded events that have lost their historical form and become fabulous. 3rd. That if we possessed the original records of well-qualified eye-witnesses of the deeds of Jesus, it is quite possible that we should find amongst them narratives, not only incredible, but inexplicable, closely intertwined with historical facts and spiritual experiences, on which we should still feel justified in relying.

If these propositions can be accepted, the most resolute disbeliever in miracles need not reject the whole Gospel tradition as unhistorical, and the firmest believer in a nucleus of history at the centre of the Gospel tradition need not be driven to an uncomfortable and half-hearted acquiescence in a philosophy of miracles which in very truth he rejects.

In a future article some of the processes may be briefly indicated by which miraculous narratives that have no foundation in physical fact may be supposed to have found their way into the New Testament.

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

A LIBERAL COUNTRY PARSON.

IN MEMORIAM P. C. S. DESPREZ.

THE Country Parson has often been the theme of outside criticism of various kinds. He has been depicted in idyllic colours as the embodiment of religion and charity, culture and refinement, and he has been assailed as a tyrannical "Black Dragoon," the impersonation of greed, worldliness, intolerance, and religious coercion. It may be safely affirmed that neither of these ideal portraits represents the average country parson as he exists in the 19,000 and odd parishes of England. As a rule, he is not the ecclesiastical bigot and selfish tyrant portrayed by demagogues; nor, again, is he the model of culture and progressive enlightenment which enthusiastic friends would have us suppose. As to the latter point, if truth be told, his mental characteristics are not "sweetness and light," so much as staleness and a sombre, ecclesiastical twilight. His general environment being stagnation and immobility, those qualities imperceptibly colour his intellectual processes and conclusions. He is just as distrustful of novelty in science or theology as his neighbour, the squire, is of political innovation, or as his agricultural parishioners are of new-fangled methods of farming. His ideas recur with the monotony of the seasons and the occupations of country life. Removed from great centres of population and intellectual activity, he stands aloof and apathetically watches

the currents of speculation as they sweep past. New discoveries are made, new theories mooted, new truths established, oftentimes bearing the closest relation to traditional Christianity; but they pass on and leave no trace on the placid surface of his mind. Probably he regards intellectual fermentation as a temporary disturbance of the normal course of things as it is stereotyped in his own ideas and in the traditions of his order. He watches the unquiet thought-streams as they rush past with the same hope as Horace's countryman, and doubtless with the same result:—

“*Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*”

Into such a current of new truth, even when it has manifested clear proof of perpetuity—a “volubility” destined to endure—he is not inclined to precipitate himself. In short, he is no more stirred by the movements around him than his weather-beaten church-tower is moved by a passing gale of wind.

No doubt there are manifold causes, the operation of which serve to account for, if not altogether to justify, this intellectual apathy and stolidity. Into these it is not our present purpose to enter. We merely wish to note the fact that there are occasional exceptions to this ordinary type of country parson. For that matter, it would be nothing short of a miracle if there were not. It is quite inconceivable that the greatest possible stress on uniformity of teaching, the most rigid dogmatic requirements, the most stringent discipline, should succeed in repressing all spontaneity and individuality in a body so numerically large as the English clergy. Accordingly, we have a few rare specimens—veritable black swans—among country parsons, of men who are well abreast of the foremost culture of the age, whose intellectual susceptibilities are keenly alive to every undoubted advance in science, philo-

sophy, or Biblical criticism; who cordially welcome new truth, not as antagonistic, but as supplementary to the old; who vary their pastoral work with studies of such writers as Renan, Baur, Ewald, Kuenen;—men who, with the genuine scholar's instincts, prefer the Hebrew or Greek texts of their Bibles to the best commentators; and who, among interpreters, have recourse to those whose opinions are likely to be free, rather than to exegetes who are committed to foregone conclusions, and whose views may therefore be predicted with an exactitude which renders actual consultation superfluous. No doubt a cleric of this type labours under some difficulty in adapting the results of his learned leisure to the edification of his rustic flock. In this respect his condition is vastly inferior to that of his town brother, who can generally command at least a small percentage of intellectual and appreciative hearers. But, happily, the press is free, and the country parson who has anything worth saying on the subjects of theology and literature will have no difficulty in securing an audience.

One of these exceptional country parsons was the late Vicar of Alvedistone, to whose life as a thinker of quite modern sympathies a few pages of *The Modern Review* may not unfittingly be dedicated.

Mr. Desprez, as his name indicates, was of French extraction. His father, René Charles François Soulbieu, was a French Refugee of good family, who played a not undistinguished part in the bootless struggle of La Vendée. He fled to England about the year 1800, and ultimately settled at Clifton, where he opened a school for noblemen's sons, and where Philip, the subject of our memoir, was born in the year 1812. After a home education instinct with more than the usual elements of liberal and refined culture, Philip was sent to school to Dr. Goodenough, in College Green, Bristol, where he remained seven or eight years. At the end of that time

as he was not very strong, his parents were advised to send him on a sea voyage. Accordingly, he sailed for Jamaica, with some idea of settling in that island as a coffee-planter. A nine months' residence sufficed to make such a career absolutely distasteful to him, and he returned home recruited in health, and with the firm resolve to devote his life to study and the earnest pursuit of truth. His own wish now was to go to Cambridge, but, unhappily, he was diverted from this purpose by his father, who had obtained promise of preferment for him conditionally on his acquiring the Welsh language. Accordingly, he was sent to St. David's College, Lampeter, and after passing through the curriculum of that institution with a facility that afforded him much food for amusement in after life, he was ordained Deacon in 1835, and licensed to the curacy of Llangorse, in the diocese of St. David's, where he remained nearly two years. In 1837, he was appointed to another Welsh curacy in the same diocese. In these two parishes he was accustomed to preach in Welsh every Sunday; but it cannot be said that his affection for Wales or its language had been increased by his somewhat forced acquaintance with them. In after years he was wont to mourn this Welsh episode in his career as a waste of valuable time so far as general culture was concerned. The language had no literature that rendered its acquisition worth making, and he often wished he had given to German the studious hours devoted to it. The retrospect was the more unsatisfactory because he ultimately failed to obtain the preferment which he had been promised. In 1837, he married Caroline, the only daughter of William and Mary Carden, by whom he had a numerous family, six children being now living. In 1838 Mr. Desprez left Wales, and removed to the parish of Biddestone, in North Wilts, where he remained twelve years, and left behind him a restored church and parsonage as mementoes of his parochial activity. During the whole

of this time no marked change seems to have taken place in his convictions. His intellect was of that eager, receptive kind which is willing to meet new teaching half way, but which, on account of its mobility and warmly sympathetic nature, performs its functions best when acted upon by external agency. There was little of this intellectual excitement to be obtained in a sequestered agricultural parish. Nevertheless, real mental activity must find some outlet for its discharge. Beliefs that it cannot or will not change in substance it can remould in form. Mr. Desprez was as yet a staunch Evangelical; but even now he began to assert his independence and love of freedom by the singular originality and freshness which characterised his presentation of his chosen doctrines. He was also a cordial hater of everything that bore the semblance of Romish superstition and tyranny.

Mr. Desprez's intellectual career may be said to have commenced on his removal to Wolverhampton, in 1850. Here he received, for the first time in his life, those intellectual *stimuli* of large congregations and crowds of sympathising friends, that were so congenial to a man of his warm, sensitive, and vivacious temperament. He held the curacy of St. George's Church, an enormous building, capable of seating 8,000 people, which, however, he soon managed to fill. He was also appointed to the Evening Lectureship of the Collegiate Church. These influential posts furnished him with a motive for severe mental labour, which he had hitherto lacked. He was naturally induced to take greater pains with the composition of his sermons and lectures. The additional study thus necessitated brought him face to face with his dogmatic standpoint, and a process of disintegration now set in, which in the course of the next few years reached a point he could never have anticipated. About this time, too, he developed that talent for pulpit oratory, which subsequently gave him a high position as a

popular preacher in London. He possessed, probably in virtue of his parentage, just those aptitudes for elocution and oratory which we are accustomed to identify with the highest order of French pulpit oratory. His sermons were marked by the clearness of thought and diction, the Gallican *verve* and vivacity, the alternate fire and pathos which are generally recognised characteristics of French preachers, from Bourdaloue to Lacordaire. Add to this, that his voice, though not powerful, possessed infinite varieties of subtle inflection; while an ear exquisitely sensitive to music enabled him to use his vocal organ with the greatest effect. These various gifts made him also well known in his private circle of friends as an admirable reciter of poetry, whether serious, pathetic, or humorous. Few who heard him will forget his inimitable manner of reciting portions of Scott's "Marmion," and his reading of "John Gilpin" imparted a new zest of humour to Cowper's well-known ballad.

Mr. Desprez was finally roused from his "dogmatic slumber" by a diligent study of the question with which his name will continue to be identified in the theological literature of the present day—that of the Second Advent. A series of lectures he had projected on the later chapters of the Apocalypse drew his attention to the works of Cumming and Elliot. Dissatisfied with their arbitrary interpretation of the "vials," "seals," "trumpets," and other phantasmagorical conceptions of the sacred visionary, he determined to prosecute the study of the Apocalypse from the very beginning. This he accordingly did, and the lectures he delivered as the outcome of his studies he afterwards collected and published in a volume having the title, "The Apocalypse Fulfilled in the Consummation of the Mosaic Economy and the Coming of the Son of Man." The argument of the book may be succinctly defined as making the Fall of Jerusalem the end of the Mosaic and

Christian dispensations, and finding in the same event the fulfilment of all passages foretelling the end of the world (*i.e.*, of the age) in the New Testament. The view had already been propounded by scholars of no small eminence—Mr. Desprez acknowledged his own obligation for the first suggestion of it to Moses Stuart—but no one ever elaborated the theory so fully or carried it so unreservedly to its extreme logical implications as he himself did.

The spirit of intellectual independence with which he undertook the work is so characteristic of his general method, that we must quote a few sentences nobly expressive of it from his Preface :—

My sole aim and object has been to elicit truth, and to attain this I have done what my readers must do likewise. I have renounced all dependence upon commentaries, canons, councils, or Fathers, and have searched the Scriptures for myself. The result is the exposition now offered. If it is to be condemned for its novelty, that novelty may be considered as an indication of the genuine Protestant feeling which has prompted such an investigation. To affirm that progress may be made in mental, moral, physical, but not in spiritual science is a thought worthy of the dark ages.

This work forms a turning-point in Mr. Desprez's life. Its novelty, which he was not afraid to avow, was less in the general theory than its detailed application. Here the neology became distinct and embarrassing, for the result of his Apocalyptic studies was to change, at least in their speculative and authoritative aspects, all his conceptions of Christian doctrine. Inasmuch as the teaching of Christ and his apostles was entirely directed, according to his opinion, to the "end of the age"—*i.e.*, "The Fall of Jerusalem,"—this event must be accepted as the consummation and conclusion of the original Christianity of the Gospels. The doctrines of the Christian faith had their destined range limited by the same events, and could only possess for after ages a partial and unauthorised significance. This was the standpoint from which Mr. Desprez's confidence in the distinctive

dogmas of Evangelicalism first became undermined. His estimate of them related not so much to their inherent truth, or their practical value, as to their validity from the point of view of Christ and his apostles. No doubt, other considerations subsequently helped to confirm his prepossession. The injustice and immorality of some of the dogmas of Evangelicalism, the needless mystery of others, were inherent attributes which must needs have affected his final depreciation of them, added to which the tide of German thought with which he came in contact about this time supplied a critical element to his dogmatic relaxation, and helped to sunder him still further from his old creed. He was in later life fond of boasting that before German theology had obtained footing in England, and long before "Essays and Reviews" had been heard of, he had himself, *ex proprio motu*, arrived at some of the best-ascertained results of English liberal theology. His boast was doubtless true, though his starting-point was more eschatological than rationalistic. He did not, however, recognise for the time that the issue of German speculation was just as adverse to his particular view of the exact and literal fulfilment of New Testament prophecy as it was to the more accredited dogmas of the Christian Church; nor did he foresee that the German enlightenment which he welcomed as an ally was destined eventually to undermine and destroy in his own convictions, his theory of Christianity.

As Mr. Desprez afterwards found reason to abandon the views enunciated in his "Apocalypse Fulfilled," no criticism of them need be here attempted. The defects of his hypothesis as a full and reasoned conception of Christianity are striking and palpable. It makes no distinction between the standpoint of Christ and that of his apostles on the subject of the Messianic kingdom. It ignores the important facts of Christ's repeated refusal to assume the Messianic office as it was conceived by his countrymen, and his repeated repression of Messianic

expectations on the part of his disciples. It leaves out of consideration the spiritualisation of Messianic hopes—in harmony with Christ's general inversion of Jewish teaching—indicated by the notable words, "The kingdom of God is within you." It offers no reason why the predictive powers of Christ, recognised so fully up to A.D. 40, should be limited by that date. It makes the subsequent history of the Christian Church a riddle baffling solution. It takes no account of the more permanent bases, ethical and spiritual, on which the religion of Christ was really founded, and which alone are adequate to account for its growth. It overlooks the fact that Second Advent expectations have in reality exercised an inappreciable influence on the growth of Christianity as a whole, their action being generally spasmodic and temporary. If any reader is inclined to ask the question—in what light did Mr. Desprez regard the doctrines of the Christian Church which he professed to teach?—the answer may be given in his own words. Speaking of the alarm which might be created by his theory that the Second Advent was already past, he says, "It remains to be tried whether the ideas of a finished salvation, a perfected Christianity, an open kingdom of heaven, a life-state in Christ, an eternal reign in an eternal kingdom already set up, might not have a more constraining influence upon mankind than the questionable theory of an uncertain coming." *

Notwithstanding its startling conclusions, Mr. Desprez's work achieved a fair measure of literary success. The book speedily ran through two editions. Evidence from all sides convinced him that, whatever the defects of his work, it supplied a real want. It helped to dissipate the periodical terrors which Advent prognostications, such as those of Dr. Cumming, tended to create, and it offered a reasonable interpretation of some of the most difficult passages in the New

* Pref. to 3rd ed. of *Apoc. Ful.* p. 14.

Testament. Its conclusions were also adopted by many who refused to see in them any polemical relation to the ordinary dogmatic teaching of the Church. On the other hand, the book caused some disquiet among the timid members of his own flock, and this was probably not allayed by the modified tone of Mr. Desprez's pulpit teaching and his gradual adoption of a different standpoint in dealing with Christian dogma. He therefore deemed it expedient to quit Wolverhampton. Before doing so, he published a little work on Jonah, which was a popular synopsis of Mr. Layard's Nineveh discoveries. This book seems to have had a considerable sale. He used to say that of all his writings this had paid him best.

In 1858, then, Mr. Desprez left Wolverhampton, to the great regret of many of his parishioners, who presented him with a valuable testimonial. Removing to London, he was licensed to the curacy of St. Barnabas, King's Square; but he only retained the cure for a few months. He next took the curacy of St. Paul's, Walworth, when his parish labours and eminent pulpit abilities met the appreciation they merited. His incumbent being compelled to leave the parish, the congregation presented a petition to the Bishop that he would confer the benefice on Mr. Desprez; but the petition was, *more episcoporum*, refused. His congregation followed him, however, to his next cure of Emmanuel Church, Camberwell, where again his labours and oratorical talents were fully recognised, and where he experienced much kindness from his people. On leaving this parish for his first preferment, he was presented with a testimonial, consisting of an address together with a purse of one hundred guineas.

In the early part of 1863, Mr. Desprez was offered, by Dr. Rowland Williams, Vicar of Broadchalke, the incumbency of Alvedistone. After some deliberation, he resolved to accept it. The parish—a very small one—is situate nearly

midway between the towns of Salisbury and Shaftesbury. The village may be described as a number of tree-sheltered houses occupying the centre of a broad amphitheatre formed by a circle of rounded Wiltshire downs, with outlets to the east and west. The church and vicarage—adjoining each other, and partly hidden by trees—stand a little way up on the northern declivity, and command a picturesque view of the cottage-besprinkled groups of trees in the valley beneath. In this secluded spot Mr. Desprez settled down as a country parson for the remaining seventeen years of his life. Although there were some serious deficiencies in his new lot—the chief of them being the smallness of the living and the absence of those excitations of intellectual society and crowded congregations so welcome to a man of his ardent, sensitive nature—these were in some respects counterbalanced by the greater independence of his position and by more abundant leisure for the studies which had now become a necessity of his existence.

Mr. Desprez's first occupation on arriving at his new parish was the completion of his vicarage-house, he being the first resident incumbent of the parish. To this necessary work he was able to add, some years afterwards, a new church and new schools. But together with these works of material reconstruction and parochial organisation there was proceeding *pari passu* a movement of an opposite tendency in his own thought. Like every genuine truth-seeker, Mr. Desprez had no objection to retrospective analysis of long-cherished convictions. Though no one held more tenaciously to a belief than he did, especially when it was the self-evolved product of his own research and intellectual exertion, he readily admitted that every conviction of a reasoning man should be founded upon as much demonstration as the subject-matter admitted of. He was not like those spurious truth-seekers who, having once erected their thought-system, afterwards evince the most

insuperable dislike to having any portion of it criticised or tested—a position, it may be added, which of right pertains not to truth-search, but to dogmatic infallibility. Up to the year 1865, or thereabouts, Mr. Desprez was firmly convinced of the truth of the position he had adopted in “*The Apocalypse Fulfilled* ;” but he now began to review his theory. He commenced systematically to read foreign authorities on the subject of his studies. For the first time in his life he read the works of Renan, Colani, Strauss, Hilgenfeld, Langen, and other writers of various schools of thought who had treated the Messianic question. On this occasion, therefore, he approached the subject from a different and broader point of view. The issue was no longer between himself and the disciples of Cumming and Elliot. He was no longer the outspoken advocate for the literal fulfilment of all the prophecies in the New Testament—indeed, his growth in liberal ideas made him indifferent to the establishment of a theory which would satisfy the exigencies of plenary inspiration. Accordingly, the question presented itself for his decision, Was it possible that the Apocalypse he had once declared to be “fulfilled” was never fulfilled at all? Were all the eschatological passages in the New Testament the outcome of national hopes and aspirations of the Jews, destined never to be realised? He considered the question long and carefully, and at last—though not without severe mental trial—he came to the conclusion that the theory he had held so long, and on the elaboration of which he had spent the best years of his life, was groundless, and must be abandoned. This resolution involved a fresh start in his theological inquiry, as well as a wider field for his survey; but he immediately set to work to reconsider the whole Messianic question from the beginning. He now commenced a systematic study of the Book of Daniel, which he rightly styled “*The Apocalypse of the Old Testament*.”

The result of his investigation was his complete satisfaction that this Book, together with other cognate literature of the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, forms the chief point of departure for the Messianic beliefs of the Jews. His interpretation of the Book he gave to the world in his work called "Daniel: or, The Apocalypse of the Old Testament," and his neighbour, Dr. R. Williams, wrote an "Introduction" for it. But Mr. Desprez's adoption of the Messianic theory necessitated a re-reading of the Book of Revelation—the Apocalypse of the New Testament. That mysterious Book had to be studied afresh, not as a problem with a foregone solution, but as a question which for the most part was still "open." It had to be re-considered, not by the steady light of Josephus and the actual historical events that took place at the fall of Jerusalem, but by the flickering *ignis fatuus* of Jewish imagination and Theocratic aspiration. Mr. Desprez's interpretation follows in the main those outlines which, originated by the Tübingen school, have been generally accepted by the leading commentators of the Continent, and which may be said to centre round the expectation of the return of Pseudo-Nero. In this part of his task Mr. Desprez derived great assistance from M. Renan's well-known work, "L'Antichrist."

A final recast of these two treatises and their combination in a single volume, was the crowning effort of Mr. Desprez's literary life. Hardly more than twelve months before his death he carried through the press his "Daniel and John," the work which must now be regarded as containing the last phase of his intellectual development. While readily acknowledging the value of this remarkable book, it is our opinion that it would have been better if Mr. Desprez could have undertaken the study of the whole question, without having committed himself to the hypothesis of "The Apocalypse Fulfilled." There are traces, for instance, in his "Daniel and John" of the polemical and aggressive

tone employed in his former book against Second Advent fanatics. The latter work also suffers from the incorporation of notions which, however suitable to the earlier, were inconsistent with his ultimate standpoint.

If, for example, he gave up the theory that the Second Advent was already passed, he might have allowed, as a mere contingency, the possibility of some similar event, the product of the natural evolution of Christianity, in the yet remote future. The finality which arbitrarily closes the region of imagination and possibility to human speculation is less tolerable in religion than in science or philosophy. Again, he still regards the Church and its teaching from his old standpoint as an afterthought, an unauthorised survival of the genuine Christianity that ceased at the fall of Jerusalem; whereas, if the Church perpetuates the moral and spiritual teaching necessary to humanity, nothing can be more assured or more enduring than its basis. Indeed, this aspect of Christianity is brought home to Mr. Desprez so vividly in "Daniel and John," that he cannot help acknowledging it; and he accordingly does so in one or two passages of great eloquence and beauty. Here is one:—"While Jesus certainly founded his Messianic career upon the apocalyptic model presented in the Book of Daniel [a hazardous assertion, self-confuted by what follows], this was neither the essence of his doctrine, nor the secret of his power. For these we must look to his sublime conceptions of the Fatherhood of God, the superiority of his matchless sayings, the loveliness of his pure and devoted life, and the grandeur of his self-sacrificing and heroic death. Unwisely, therefore, do they imperil Christianity who would make it answerable with its life for every adventitious circumstance, whether of miraculous event or of Messianic hope with which it stands connected. Above and beyond all these, its adaptation to the religious instincts and spiritual wants of man.

afford at once a proof of its divine origin and a pledge of its continuance."* It is hard to see what basis of inherent authority, what guarantee of perpetuity could be stronger than this. Mr. Desprez might also have allowed a somewhat wider margin for theories allied with and yet different from his own. A less slavish deference to the co-equal authority of every passage in the New Testament—a relic of his plenary inspiration period—might have suggested the propriety of discriminating between the actual utterances of Christ and those attributed to him by his followers, for nothing is more conceivable than that Christ's expressed forecast of the ultimate moral supremacy of his Gospel might have been sensualised by disciples, whose sole conception of power and sovereignty was material. Here and there, too, there is an unnecessary tone of dogmatic certainty as to interpretations which have been fruitful of diversity of opinions in the past. While allowing the overwhelming probability that Daniel's "Little Horn" refers to Epiphanes, and John's "Antichrist" to a Nero redivivus, it seems unreasonable to enounce these hermeneutic likelihoods in terms of certainty, which could not be exceeded if their object were an axiom of Euclid. But it must be conceded that this overstraining of a probable theory was inevitable to a man of Mr. Desprez's ardent temperament. The very clearness and vivacity with which he seized on new truth, and which enabled him to present it in its most vivid and apprehensible form, rendered him comparatively indifferent to objections or qualifications. Like some other eminent thinkers, he seemed inclined to narrow his range of vision in order to acquire greater perspicuity and sharpness of definition. It is quite in harmony with this intellectual idiosyncrasy that he never could see the use of philosophy, and always professed his inability to understand metaphysics.

* "Daniel and John," p. 148, cf. p. 390.

But, notwithstanding these incidental defects, Mr. Desprez's "Daniel and John" remains a work of which English hermeneutics may well be proud. For the first time in England the eschatological passages, which take up so great a part of both the Old and New Testaments, have received a consecutive and systematic exposition. The book is marked by the fulness of research, the fearless independence of thought and method which, though common in Germany, Holland, and France, cannot be said to be as yet acclimatised among ourselves. Its style, like all Mr. Desprez's writing, is marked by clearness and flexibility, and is perpetually enlivened by passages of fervid declamation or calm, sustained eloquence. As to the novelty of its conclusions to the English reader, its author rightly regarded this, when necessary to the paramount interests of truth, as a characteristic of Protestantism.

With the publication of "Daniel and John" Mr. Desprez's literary career came to an end. He had achieved what he regarded as a satisfactory termination of his life-study. Years before, he had been anxious to unite in a single completed work all his Apocalyptic labours, and his ability to accomplish this was to him a source of heartfelt gratitude. But with the accomplishment of his work came the cessation of life. During the spring and summer of 1879, his health rapidly deteriorated. His great mental powers began to succumb to successive attacks of paralysis. At last, on Sunday morning, the 5th of October, he placidly slumbered into Eternity. He had exchanged a terrestrial "Apocalypse," dim, dubious, uncertain, "unfulfilled"—the fitful fluctuating vision of a lifetime—for a celestial and definitive "Apocalypse Fulfilled."

As men in mythic story died of light,
So in full day, Death quenched the thought-dimm'd life
While—emblem of his errand, mercy-rife—

The Sabbath sun-rise chased away the night.
What vision fairer to the yearning sight
Worn with Earth's dimness—and the weary quest
For Truth supreme—the Soul's Divine unrest—
— The finite "groaning for" the Infinite?
"More light!" the poet cried, saluting Death,
Withal bewailing Life's Truth-hiding mask,
— The twilight-doubts that share its vital breath.
Truth-seekers, hence be not your ardour blenched;
What nobler meed of effort can you ask
Than that your light in light of Heav'n be quenched?

JOHN OWEN.

THE TIDES OF THE INNER LIFE.*

IT is an old complaint that there is infinite difficulty in keeping those "heights which the soul is competent to gain;" nay, in preventing ourselves from falling from their sunlit summits into the dark gulfs below. Whether there may have been on earth human spirits, so supremely faithful and blessed that from the first upspringing within them of the fountain of life, its waters have flowed on in unbroken, ever-widening, ever-deepening stream, "sliding towards the ocean of God and eternity," it is not for me to say. But assuredly for the majority of religious men and women the course of the inner life is far different from this. It is, if I mistake not, even in true saints, subject to strange and scarcely accountable fluctuations, causing them to pass from conditions of rapturous faith and immediate vision into states of comparative coldness and depression, when they walk no more in the direct sunshine, but rather in the twilight of a day which has set; nay, even in the dark shades of night till their Sun arises once again. And for lesser and weaker souls, for the great mass of us all, the case is worse than this. There is an alternation of strong emotion and vivid interest in spiritual things and keen sensitiveness of conscience and power of prayer, followed by dryness and coldness of heart, and return upon earthly passions, and deadness

* This short Paper was written a few years ago, and printed by a friend in India. It is so unlikely that it can be known to more than a very few English readers, that I have willingly consented to the kind wish of the Editor of *The Modern Review* to republish it, with a few alterations.—F. P. C.

to the sense of sin, and inability to proffer any petitions which (even to the suppliants' consciousness) have a chance of being heard on high. For one week, one month, in specially happy cases, perchance, for one or more years, the man lives with the sense that religion is the supreme reality in a world of shadows; the next he spends as if it were a shadow in a world of realities. At one period the smallest lapse from his ideal of duty causes him sharp pangs of remorse. At another epoch he commits serious transgressions, and breaks every rule he has laid down for his conduct, doggedly and indifferently, like a blind and deaf man seeing and hearing nothing. Now he seems to breathe the airs of Paradise in a world where even sorrow and pain turn to joys in the sight of the Divine Love, and over which bends the blue sky opened wide to his prayer, even up to the heights of the Eternal Throne. And now he suffocates amid the vapours of sin and doubt, while the heavens above him are brass, and the earth beneath him, iron.

It is needless to give words to the longing of every man who has felt these dread oscillations, to put an end to them for ever, to compel the needle of his soul to point evermore truly to the pole of God's goodness, and to prevent himself from falling again into that state of moral syncope which, like an intermittent disease, seizes him at often recurring intervals. The tears shed in youth over such lapses are not all bitter, for they are poured only over the unworthy past, and there is confident hope of better things for the future. But as years go by, and the days of "withered prayer" and indifference and unfaithfulness recur again and yet again, the grief with which the man contemplates them is deepened almost to despair by his growing sense of inability to contend against their inroads, and his experience of the futility of his resolutions and of the transitory nature of even his strongest emotions. When the days have come and gone in which the soul has been admitted to such perception of

the Divine Love as that it has seemed to grasp it as the Life of Life, and the man has said to himself, "Surely, surely it is evermore impossible that I shall sin against Love like this," and after a little while the vision (though never forgotten) has failed, and he *has* once more sunk into coldness and carelessness and sin—when this awful chapter of mental history has been gone through, it seems as if there were no room more for expectation of permanent amendment and restoration, and nothing left to do but to let the slow tears drop on the grave of the heart's holiest hopes. If it were possible to know how to prevent these deadly seasons of coldness from returning to kill the blossoms of autumn, even the winter of life might bear its fruits. But the case seems well-nigh beyond help. All the ancient and positive religions of the world—notably the Judaic, Brahminical, Moslem, and Catholic Christian religions—have elaborately provided for these fluctuations by the machinery of frequently recurring seasons of penitence and rejoicing, confessions, fasts, and festivals. For those of us who cannot accept at second hand such a framework of times and seasons wherein to set our lives, and who feel that God alone, speaking in our hearts, and not the lips of any priest, must tell us when to rejoice and when to be sorrowful—for us, I say, all such machinery is of course inapplicable, and we are compelled to bear with our own unaided strength the strain of these oscillations. When our hearts are left bare and dry, and the rain and the dews of heaven fall not upon them, we have no artificial engines of revivals and penance, no Eucharist or Soma Sacrifice, no Passover or Ramadan, wherewith to refresh them; nay, rarely an Apollos to water what a Paul has planted. Yet more—those of us who believe in the goodness of God, as the followers of no traditional creed are wholly permitted to do, knowing Him to be altogether lovable, cannot but regard our own lapses into indifference and coldness with double-

edged horror and shame. It seems as if there can be nothing of good left in a heart which can be dead to such an appeal; and no hope for a soul which, having once tasted of *that* heavenly grace, can be false to the vows it has made to it. Where, then, is help for us to be found, since we cannot, will not, accept the sentence of eternal banishment? What shall we do to bind ourselves with chains of iron in our waking hours, so that when the deathly sleep falls on us, we shall not wander away in our heavy trance to sin and destruction? It is for souls which have solved this solemn question (if such there be amongst us) to give us their reply, for which, I, for one, should bless them from the depths of my heart. I have but intended in writing this paper to point out the nature of the great trouble (since somewhat is gained when we thoroughly recognise "that no temptation has befallen us but that which is common to men"), and to point out one or two mistakes often made about it, which, I apprehend, tend not a little to deepen the gloom it throws over many of us to our spiritual hurt.

It seems very important that we should distinguish the nature and origin of such alternations of religious feelings as those which I have described. Apparently there are, at least, three or four causes at work which produce them.

First.—There are such oscillations of the emotional parts of our nature, unquestionably due to physical causes over which we have little or no control, and regarding which it is idle to torture ourselves with regrets or repentance. An immense number of fatal mistakes have been made in this matter in bygone years by pious souls, who have rushed to a priest when they needed a physician, and counted themselves debarred from Heaven's love, when all they needed was Heaven's own sweet air and light from which they shut themselves out. In our time there seems little danger of this class of error, for the materialism of modern science

has permeated all our minds, and we are much too ready to say that the "spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak;" when the "flesh" on which we lay the blame is strong enough, were the spirit truly faithful to duty. Still, there are, doubtless, states wherein persons, in imperfect health, pass a definite portion of life in which there is actual physical inability to rise to the higher or warmer phases of emotions. The individual is in an effete, dull, enervated condition. The intellectual powers may appear to be in working order, but the sentiments are as if a sponge had been passed over them, and the man may, with perfect coldness and indifference, think of a topic which, in his normal state, moves his soul to its depths. In such a strait, it is obvious that the sufferer can, in no way, be responsible for feeling numb and dead to the claims of religion, and no better advice can be offered than that, while keeping as near to God as his sad state permits, he should distinctly absolve himself of wilful sin or negligence, and accept the sorrowful blank as a trial to be patiently endured, not a lapse to be repented. Those who have known such experiences have borne the testimony that if when it was utterly impossible to rouse the soul to *love* God, there was yet the will and effort to lie passive at His feet, to do and bear all His will; then, when the cloud was lifted at last, the joyful discovery was made that greater spiritual progress had taken place through the hours of darkness than in long periods of happier life. But here the caution seems very needful that we should be quite sure it is the body, and not the spirit, which is in fault, and the test of this seems plain enough. If, while we are dull and cold towards God, we retain all our human affections, warm and clear and vivid, if we are alive to every motion *except* those connected with religion, then we have only too good reason to doubt that it is our physical frames which cause our state, and are bound to look further, even deep, into our consciences for its explanation.

Secondly.—Overwork has very nearly the same effect on the spiritual condition as the languor of disuse. The man who, in the fulfilment of his duties, labours with brain or hands from dawn till night, and, harassed by a thousand cares, scarcely finds a solitary half-hour in the day wherein to be alone with his thoughts and with God, inevitably soon experiences a numbness of soul analogous to the weariness of the invalid. The emotions of awful reverence, of tender gratitude, and of solemn penitence cannot swell the heart in the midst of a crowd of busy thoughts, any more than a man can be affected by music heard in the rattle of a noisy street; and by degrees such sentiments, if not exercised, dwindle and disappear. The question asked by his Evangelical friend of the abolitionist, Clarkson: "Was he not afraid of neglecting his own soul amid his labours for the cause of the Negroes of Jamaica?" had thus a grain of real meaning, albeit every true Theist must applaud Clarkson's reply, "that he left God to take care of his soul while he did His work." How far the ordinary duties and pursuits of life should be permitted to encroach on the narrow margin of time, which religious men have nearly always reserved for "entering into their closets and shutting the door" on the world and its cares, is one of the most difficult of practical questions in many a life. To find that religion is receding from us while earthly interests grow keener, and heaven is farther away while "the world is more and more," is surely warning enough that something is wrong with us, and that we must revise the plan of our days.

Thirdly.—There is the great and terrible cause of religious fluctuations,—actual negligence and sin. Here there can be no exculpation; no question of whether we are to blame for the lapse from the pure air and serene stillness of the mountain tops to the clouds and storms of the valley. We may have made the descent either in one wild plunge, or in a series of imperceptible slidings through vanity and self-

indulgence into selfishness and sin. The result is the same, and nothing but retracing our steps with bleeding feet can restore us to our former place. How often this can be repeated, how many times God will have pity on us and call us back quickly, or how long we may be left to descend, and into what abysses we may fall, ere the Almighty arm lift us up all bruised and stained, who shall foretell? Here is the real terror—the one tremendous terror—of the religious life. Where is the saint amongst us who will teach us how to deal with it, how to keep on climbing higher and higher towards righteousness and truth and love, since if we but stand still upon the steep ascent we unfailingly slip down and fall?

As it is nearly always in our relations to our fellow-men that such lapses begin, as it seems as if we should always remain faithful to our vows, could our lives be spent alone with God, it would appear that it must be by the introduction of some new and higher law of charity that our safeguard must be found. As I have said elsewhere, "He who will teach us to *love the unlovely* will lead us into a land where our sun shall no more go down." But how this is to be done, I cannot tell. The Christian world to which its great Instructor tried to teach it eighteen centuries since, seems not to have begun to learn it yet. We shall, indeed, have God for our Father; when we have really taken to heart the Brotherhood of Man.

And, *lastly*, there is, I believe, a cause for the oscillations of the spiritual life different from any of those which I have named. There are surely a Divine flood-time and a Divine ebb-tide, no less than there are periods of human fluctuations. Not that God can really change or be nearer to us at one time than another. Such a thought is idle. But it may, and (as it would appear) it *does* please Him to act on our spirits intermittently, to let us sometimes feel His nearness, and sometimes "lift lame hands of faith and grope," and find Him not. Sometimes it is a light touch suddenly melting the heart with a glow of gratitude or penitence;

sometimes yet more and fuller revelation which is granted, and which for the time lifts up the soul into that true heaven, which has no need of the sun to lighten it. And then, again, months and years pass away, and no such sense is vouchsafed to us; no spark of love comes to kindle the fuel in our hearts, and we dwell in the shadow where once we rejoiced in the light. Like the prophet of old, we are called to live in the strength of the mysterious bread which has been given us for forty days of fasting. Why it should please our Father in Heaven to make this the law of our spiritual being (at least in the lower stages of progress), is not for us to say. Perhaps we may see that only by such means can we really undergo the education of this world, seeing that no pain could affright, no pleasure tempt, no trial touch the soul, while lasted for us the high meridian hour of communion. Even such a spirit as that of Christ came under the same law, since even he endured upon the cross the sense of absence and loss. In Gethsemane, when the resolution of self-devotion is made, there come angel-thoughts to strengthen the martyr. But on Calvary there is no voice to say, "This is my beloved Son," but "darkness over all the land," out of which comes the cry, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

If these things be so, we need neither fear nor be astonished when it befalls us to lose the higher happiness of religion, and to pass our days on the dry and dusty road of duty, instead of on the Delectable Mountains. If we are ever so happy as to stand self-acquitted of negligence or conscious lapse into sin, then the withdrawal of the vivid sense of the Divine presence need not alarm, however much it must grieve us. We may well "wait patiently for the Lord," for He will surely return and refresh us in His own good time. Nay, is He not near as ever to us even now with a double blessing in His hand for the obedience which is rendered in the hour of deadness of heart and dimness of vision?

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

A RECENT DISCUSSION OF ROMANS IX. 5.

AS the Editor of this Review is able to allow to his contributors a little more of the "liberty of prophesying" than is to be found in the pages of the *Expositor*, I avail myself of this advantage to offer the reader some account of a discussion, as to the punctuation and purport of this verse, which was recently published in the Magazine just named, between Canon Farrar and Dr. Sanday on the one side and myself on the other; as well as some further elucidation of the subject which the Editor of the *Expositor* did not consider admissible as a part of the second paper which he published with my signature.

In the *Expositor* for March last Canon Farrar has an article entitled, "Various Readings in the Epistle to the Romans," in the course of which he notices this verse, rendering it thus:—"Of whom according to the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever." Of this rendering Canon Farrar remarked, "That it is correct I myself believe, because (1) it is the most natural way of taking the words; because (2) it was so understood by the Early Church; and because (3) in all liturgical ascriptions to God the Father the word 'blessed' (*εὐλογητὸς*) comes *before*, and not (as here) *after*, the word 'God' in the original. But since in *most* uncials there is no punctuation worth speaking of, and in some cursives the stop is placed after 'according to the flesh,' so as to make the following words an utterance of praise (*God who is over all be blessed for*

ever!); and since Julian positively asserted that Paul has nowhere called Jesus God; many eminent modern commentators reject the punctuation of our Authorised Version."

This statement was evidently not sufficient to place the question of the punctuation of the verse fairly before the reader; and in the May number of the same Magazine I was permitted to offer some remarks on the subject. Of these the following is the substance:—

The words may properly be rendered thus: "Whose *are* the fathers, and of whom Christ *came*, as concerning the flesh. He who is God over all *is* blessed for ever." This is exactly the Greek order; the words "as concerning the flesh" standing, not before "Christ *came*" but after, a circumstance which is evidently in favour of the separate punctuation of the verse.* For the Authorized pointing it is urged by Canon Farrar (1) that it is the most natural way of taking the words. But how does this appear, seeing that St. Paul, although in his Epistles he has used the word God nearly six hundred times, has nowhere applied it to Christ, except in this very doubtful instance, and in one other which is equally disputable?† The word *εὐλογητός*, again, is never applied to Christ in the New Testament, but only to God. If, then, we may judge from the usage of the Apostle, the rendering of the Authorised Version is clearly *not* the most natural.

For the same rendering, it is further alleged (2) that the words were so understood "by the early Church." This statement requires qualification; but for the moment it may be conceded, and a few remarks on the point are reserved for a later part of this paper. Meantime, it may

* A still closer rendering of the words is this, "Whose *are* the fathers, and of whom *is* the Christ, as concerning the flesh. He who is over all God *is* blessed for ever;" and this rendering is preferable both for grammatical reasons and on account of the context.

† Tit. ii. 13.

be observed that even the ancient Church, as represented by the Fathers who quote or refer to the words, was by no means infallible. How little its testimony may be worth, Canon Farrar has himself informed us in the same article which has given occasion to these remarks. He tells us, in so many words, that "even the Fathers are often led by theological prejudice to insincere handling of the Word of God." It may be added that their philosophical speculations and, in particular, their theory of the Logos incarnate in Christ, exercised a great and misleading influence on their interpretation of the New Testament. These ancient writers are, in truth, often credulous and uncritical, and it easily follows that their testimony in a question of this kind is by no means conclusive, and may properly be disregarded, provided always that sufficient grounds exist (as in the present case) for disregarding it.

(3) As to the position of the word *εὐλογητὸς*, this is said to show that the words are not a doxology. This may, in a certain sense, be granted. The words are not an exclamation, nor are they a doxology in the optative sense, but only in what has been termed a declarative or affirmative sense. In this respect, they are closely parallel to Rom i. 25—*τὸν κτίσαντα, ὃς ἐστὶν εὐλογητὸς εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας*, and to 2 Cor. xi. 31: *ὁ Θεὸς . . . ὁ ὢν εὐλογητὸς εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας*. In these two instances, the words are introduced in much the same incidental and parenthetical manner as in the case before us, and *εὐλογητὸς* stands in a similar position.

In regard to the evidence of the manuscripts, it is clearly incorrect, or rather it is not the whole of the truth, to say that "there is no punctuation worth speaking of." Dr. Liddon had previously said, still more carelessly, that "two cursive MSS. of the twelfth century are the first that have a stop after *σάρκα*." The fact is, that of the four most ancient and important uncials Aleph, A, B, C, the latter three (which are referred to the fifth, the fourth, and the sixth

centuries respectively) contain the stop, leaving the following words to be read as a distinct sentence. A and C have not only a stop, but a space to make room for it. C has also a space, but the small cross which stands for a stop in that manuscript is doubtless from some hand much later than the date of the MS. There may have been a point originally;* but this manuscript, as is well known, is in places much discoloured and difficult to read, and it is so in this passage. Whatever doubt there may be as to a point having originally existed, there can be no doubt as to the space, which is the more important consideration. In the Alexandrine MS. (A) both space and stop are a *prima manu*. Nor are these the only MSS., uncial or cursive, in which this break, either stop or space, is found, although they are the oldest and most important. The most eminent modern authorities—such critics as Lachmann, Winer, Meyer, Tischendorf, Davidson, Jowett—have adopted this punctuation, and some of them have expressly defended it.† A recent commentator on the Epistle to the Romans, Dr. Sanday (in Bishop Ellicott's *Commentary*), thus sums up his observations on the question here discussed:—“Weighing the whole of the arguments against each other, the *data* do not seem to be sufficient to warrant a positive and dogmatic conclusion either way. The application to our Lord appears, perhaps, a little more probable of the two. More than this cannot be said.”

The foregoing remarks having in substance been sub-

* Since writing as above, I have been informed that the point may be perceived; but I did not myself see it when examining the MS. some time ago in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

† Very many other modern scholars of the highest authority (nearly all the most important) might be enumerated as having taken the same side. They are certainly not orthodox English clergymen like Dean Alford and Canon Farrar; but the list includes such names as Paulus, Bretschneider, Fritzsche, Ewald, De Wette, and I do not know that their want of orthodoxy, from the English point of view, need be considered as a disadvantage in any of them in a question of this kind.

mitted by the Editor of the *Expositor* to Canon Farrar and Dr. Sanday, these gentlemen replied to them in the same number of that magazine. In effect, both writers held that the fact of the presence of the stop in the uncials above mentioned does not add any appreciable weight to the case for a new punctuation of the verse. That fact, at the most, simply amounts to this—that some few unknown copyists in the centuries named deviated from the construction generally received by the Fathers, and are entitled to little or no consideration in comparison with the latter. But even granting this, still, if the punctuation of the manuscripts be referred to at all, it should at least be accurately and fully given, and not passed over in the hasty and misleading way in which Canon Farrar referred to it, as “not worth speaking of.” Evidently, it *is* worth speaking of, and not uninteresting; although different opinions may fairly be held as to its value. This must be admitted, seeing that stops occur in the MSS. in places where we should not expect to find them, and sometimes where it is not possible to recognise any break in the construction such as is now understood when a full stop occurs. But, on the other hand, this is not always the case. Not unfrequently these stops correspond exactly to the sense, as in the case of the full stop which is found in the Vatican MS. (B) after the word ἀμῆν at the close of Rom. ix. 6. One thing appears to be quite clear—the occurrence of the point in MSS. belonging to the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries respectively should render it impossible to speak of this punctuation as a “modern innovation,” as I have heard it termed, or as occurring for the first time in cursive MSS. of the 12th century.

Whether, again, we should attribute a full distinctive value to the stop after σάρα, should surely depend, not on the interpretation followed by speculative Fathers full of the Logos philosophy, but on the context of the passage itself,

and most especially on St. Paul's actual use of the word *θεός*. On this latter point there can be no doubt whatever, for the case of Titus ii. 13 can by no means be made to appear an exception to that usage.

The objection to the authorised punctuation founded upon the Apostle's use of *θεός* is met by Canon Farrar in a way which is too curious to be passed over without notice. I give his words:—"We quite fearlessly assert that our Lord's full Divinity is found implicitly and explicitly asserted in every single Epistle of St. Paul, as well as writ large in the Epistles of the second imprisonment and the Pastoral Epistles. With 1 Thess. iii. 11; Phil. ii. 6; Coloss. i. 15, ii. 9; 1 Cor. iv. 4—6; 2 Cor. xiii. 14; Ephes. v. 27, &c., before us, who can have one moment's doubt that St. Paul would hesitate to speak of Christ as God?" With these passages full in view, and very carefully considered, I have certainly the very utmost doubt. But to say this will appear to be only to set assertion against assertion, and this determines nothing. Yet at least the fact remains untouched, that St. Paul has nowhere in express terms spoken as Canon Farrar thinks he would not have hesitated to speak; and further, there is not one of the passages referred to which, when looked at a little below the surface, will justify any very certain inference that he could ever have done so. For when so looked into, one by one, they are found either to have no bearing on the question in dispute, or the only inference they warrant is one to the *opposite* effect.

We may take as examples three of these passages which are the most likely to be thought effective as proof texts by orthodox readers.

(1) Philip. ii. 6. Paul here recommends the Philippians to be lowly-minded, because Christ was so; "who, being in the form of God, thought not the being equal with God a thing to be seized, but emptied himself." Here,

evidently, the writer does not "speak of Christ as God," but only says that he was "in the form of God." These words are doubtless obscure; but the obscurity is not removed by adopting an explanation which surely involves what is incredible, implying as it does that the Eternal Being put off His Deity for a time and appeared on earth as a man in lowly circumstances; and that for this self-abasement He was in some mysterious way exalted and rewarded by having a name given Him which is above every name! *This* interpretation, at all events, does not remove the difficulty, or clear away obscurity, or leave any resulting meaning which can give satisfaction to a thoughtful mind. Most probably the Apostle does not mean "the form of God;" but "the form of a god;" and this may simply refer to the Messianic exaltation which St. Paul everywhere shows us that he conceived to attach to Jesus Christ. By virtue of this, Christ was, and to the Apostle's view might have been, "in the form of a god." He was entitled, as the Messiah, to the rights and glories of that great character; yet for a time he gave up these, did not claim them, but emptied himself, and lived on earth as a common man. For this his obedience even unto death, God exalted him (the Apostle says) and gave him a pre-eminent name. This interpretation of the passage at least makes sense of it. It corresponds also to the historical circumstances of the case, and the high terms in which Paul everywhere speaks of the risen Christ. But it does not make him "God," and it may still be held that the Apostle at least did not commit himself to any such conclusion, whatever may have been done by ill-judging Fathers and others of later times.

In opposition to this interpretation it may be said that the words *ἐν μορφῇ θεοῦ ὑπάρχων*, being in the form of God, and in particular the word *ὑπάρχων*, denote an original or essential existence, as distinct from outward appearance, and

what can it refer to except that hidden, mysterious nature which was for a time abandoned? Such a force of the word *ἰνάρχων* is extremely questionable in New Testament and Pauline usage; for the word occurs in numerous cases in which it will be found to be impossible to ascribe to it any such meaning.* But, granting its existence in this instance, the original or prior condition which it may imply is simply that belonging to the Messianic character, which for the time was laid aside.

(2) In Col. i. 15, also appealed to by Canon Farrar, Christ is spoken of as the "*image* of the invisible God, the first-born of all creation." Whatever this may mean, it surely does not warrant the assertion that St. Paul would not "hesitate to speak of Christ as God."

(3) In 2 Cor. xiii. 14, the reference to the Apostle's language appears to be equally unfortunate. It is, indeed, more than equally inapposite. It is conclusive against the assertion here in question. "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, *and* the love of God." What can more clearly show that the writer here again, as elsewhere, conceived of Christ and of God as two separate objects of thought? That they are here joined together in one sentence can by no means justify the conclusion that Paul conceived of them either as one and the same Divine Being, or as each separately and equally God.

But Canon Farrar not only holds that St. Paul would not hesitate to speak of Christ as God, but he has also his evidence ready to show that he could have termed him even "God over all." The usual proof texts are at hand for this purpose; and they are about equally conclusive with those which have just been considered. Canon Farrar asks the question, "Is not 'over all' the conception of

* The reader will easily see this in a Greek Concordance; compare, for example, Rom. iv. 19. In such cases *ἰνάρχων* is simply equivalent to *being, existing*, and can mean nothing more.

Isaiah ix. 7; Daniel vii. 13, 14; Matthew xxviii. 18; Ephesians i. 20—23; 1 Peter iii. 22; Hebrews i. 8, &c.?" In reply, I would observe as follows:—Isaiah ix. 7 does not refer to Christ at all, and is never applied to him in the New Testament. In the verses referred to in Daniel and in Matthew xxviii. 18, 19, the "Son of Man" in the one case, and Jesus in the other, are represented as having all power "given;" and how does such an expression show that he to whom it was *given* was conceived of as "God over all?" The "all" may, indeed, be limited, as Canon Farrar suggests, by referring it to the fact that the Messianic dominion was to be over unbelieving Jews and Gentiles, as well as Christians; but still he who holds that dominion evidently, in the conception of the writer of these verses (Matt. xxviii. 18, 19), does so by the gift, the appointment, of another, and such expressions cannot, therefore, justify the application of Rom. ix. 5 to Christ. In Ephes. i. 20, Christ is said to be raised from the dead and "set" on high, and here again to receive all that is ascribed to him by the gift of One that "hath put all things under his feet." Similar remarks apply to 1 Peter iii. 22, and very specially to Hebrews i. 8, 9, in which we see that the "Son" is a God who has "fellows," and that there is even One who "appointed" him and "anointed" him; and so here again therefore the conception cannot be that of a being who was originally and in his own nature "God over all." In all these passages, I submit, the words referred to by Canon Farrar entirely fail to justify the argument which he would build upon them.

There remain still a few words to be said in regard to the interpretation put upon this verse by the Fathers. There can be no doubt that most of these writers, from Irenæus downwards, did apply the words, "God over all," to Christ. But most probably they did so in the sense in which they appear to have been accepted by Epiphanius. An expression

of this Father shows us that Christ was so described, because of his own words, when he said, "All things are committed to me by my Father." "On this account," Epiphanius adds, "He is God over all" (See Tischendorf's quotation from Epiphanius, in his long, critical Note on Rom. ix. 5). Eusebius, too, speaks of Christ as "the only beloved and only begotten Son of Him who is the only God and over all" (See the words in Tischendorf, in the same note). The Fathers, holding the Logos doctrine, could easily, and would almost of necessity, apply the words to Christ; but then the Logos was God, with the earlier of these writers, in no absolute sense, but only in an inferior and secondary sense; Christ, therefore, as the Logos incarnate, was "over all" by delegation only, as the representative of the invisible God, not as being himself the absolutely supreme and only true God. This may be illustrated from two passages cited, one from Origen and the other from Eusebius, in Norton's "Statement of Reasons," in which those Fathers term it a rash and a daring thing to say that Christ was God over all, Origen adding, "We believe him [the Saviour] when he said the Father, who sent me, is greater than I." In another place Origen speaks of Christ as the "image of the invisible God," and also of "the holy prophets and apostles" as his "fellows" (Origen de Princip. II. vi. 3, 6). From such expressions it seems clear in what sense the earlier Fathers looked upon Christ as God and as "over all." It could, by no means, be a supreme divinity which they attributed to him, but only the same kind of communicated, representative Godhead which had already long before been attributed to the Logos by Philo. In the statements of this writer it may, indeed, be a question whether even a separate personality is really attributed to the Logos. Of this, however, there can be no doubt in the case of the Fathers, because of the separate personality of him in whom, as they said, the

Logos became incarnate. And, in truth, this is the one new element which the Fathers added to the ancient conception, as it is also the special addition made to that conception in the Fourth Gospel.

This Gospel, however, as Canon Farrar is careful to inform us, is the authority which he follows in his doctrine of the divinity of Christ, and not the Fathers. The distinction does not appear to be of great importance: for what if the whole conception of the Logos, whether in the Fourth Gospel or in the Fathers, is essentially artificial, a mere mode of thought, substantially corresponding to nothing really existing, so far as we can know, in the nature of things human or divine? Believing it to be so, with all due respect to the Fathers and to any other writer of ancient times who adopted the same mode of thought, we may decline to follow them in speaking of Jesus of Nazareth as "God over all," even in the Logos sense. They are no adequate or authoritative exponents of the teaching either of Paul or of Christ. And I say this partly for the reason before stated as given by Canon Farrar himself, when he speaks of the "theological prejudice" of the Fathers, and their "insincere handling of the Word of God;" and partly for a reason already alluded to, which is even more weighty, and which is as applicable to the Fourth Gospel as to the Fathers. This is the impossibility of regarding as the central and most characteristic essence of the Christian Gospel a doctrine which in its origin and development was so entirely a product of Greek speculative philosophy, and which in all essentials was held by Philo long before a word of either Gospels or Epistles was written. The fact that the writer of the Fourth Gospel, whoever he was, adopts the same mode of conception, gives no conclusive authority to the Logos doctrine as one to be permanently received as divine truth. The source of that doctrine remains the same, not in Christian

teaching, but in Gentile philosophical speculation. It may be termed a graft upon Christianity, a corruption, we may say, of the simplicity of the Gospel, but it does not belong to its essence. And, indeed, very probably, with the fourth Evangelist it was no more than a way of saying what Paul also says, that God was with Christ and in him, the divine source of his wisdom and power; not that Christ was God, in any proper sense of this word, but simply that he was the Instrument, the Minister, the Son, through whom God spake in these latter days to the world, as in former times He had spoken unto the fathers by the prophets.

In conclusion, it is clear that neither Canon Farrar nor Dr. Sanday insists upon the Authorised punctuation in this passage; but, although with an avowed leaning in its favour, they both allow that the other is properly admissible. I have already quoted the words of Dr. Sanday to this effect as found in his *Commentary on the Romans*. In his second paper in the *Expositor* (September, 1879) in reference to the proposal to place a stop after *σάρκα* and commence a new sentence with the following words, he observes, "I do not doubt that the words may be properly, that is grammatically, so divided and so interpreted." This is all that I contend for. Canon Farrar expresses himself much to the same effect, writing at the close of his May paper (*Expositor*, p. 402) that he had come to "the very same conclusion" as Dr. Sanday in his "Commentary." Here the matter may very well be left. The Authorised punctuation is no longer insisted upon as necessary, but admitted to be at least doubtful, and a matter only of personal preference; and this by two English scholars so competent and so orthodox as Canon Farrar and Dr. Sanday.

Both these gentlemen express their surprise that any one should be in doubt as to St. Paul having held the doctrine of the Logos, and refer to the introductory verses of the

Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians as affording conclusive evidence that he did so. The question is too large for discussion as a part of the present paper, and must stand over for some future opportunity. I will only observe that, even with the two passages just named fully in view, it is to me by no means certain that the Apostle was a holder of the Logos philosophy. The contrary conclusion I think by far the more probable.

G. VANCE SMITH.

*FARRAR'S ST. PAUL.**

HE is a bold man who proceeds to write a life of the Apostle of the Gentiles within ten years after publishing a life of Christ. A writer who deems half that period adequate for the preparation of an account of St. Paul's career covering thirteen hundred pages, displays, certainly, that self-confidence which is an indispensable condition of a rapid and brilliant popularity. Yet we fear that such fluency of pen may prove fatal to solid and enduring fame.

In endeavouring to form a judgment of Canon Farrar's large and handsome book, we are met at the outset by a certain difficulty in determining for what class of readers it is intended. Its style and tone would seem to indicate that it is addressed less to students than to the great mass of those who read the Scriptures for edification, and in this aspect we are able to extend to it a great measure of approval. It is stated in the preface that the object of this work is to do for the Acts, and the thirteen Epistles of St. Paul, what the author's *Life of Christ* was intended to do for the Gospels—namely, to enable the reader to obtain “a definite, accurate, and intelligible impression of St. Paul's teaching; of the controversies in which he was engaged; of the circumstances which educed his statements of doctrine and practice; of the inmost heart of his theology in each of

* *The Life and Work of St. Paul.* Two vols. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., &c. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

its phases ; of his Epistles as a whole, and of each Epistle in particular, as complete and perfect in itself." The whole subject is accordingly woven into a narrative, in which the Epistles appear in what is thought to be their proper places, the more important parts of them being presented in a new version, which is meant to reproduce as closely as possible, without regard to elegance, the exact force and form of the original. Canon Farrar could not execute this task without producing a work in many ways interesting. We have the same vividness of treatment, the same wealth of illustration, the same vigour of statement and exuberance of style as in the former work. An extensive knowledge of the history and antiquities of the period is brought to bear on every point. The author's Talmudical reading is constantly, and often effectively, made use of. Illustrations and parallels are brought from the literature of all ages. A wonderful air of reality is often given to the story by indicating how the events appeared from the point of view of each different actor. To many this ingenuity in attempting to satisfy a natural curiosity will have its charm. We often feel disappointed that the story stops where it does, and Canon Farrar is not a writer who follows too strictly the Hebrew apophthegm which he quotes—"Learn to say, I don't know." He benevolently suggests the continuation, and helps us to imagine what arrangements Paul made with the High Priest after his conversion ; in what terms Gallio may have written to his brother Seneca after the Apostle had been brought before him ; what thoughts may have filled the mind of the Apostle as he made his way from that interview back to "his lodging in the squalid shop of Aquila and Priscilla ;" and why Luke did not wake up Eutychus when he saw him falling asleep. Those who are interested chiefly in the external and personal elements of the New Testament history will find in this work an illustrated guide, which will meet many of their wishes. In reading it they

will also reap this great advantage—that the Epistles, those of them especially which bring us in contact with the real life of the Churches, will speak to them not as doctrinal treatises, but as the living words, dealing with great questions, of an intensely-living man.

But this work claims to be more than a commentary and a repository of illustrations. The view which it sets forth of the life and work of the Apostle Paul is based upon a certain position in criticism, and is appealed to as a justification of that position. The author claims that the truthfulness and consistency of his sketch prove the soundness of his views regarding the Acts and the Epistles (i. 11). It is stated that the object of these volumes is not controversial; yet they contain a good deal of controversy. The names of the great Tübingen scholars, and of their followers in France and in this country, frequently appear on the pages. The writer asserts that he has carefully studied the objections urged against the authenticity and the statements of the New Testament writings. He has remained unconvinced by what he has read. This is not to be wondered at, as the modern criticism has appeared to him in the light of a pure work of destruction. In its character as a work of construction, as an attempt to find the central line of development of Christian thought and life to the creed and structure of the Church, there is no evidence in these volumes that he has comprehended it. His criticisms deal only with points of detail. In reading the works of Baur and his followers, he appears to have kept his mind strictly on the defensive, noting down the rejoinders which could be urged at each particular point. By criticism such as this, it is well known that the Tübingen theology refuses to be judged. The attempt has been made in this century as it never was made before, to show that in the early history of Christianity there was a real development to which an energetic con-

lict of parties and of views within the Church materially contributed, and in their relation to which the New Testament writings are to be arranged if we are really to understand them. This theory has been worked out in many different ways, and in points of detail its upholders are far from being agreed. It rests its claims not on its details, but on the consistency and likelihood of the picture which it gives of the first Christian century. Canon Farrar is right in appealing to his sketch of the Apostle Paul as a whole in proof of his critical opinions. But should he not have judged the Tübingen theology in the same way? The question is whether the Paul of the Tübingen theology or the Paul of Canon Farrar, or any other who may yet appear, will best approve himself as a reality to the mind of an age like this—which of them is fittest to survive? Of course, the picture which will at last prevail must be consistent with the sources, duly sifted and weighed; but it must also be thinkable, and have a living connection with what went before and what came after. It is from this point of view that Canon Farrar very naturally wishes his work to be judged.

Our author's critical position must first be stated. It is a very simple one. He holds that we have thirteen Epistles by the Apostle Paul. With regard to each disputed Epistle, it is stated that the arguments against its authenticity have been carefully examined and found wanting. On the Pastoral Epistles there is less confidence of tone, their case being discussed in a separate excursus of sixteen pages. The Acts is held to be a homogeneous work, compiled by Luke, the author of the third Gospel. Here, however, some notable concessions are made to modern criticism. The author is able to allow that the work was "an ancient Eirenicon, intended to check the strife of parties by showing that there had been no irreconcilable opposition between the views and ordinances of St. Peter and those of St.

Paul ; " " that subjective and artificial considerations may have had some influence in the form and construction of the book ; " " that it gives a picture of essential unity between the followers of the Judaic and the Pauline schools of thought which we might conjecture from the Epistles to have been less harmonious and undisturbed ; " and that in it we " more than once see Paul acting in a way which, from the Epistles, we should have deemed unlikely " (i. 8). We also find it said that Luke had a purpose which guided him in the choice of his materials (ii. 294), and that his object was to show the fundamental unity which existed among Christians, and not to dwell upon the temporary differences which unhappily divided them. In spite of all this, it is held, nevertheless, that in its main outlines the work is a genuine and trustworthy history. From the fact that the Apostle refers to a number of events in his experience which are not recorded in the Acts, it is seriously inferred that his life was too many-sided to be fully recorded either by himself or his biographer, and that there may have been phases of character which have not left a distinct reflection in the Epistles. In cases where the Book of Acts contains apparent contradictions, these, it is argued, must be unimportant, or else so careful a writer would not have left them side by side. Thus the history, as Canon Farrar writes it, partakes of the character of a harmony, and labours under all the disadvantages of that system. For remarkable feats in the way of harmonising, we may refer to the account of the gift of tongues, and to that of the conversion of the Apostle Paul.

One word more before we leave this part of the subject. In a note at the end of the second volume, p. 608, we find it admitted that pseudonymity and literary deception were regarded in antiquity as very different things, and that the word " forger " is inaccurate as applied to authors of pseudonymous Epistles. An author holding such a view

would have done well to avoid the use of an opprobrious term, and to employ some circumlocution. The use of the word "forger" in connection with Epistles of the New Testament, implies an argument on the question of their authenticity, which Canon Farrar allows to be an illegitimate one. Yet we find the word used without explanation in the text and notes of earlier parts of the work, with reference to the authorship of the Colossian and the Ephesian Epistles (ii. 454, 486, 488). In the latter passage, the argument implied in the word is actually stated and relied on. We are told that an imitator must have "deliberately intended to deceive the Church and the world;" that "the spirit in which a forger would have sat down to write, is not the spirit which could have poured forth so grand a Eucharistic hymn," and that the writer, if not the Apostle Paul, must have "deliberately sat down with a lie in his right hand to write a false superscription." The word "fraudulent" is also applied to the author of the Acts (i. 113), should the statement be inaccurate that Paul was a scholar of Gamaliel. In this connection it may also be noted that Canon Farrar twice imputes to those critics who question the genuineness of Pauline Epistles, the motive of wishing to get rid of doctrines contained in these works (ii. 451, 540). Their position may surely be accounted for on other grounds.

When we turn to the picture of the Apostle Paul, with which we are presented in these volumes, and on which their author relies as justifying his critical position, we find it often somewhat difficult to know exactly what is the gist of Canon Farrar's statements; the abundance of his rhetoric makes it hard to define his positions; but perhaps it may be possible to state the broad outlines of his picture, so far as they concern our purpose, without serious misrepresentation.

The first thing that strikes us about the Paul of this book

is, that his life is determined, not from within, by the necessities of his thought, but mostly from without, by the various influences which act on him from time to time. Each change in his action, each development in his doctrine is explained by considering the circumstances in which at that time he happened to be placed. Beginning with his conversion, we find that there had been a certain mental preparation leading up to it; that his contact with the Christians had been causing him to glide into their doctrines, and that his conscience revolted against the business on which he was coming to Damascus. His seeing Jesus is accounted for by the well-known hypothesis of a vision, which was not produced by any external object. His conversion, however, was an absolute miracle; it was by the direct intervention of God that he became convinced of the resurrection of Jesus, and of his power. The belief in his mission to the Gentiles did not spring at once by a logical necessity from his belief in a crucified Messiah; it was miraculously introduced into his mind along with a number of other beliefs and expectations, and it was capable of wavering. After his conversion, he at once sought retirement in Arabia, partly with the view of assuring himself, on the spot where Mosaism originated, that he was really in possession of a truth capable of supplanting that system. In this retirement, the painful malady began, which, throughout the rest of his life, depressed him, and rendered his consciousness morbidly sensitive. On returning to the world, he did not preach to the Gentiles, but preached to the Jews at Damascus a gospel precisely similar to that of the twelve. He went up to Jerusalem expecting to find great pleasure in the society of the brethren there, and learned much from Peter about the life and teaching of the Lord. But, failing to gain a footing among the body of the disciples, he might at this time have been lost to the work of the Church, had not Barnabas come forward to vouch for his sincerity. He

then preached in Jerusalem the same doctrine as at Damascus. Retiring to Tarsus, he lived, for a time, in seclusion, waiting for the call to preach to the Gentiles, which it had been promised that he should receive. The beginning of his preaching to the Gentiles occurred at Antioch, where that work had been going on for some time before his arrival. He had before this been pondering the subject of a mission to the Gentiles, and finding evidence in favour of it in the Old Testament Scriptures; yet it was Barnabas who now for the second time saved him for the work of Christianity, and placed him face to face with the occupation, which otherwise he might not have taken up. By the ordination of the Church of Antioch, he received the full title of Apostle, and was accredited to the Gentile mission. There was nothing novel in his earlier preaching. His sermon at Antioch in Pisidia was formed on the speech of Stephen, which he had heard, and the preservation of which, in the Acts, we owe to his reporting, and on that of the Apostle Peter. It contained the germ of his later doctrines.

At this period of his activity the Apostle preached circumcision as a rule for the Jews, as a charitable concession for the Gentiles. He preached a Gospel of Universalism, as Peter had done before him, representing God as one to whom the son of Abraham was not dearer than any one in any nation who feared Him and worked righteousness; and it was implied, rather than stated, that circumcision was not essential for a Christian. What first led him to regard the question as one of capital importance, was the espionage of the false brethren at Antioch; but even at this point his views on the subject were far from being final, and he went up to Jerusalem not without misgivings that he might be wrong. He went there to obtain a decision on the question, and was confirmed in the conviction that he did right in dispensing with circumcision, by the discovery that the Apostles there

had no clear light to throw on the subject. After gaining over the pillar-Apostles to his view, he yielded to the clamour of their bigoted and undisciplined Church, and caused Titus to be circumcised. This was not a surrender of the position he had now become resolved to maintain, but merely a stretch of charity: the rule being proved by the exception. His words to the Galatians on the subject have an apologetic tone. He returned to Antioch clear in his views and conscious of his power, and inspired the Church there with his own convictions. He discharged a painful duty in his rebuke of Peter's tergiversation. It is not certain whether the words in which, in narrating this occurrence, he goes on to state his own position of justification by faith only, were spoken to Peter or not. In spite of this painful scene, he always maintained friendly feelings towards Peter and the other Apostles of the Jewish Church, which they did not fail to reciprocate.

His thought and teaching after this point took such directions as the circumstances of his travels and the needs of the Churches impressed on them. To the hindrance which altered his route (Acts xvi. 6), the visit to Galatia was due; and Canon Farrar concludes very strangely that had that hindrance not been interposed the Epistle to the Galatians might never have been written, and the whole course of Christian theology might have been entirely changed. At Athens we are told that he preached the Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven, and that he preached the Cross. The latter statement, however, is contradicted a few pages further on. At Corinth the subject of his preaching was the Messiahship of Jesus, and the broad fact of a Redeemer crucified for sin. The vow which he undertook at this time is "significant as a proof of his *personal* allegiance to the Levitical institutions, and his desire to adopt a policy of conciliation towards the Jewish Christians of the Holy City."

Such is Canon Farrar's account of the earlier ministry of the great Apostle. At this point we reach the firmer ground of the four great Epistles, of which the author considers that the two to the Corinthians were written first. We venture to think that the treatment of these Epistles is the most satisfactory part of the work. Canon Farrar is at home in the rich and varied incident to which they introduce us. He excels in breadth of treatment rather than the minute matters of criticism or in the power of tracking the Apostle's path through his elliptical and unfamiliar arguments. Here we sometimes notice a tendency to escape to some theological notion with which we are more familiar. Nor will the position taken up with regard to the disturbers of the Churches of Galatia and Corinth hold water, that they were isolated and unaccredited fanatics, against whom the Apostle might have appealed had he chosen—(why did he not choose?)—to the unbroken sympathy felt for him by the head of the Church at Jerusalem. In spite of that drawback, however, the biographer is very capable of sympathy with the Apostle, and possesses both the generosity and the intensity which are needed for entering into the practical position, and making the old words assume once more the light and heat with which they glowed at first.

After enjoying the Epistles under Canon Farrar's guidance, it is a painful change to be taken forthwith to the scenes of the last visit to Jerusalem, where the Apostle is made to appear in a sadly different light, and parts at once with his doctrine and his pride. The argument for the impossibility of the Apostle having made a public exhibition of his conformity to the law is stated, indeed, with great force and candour; but we are presently told that two principles laid down in the Epistles are sufficient to explain the Apostle's action, the first being his willingness to waive what was indifferent for the sake of charity, and the second

the propriety of each man's remaining in the state in which he was. He did not think it worth while to cease to be a Jew. Yet Canon Farrar betrays his sympathy with John Knox, whom he quotes as asserting that on this occasion the Apostle did wrong. In speaking of Paul's finesse before the Sanhedrim, he acknowledges that the Apostle was guilty of conduct unworthy of him. In extenuation it is pleaded that our strict ideas of veracity are peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race, and cannot be looked for in the ancient world. By a doubtful piece of exegesis it is also suggested that the Apostle afterwards expressed regret for his conduct on this occasion. Before Festus we find Paul preaching with the force of long familiarity, and with intense conviction, the same doctrine as that of Peter in the first days of the Church at Jerusalem.

Canon Farrar believes that the Apostle escaped the Nero-nian persecution, and wrote the seven later Epistles from a second captivity in Rome. The reason why the teaching of these is so different from that of the great Epistles, though all the eleven were written within a period of ten years, is again that new circumstances had arisen and called for the statement of new doctrines. It is asserted that the Christology of the Epistles to the Ephesians and the Colossians is to be found in the earlier letters too. These Epistles were due to the rise in Asia Minor of a tendency to Gnostic views, in which, though it had not assumed the dimensions of a heresy, the Apostle foresaw great danger to his Churches. In the Pastoral Epistles, Canon Farrar allows that there is a marked failure of vigour on the part of the Apostle, and that the distinctive characteristics of his energetic years have receded to the background. Such is the picture of the great Apostle of the Gentiles which we are asked to regard as so consistent and satisfactory that it justifies the critical position on which it is based. What are we to say of it?

Great as the merits of Canon Farrar's work are in some

directions, it would be going too far to say that he has succeeded in bringing the figure of the Apostle clearly before us. To a certain kind of skill it might not be impossible to work into one history the Paul who wrote to the Galatians, the Paul of the Acts, and the Paul of the later Epistles. Canon Farrar does little to show the unity of these several characters. He deals with each in succession, and argues that it is not impossible that they may be the same, but his art wants subtlety to fuse them into one. His Paul, therefore, it must be said, is devoid of any living continuity; his days are not linked each to each by natural piety; we see neither the root of his growth nor the unity of his form. He is a personage without a backbone either of thought or principle; his views are formed, not by the operation of an intensely logical mind, but by the pressure of varying circumstances. Many of his acts are forced on him by influences against which his higher nature rebels, and for some of them, and these are not the least important, he has to seek an apology.

Did space allow, we could point out that Canon Farrar's delineation rests on an exegesis of the Acts and the Epistles which, for the sake of the harmony believed to exist between these sources, is forced at some points to do violence to their natural meaning. It is of more moment to point out how impossible it is to realise to our minds the history as he states it, and how, for want of an internal principle of growth, he is frequently obliged to call in the supernatural to help on the course of events, even where the texts do not suggest it. Let it be considered, for example, how it is possible that the Apostle's great doctrines could ever retire to the background of his mind. They have held their place in the history of the Church, and appeared again and again as the watchwords of true religious revivals, and it is not likely that their author could himself

forget them by change of scene or by the advance of age. Before his principles had sunk to quiescence in the minds of his followers, and long before the zealots of Jerusalem, whom the Apostles were so little able to control, had desisted from their hostility, how could the Apostle write Epistles on the unity of the Church in which Jew and Gentile appear standing peacefully on one platform, and the new doctrines are softened down so as to be inoffensive to every one? It is impossible to compress such a development as this within the limits of ten years.

The reason of Canon Farrar's failure to produce a lifelike representation, in spite of all the liking he has for his subject, lies primarily in a deficient conception of the progress of theology in the times of the Apostles. The first authority for the life of Paul lies undoubtedly in his own Epistles; there, and there only, do we receive any information as to the history of his mind and the growth of his thought. And the life of Paul was the outcome of his thought, as few lives have ever been. His doctrine and himself were one. He was prepared for it from the beginning, and it was no mere theological opinion, but a great spiritual impulse of the age which took up its residence in him. And he who would know Paul must know his doctrine. He must understand what was the logical outcome to the Jew of the notion of a crucified Messiah, and see how the earlier Apostles were not logical enough to apprehend the meaning of Christ crucified, and therefore fell into inconsistency. Then he will not fail to see that to Paul, Christ crucified and the mission to the Gentiles were not two doctrines, but one, and that there could be no doubt for him, after his conversion, what he was to do, and little doubt, perhaps, even at the beginning of his ministry, what battles he would have to fight. What was precisely the belief of the original Apostles? What was precisely the difference between that belief and the

doctrine of Paul? Without clear views upon these questions, no living grasp of the history of the Apostolic age is possible. In the absence of a strict discipline in this part of the subject, such as the labours of Holsten have made more possible to us than before, the work of Canon Farrar has fallen into great confusion. The preaching of the older Apostles at the very outset of Christianity is credited with notions which were the mature result of Pauline thought, and Paul is represented as preaching to the very end the elementary doctrine which, from the first, he had felt to be an inadequate rendering of the great fact of Christ crucified.

And as the foundation of this work is not laid deep enough in the great elements of the Apostle's thought, so its superstructure is dwarfed and cramped by the supposed necessity of confining all the stages of Pauline thought in the New Testament to the short space of the Apostle's lifetime. To a writer whose hold on the great standards of Paulinism contained in the principal Epistles is but loose, it appears the natural policy to accept all the works which have come down in the Apostle's name, and to set himself to account for their changed subjects and tone as best he may. To one who finds it hard to persuade himself that works so different from the great Epistles as some of these are, can proceed from the same hand, and who has apprehended the conditions of authorship in ancient times, as Canon Farrar himself has stated them, a much wider and more imposing view of the history of the first Christian century reveals itself. The forces at work within the Church sufficed for the production not only of hymns (which are frequently referred to in the second volume of this work), but also of great Epistles in which the new thought of the Church was so adequately expressed, that believers admitted these productions to a place beside the first documents of their faith, and did not frown upon the fiction that they

were written by the hand of the mighty dead. In like manner, the desire was satisfied to obtain a representation of the history of early times which might better correspond to the growing sense of unity than the glimpses of a stormy epoch to be found in the earlier Epistles. The materials were collected for this end from various quarters, and so the Church obtained its Eirenicon, a history not perfect but suited to its needs, in which old controversies were dimmed over, and a picture was held up on which an uncritical and peace-loving generation could gaze with satisfaction. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and there were noble writers after Paul, who owe it to their own modesty, as well as to the literary habits of their age, that their names are unrecorded.

From Canon Farrar's frankness and openness of mind, we are persuaded that he will be glad of an opinion on his work written from a point of view which he has not seen fit to adopt.

ALLAN MENZIES.

THE ANCIENT BUDDHIST BELIEF CONCERNING GOD.

THE Buddhist movement owed its origin to a man who would be more accurately described as an earnest thinker than as a social and religious reformer. This alone would go far to explain its far-reaching and abiding influence. Political and theological reformers who are only just in advance of their generation are most useful—nay, indispensable—agents in the rise of humanity; and they reap, for the most part, substantial rewards from widespread sympathy and popular acclaims. But just as the politicians of to-day carry into effect—and this, too often, slowly and inadequately—the results arrived at by the thinkers of a previous generation; so it is to earnest thinkers on the deepest mysteries of life, men unknown or neglected in their own time, that the popular leaders of each generation of religious reformers owe the inspiration and the influence which enable them to carry their tiny, temporary, measures of reform. The children's children of those who despised them build gorgeous sepulchres to these men “of the divine eye.” And they also do their best, alas! to bury away out of sight, under a gorgeous covering of fairy legend and wondrous tale, both the true history of their lives and the true record of their thoughts. But the influence of their lives survives through all, and their thoughts—often misunderstood, misrepresented, twisted into the support of fantastic notions, and even grievous wrongs—are a guide,

meanwhile, to many an inquiring heart, and only die out at last in giving birth to newer and larger ideas, in which the old are still the greatest part.

It is strange, and somewhat sad, to notice how many generations—even many centuries, pass away, before the greatest thoughts of the greatest thinkers reach their full fruition in becoming thus the starting-point of a new progress. This was the case, as in so many other instances, with the teaching of the Buddha regarding the gods, a doctrine the originality of which can only be understood by a comparison with the belief out of which it arose, and which, for a time, at least, it was able to supplant.

These previous beliefs had run in India a course very similar to that which had resulted in the corresponding beliefs in other lands. It is true that the Vedas, the oldest record of Indian beliefs, show us already an advanced stage in the growth of theology; but they afford satisfactory evidence of the previous stage, common to the Aryans and to the other races of mankind. The Aryans had come to believe (most probably through the influence of dreams) in the existence of another self, different and distinct from man's bodily self, which continued to exist in some vague way, and for a time, at least, after death. At the same time they had acquired a belief in a similar kind of ghost or spirit residing in outward things, and especially in all things that moved, such as animals, trees, and heavenly appearances. It is in this stage of "animistic" belief that most of the present so-called savages are now found. But it should never be forgotten that, compared with what Man through countless ages before them had been, these believers in animated nature had really made a very enormous progress. Nor should it be overlooked that, compared with what Man may be, with what he almost certainly will be, they stand at a level not so very different, as is commonly supposed, from our own.

The next stage of belief is one common also to the Aryans and to all other races who have advanced at all beyond the animistic stage. The more powerful of the spirits of the outside world became objects of greater fear than the rest, they were endowed with higher attributes, and were promoted to be kings, as it were, among the spirits. This has almost always been the lot of the spirits of the air, or of those animating the heavenly bodies ; and in the great majority of the Rig Veda hymns we find such spirits worshipped and invoked.

In this polytheistic stage the other gods survive, however, as naiads and dryads, spirits of the streams and trees, demons, goblins, angels, and fairies, good or bad. The old belief, too, in mysteriously animated objects survives in the belief in magic, in sorcery, and in charms of various kinds ; and it is with these matters that the Atharva Veda is principally concerned.

It is instructive to reflect how difficult it has been for the most enlightened teachers in spite of much progress in material things, and even in education, to raise the bulk of mankind entirely above this range of ideas. But a further step has been very generally taken, and always in the same direction—from polytheism, that is, to monotheism. The Jews were probably the first people who, as a people, made this advance. It is, however, by no means easy to specify the exact time at which the belief in one god and one god only became firmly and generally established among them ; and scholars are not yet agreed whether they owed the transition entirely to national feeling, or to the influence also of Egyptian philosophy.

A similar step was afterwards taken independently, and at about the same time, among both the Greeks and the Indian Aryans ; but among them the change was brought about by philosophical speculation, and in consequence,

perhaps, was mostly confined to the educated classes, and to schools of philosophy. The previously existing polytheistic form of animistic belief continued to exist long after the monotheistic idea had become paramount in the schools, and the more advanced notion never became the exclusive and common view of the whole nation.

In speaking of these later beliefs, so nearly related to our own, it is difficult to make use of terms not liable to some misconception. It would be possible to maintain that the Jewish belief in an evil spirit, side by side with the Great Spirit, and in subordinate angels and archangels, good and bad, is sufficient to render inaccurate any description of them as monotheists; and certainly the most advanced thinkers among the pre-Buddhistic Hindus never became what would now be called Pure Theists. They could better be called Pantheists, but this, again, only in a peculiar sense.

They continued to believe in the souls or spirits supposed to exist inside the human body, and in spirits supposed to animate trees and rivers, the ocean and the air. But they held all these and all matter to be the mere sportive emanations of a Supreme Spirit, who was unconscious, and was led by causes beyond his (or rather its) control to manifest itself in these temporary and changing forms. None of our Western names will accurately describe such a belief. Those names are applied to ideas which have grown out of popular theories somewhat different from (though related to) the polytheistic notions, of which Indian Pantheism was the outgrowth and the explanation.

The above mere outline of the existing beliefs with which the Buddha had to deal will make it perhaps possible to understand his peculiar and quite original and antagonistic position.

He was an Agnostic. And here for the first time we meet with a European word which fits an Indian thinker. A

European—I had almost said a Christian-Agnostic—says with respect to all the arguments and statements of theologians concerning the nature and attributes, the power and action of God, “We do not know.” Gautama’s attitude, in the face of the discussions and statements of the Indian Pantheists regarding their Great Spirit and First Cause, was the same.

But we must still, as Thomas Aquinas would say, “distinguish.” There is a well-known algebraical puzzle by which the assumption that nothing equals nothing leads to the unexpected result that one equals two. Negation of knowledge is common to Gautama and the Agnostics; the things said to be unknown—the personal emotional deity of the Christians, and the neuter, unconscious deity of the Hindus—are different. Modern Agnostics, too, have to deal with Monotheists, whose ardent personal devotion to, and exalted moral conception of, God have long ago destroyed the last remnants of a belief in the other spirits anciently believed to animate the outside world. Gautama lived at a time when the other gods of India were still as real and as powerful as their relations, the gods of Greece and Rome. He denied their power, denied their eternity, reduced them to the rank of angels or fairies, called them weak and ignorant, held that they could only escape from their unfortunate condition by becoming men, and taught men to ignore and disregard them. The highest being known upon earth was not any spirit of any kind, but the man who had reached the state of intellectual and moral perfection called Nirvāna, by inward self-culture and self-control. There is a relation and a contrast very real and very instructive between the widely different ideas that the Son of Man is God, and that the best and wisest of the sons of men are really, That which “the voice of the common world hath called Divine.”*

T. W. REYS-DAVIDS.

* See the *Devadhamma Jātaka* (Fausbøll, No. 6).

SIGHT AND INSIGHT.

“**W**HEN the sun rises you see something like a golden guinea coming out of the sea ; I see and hear likewise an innumerable company of angels praising God.” If this fine saying of William Blake appears to any one obscure, and he should ask what it means, he may be warned at once that this paper is not for him. Whether the lack of power to appreciate the speech of the mystic is due to congenital defect, or to that gradual ossification of the spiritual nature which arises from the absorption of the mind by the gross and palpable aspects of life, the result is the same—that we have a large number of persons in our midst to whom the inner significance of nature and the mystic susceptibilities of the heart are as foreign as the language of the Cocqicigrues. Just as we are all familiar with people who are more or less “colour blind,” and with others who have no “ear” for music, so we number among our acquaintances some who seem to have no aptitude of sensibility, let us say, for the finer moods of Shelley or the sympathetic insight of Henry Vaughan. Eminently respectable, cleanly folk, they yet live the life of the tame Philistine, their eyes for ever on the decencies of the turnpike, and never uplifted to the witchery of the blue sky. Not that congenital defect, or that worse fate, acquired disability through the long denial of the better instincts, is in any case absolute. It is well known that things to which at one time we are blind, flash upon us with a wonderful light, as we

suddenly turn some corner in our lives. Distinguished musicians assure us that no ear is so dull but care, attention, and, above all, early training, may develop the power of hearing, enjoying, and unweaving the subtlest harmonies. So we may well believe that in minds apparently lacking every requisite for appreciating the fervours of the mystic and the visions of the imaginative life, there are germs of capacity which in a kindly soil, perhaps a sunnier clime than this, might come to bud and flower. Certainly if it is possible, as we know by experience it is, to educate a taste for real poetry where it did not previously exist, we have reason to hope that the quickening touch of some crisis, or the long and awful experience of years of discipline, may set free and develop the spiritual faculties which now are wrapped in sevenfold cerements and buried in the earth.

Sight and Insight, Letter and Spirit, Outward and Inward, these are for ever and ever the differences between life on a high and a low scale of being. The sight of the eyes, the most precious of all a man's physical gifts, is only a parable of that truer sight of the soul which makes a man a poet, an artist, a lover, a spiritual creature. To "see the unseen" is the paradox of religion as it is the crowning glory of man. "Seeing is believing," says the Philistine. "We endure as seeing the invisible" replies every disciple of the spirit. Properly speaking, Sight and Insight are not two antagonistic tendencies, but opposite poles of one and the same magnet. Practically they are too often dissociated, exclusive attention to the one faculty killing out the sense of the other. In Browning's "Sordello" there are four simple lines, which, found in the midst of a very tough piece of reading, are like Bunyan's arbour on the hill Difficulty.

God has conceded two sights to a man :
One of man's whole work, Time's completed plan,
The other of the minute's work, man's first
Step to the plan's completion.

We look upon the far-off ideal, but not to the exclusion of the present reality; we gaze on the hills in the distance to which we direct our course, but we observe also the wild flowers and milestones of the high road. We have the far sight and the near. Only be sure man's danger is rarely that the far sight will shut out the near; rather it is that the near—the minute's work, the dusty highway—will blind us to the mountain range, unutterably bright. Men often pride themselves on the shrewd common sense which, resolutely sticking to the so-called "facts" of life, denies that there is such a thing as the vision of the invisible, while they think their firm adherence to facts qualifies them to look down from the height of a better wisdom with a patronizing tolerance upon your moon-struck Dantes and Wordsworths. So utterly and fathom-deep blind are they to what are facts. For a little closer inspection of the poets will show that they too, root and ground themselves in facts, only their world includes another series of facts, of which those that are "seen and temporal" are the faint adumbrations, the far-off and imperfect symbols. So-called facts are seen to derive more than half their significance because they stand as images of our spiritual life. Bread and water, rain and sunshine, are invested with new relations, and while valuable for the lower life, are chiefly valuable as furnishing pictures, and so helping to make us conscious of, the food, the hunger, and the sunshine of the soul. Slowly we are led on to discover how outward shows exist for the very sake of being parables of inward realities, and that ultimately there are no facts but thoughts—thoughts which in their infinite variety flash upon us aspects of the one ineffable, all-embracing thought of God. As our eyes are opened we observe that all natural objects, from the blowing clover at our feet to the golden fires in the midnight sky, have a mysterious relation to the soul's experiences. Hence, the highest expression of which moral and spiritual truth admits lies in the symbolism of

nature. Our common language is mystical to the last degree; the very names of the most familiar objects are images. The well-known story of the poor woman who, upon being asked what part of the Gospel story she liked best, answered, "I like best the *likes*," betrayed that the true secret of touching the heart is by a free use of the correspondences between man and nature. With Jesus of Nazareth everything was *like*; every outward feature of sky and sea, hill and plain, growing corn and flying cloud, was like some phase of the soul's history. In speaking of Himself, indeed, He finds the correspondence closer still, for He is not like, He *is*; dealing with symbols in direct and logical forms of speech. He is not like bread, but "I *am* the Bread of Life;" or like a vine, but "I *am* the True Vine;" or like light, but "I *am* the Light of the World." No teacher was ever so simply yet profoundly mystical, as Jesus in sayings like these.

Let us not be cheated by the sticklers for so-called facts and realities. What are realities? Are not the thoughts suggested to the soul by the pine forests on the Alps as much realities as the fires they feed on our hearths? Is not the sense of God's exceeding peace brought to the mind by the still, deep lake among the hills, as great a reality as the water we run from it into our cisterns? He who in communion with nature feels himself standing before a Shining Presence, is surely dealing with realities a thousand-fold more than one to whom the earth is only a stable, and its fruit so much fodder? Is it because the sea is a convenient water-way that its wild white waves fill the breast with a tumultuous emotion? It is from no consideration of the value of a ton of hay that we feel such a thrill of pleasure when looking at a field of buttercups tossed and re-tossed in the wind. No sense of utility can explain the sorrow and triumph, the rapture and despair, of which a stormy sunset is the intense expression. The infinite

delight and the indefinite desire kindled within by flying clouds across a depth of blue, producing glory after glory, bear no relation to their primary purpose—a well-watered earth. Are not thought and feeling, the light and flame of aspiration, facts more enduring than the corn we grind and the grapes we crush? The chief and ultimate use of the natural world is to furnish a medium of expression for the inexpressible life of the soul, or to be a visible, yet thereby an imperfect, incarnation of the Ideal Perfection.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has pointed out how greatly Jesus was above the heads of His reporters. Familiar as it might be supposed they were with His parabolic and mystical way of putting things, when He warned them of the "leaven of the Pharisees," their thoughts rose no higher than the kneading-trough and the baker's oven. They were so dull and prosaic, that it did not occur to them that He was using the word "leaven" as an image, so that leaven might not, indeed, be leaven at all, but teaching. They did not understand, because the imaginative faculty within was as yet buried beneath the earthly mould and stony slabs of a matter-of-fact, material nature. Therefore they could only give a superficial interpretation to the great, deep words of their Master.

In like manner nature's voice is constantly receiving a superficial interpretation. There is a sound in the air, but to how many is it inarticulate? How often, in drawing-rooms as well as in slums, do we come face to face with the veritable Peter Bell:—

A primrose by the river brim,
A yellow primrose was to him.

But, to say nothing of these human pachyderms, how many there are, having some susceptibility to the beauty of nature, who yet are blind and deaf to the real glory of her revelations, and are only dimly conscious of something going on in which they have no part or lot; just, indeed,

as there are people who admire a landscape in photography more than a picture of Turner's. One man, looking out upon a fine scene, sees clearly enough the flowing curve of the hills, the changeful glories of the sky, the tender shadows, the laughing ripple of the foliage, the "many-twinkled smile of ocean" in the far distance—can, indeed, give a fairly accurate description of it, and is not insensible to the charm of it. Yet he never gets any further than the outside of the show. His favourite poet is Thomson, who, like a superior, polytechnic person, neatly catalogues for us the various features of the panorama, to which he acts the part of appointed showman.

Now the day

O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm and high,
 Infinite splendour! wide investing all.
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
 How clear the cloudless sky, how deeply tinged
 With a peculiar hue! The ethereal arch
 How swathed immense, amid whose azure throned
 The radiant sun how gay—how calm below
 The gilded earth!

Here is the showman pointing out the "beauties" of the scene, like a lecturer with a white wand. True, he is an artistic showman, admirably correct, minutely photographic, but a showman still—heavy, cold, mechanical. He has never pierced to the heart of the mystery—is scarcely conscious that there is a mystery. To another these same sights and sounds speak in a spiritual language, making him partaker of a deeper secret. They bring him "authentic tidings of things invisible"—he sees with inward eye

A Presence which disturbs him with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts—a sense sublime
 Of Something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :—
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

That is quite immeasurably different from the other. In Thomson the poet stands apart and describes nature; in Wordsworth the poet is in communion with nature, like a lover with his mistress; his life is interspersed with hers; the living soul within him is beating in unison with the living soul of the universe; he and nature are alike parts of one awful life, one organic being ever melting on the skirts of consciousness into the impersonal. Sight sees in the fair scene the handiwork of God; Insight sees God Himself, and knows that while God infinitely transcends—God *is* in all he beholds.

It is scarcely possible to consider Sight and Insight without bringing into the field of discussion the interpretation of the Bible; for no book in the world can be less understood, according to the sight of the eyes, than the Bible; no book requires more insight, the power to read between the lines, the fine discrimination which knows how to distinguish the essence from its surroundings, the kernel from the shell, the local and temporary from the eternal and world-wide. People who judge according to sight will make the mystic, suggestive, emotional language of the Bible rigid and dogmatic. It is a distinct peculiarity of many of the sayings of Jesus that they cannot be taken literally. They must be interpreted in a rich, deep, imaginative way. Many of them are almost devoid of intellectual outlines; as ideas they exist in solution, and to attempt to harden them or crystallise them into solid blocks of logic is to rob them of their heat and vitality. They never can be explained so that you can say of them, "There, that is what they mathematically mean." The sermon on the mount is much admired, and justly, for its simplicity, humanity, and direct bearing upon life;

nevertheless, there is no part of Scripture, from the beginning to the end, which it is more impossible to interpret according to Sight and letter. If we would read it at all, we must read with Insight, discerning between the soul and the body of the parable. To such a spiritual phrase, the most beautiful sentence perhaps in all literature, as "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," we must take a spiritual faculty. Grammars and dictionaries are of no avail; no logical analysis will help us; if we do not see into its meaning by an inward vision, we do not see at all. Many of the alleged facts and occurrences of the Bible are only of use to this far-off generation just in so far as they are spiritually discerned. Even with those who receive and accept them, the miracles of the Bible have long ceased to have any evidential value; they are of use only as parables of spiritual teaching, the drapery of ideas. The feeding of the five thousand, considered as an actual event, is so full of incongruities as to give a shock to the belief of the most credulous, when once the attempt is made to realise in the imagination what is involved. It is not only that the far-receding gradations of natural law are dispensed with, but that the artificial processes of manufacture, the plough, the flail, the mill, the oven, are superseded in a manner which sets both experience and conception at defiance. Sight surely sets itself an unprofitable task when it contends here for the event as it is recorded; on the other hand, it is not only an unprofitable, it is an odious and repulsive, task when Sight picks it to pieces simply as an idle tale. The true value of such a story for us is neither in an affirmative nor in a negative demonstration of it, but in its spiritual suggestiveness, as a parable of Christ Himself, the Bread of Life, the ever-sustaining food of humanity. In St. John's gospel it is evidently told, solely for the sake of the discourse which follows, and which it epitomises in an allegorical form. Every detail of the story symbolises some

aspect of the Church in breaking the bread to a hungry world, or some property of the bread itself. Sight sees only a bald wonder hard to believe; Insight discerns great ideas embodied in an emblem; the mystical truth of what Jesus is to those who feed on Him, set forth in picture-writing. The story is the outer husk of which that grand saying, "I am the Bread of Life," is the kernel.

Once more, what shall be said of the many angelic appearances recorded in the Bible? Interpreted according to sight, they hinder rather than help our faith; for, as they no longer occur, we are forced to the conclusion that the heavenly world and heavenly sustenance are further away from us than they were from the patriarchs. If they are insisted upon as literal events, they yield us no inspiration, because we have no right to take them as indicative of the guidance we may expect. But let us take Insight to them, and immediately they are seen to picture the eternal fact of the communion of God with the soul; accepted as a parable of the spiritual influences that come forth from His presence, charged with benefaction for man, they become of enduring worth. Insight perceives them to be poetical representations of critical experiences in the soul's history. Their objective value is nothing. The lessons of Divine Providence they contain are infinitely more important than the forms in which they are depicted. When Elisha's servant cried out in great fear because of the near approach of his master's enemies the prophet answered, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray Thee open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Now to dwell upon the form of that story, to magnify and give that the chief place in our thought, is to deface and disfigure its immeasurable grandeur. It is to be

among the number of those who, having Sight, are yet blind, because they have no Insight. Sight will show us nothing but an isolated and preternatural wonder. Insight will show us that the real power of this narrative is of permanent value, since it is the vivid apprehension by the soul that the moral and spiritual forces of the universe are far more real, active, and powerful than the brute, material force. It for ever gives the lie to the big battalion theory. Wrong has a myriad allies; but in the long run nothing is so clear as this—more are they that be for right than they that be for wrong. The righteous soul may be encompassed by difficulties and enemies, but on his side are arrayed the majestic and invincible presences of Light and Truth. It is a vision which every one may see for himself. When a man, gazing on the wide, open page of history, and upon its glowing picture of human life, passion, and movement, sees only a set of disjointed events having no unity and not working out any definite purpose, he is blind while he sees. When a man looking out upon human affairs sees only how victorious are trickery, fraud, violence, and oppression, he is blind while he sees. When a man is so possessed by the world, the flesh, and the devil as to believe that money is more powerful and more valuable than ideas, he is blind while he sees. But when a man has not only Sight, but Insight; when through all the march of events that crowd the page of history he sees at work “an Eternal Power that makes for righteousness;” when, taking into account the greatness of the scale on which God works, he sees that Truth is never in the long run defeated; when in all shapes of human energy, in all exaltations of the spirit, in all flaming aspirations of the will, in the conflict of strenuous greed with self-abandoned love, of illimitable appetite with God-like renunciation, he sees that the ideal of human perfection is ever working itself clear; when he

sees the great moral law of the universe steadily and irresistibly asserting itself; when this sublime and edifying conception dawns upon him with glorious vision, that the unseen ideas of Justice, Mercy, Truth, and Love are mightier to prevail than ten thousands of gold and silver and thousands of thousands of guns and legions—then “behold the mountain is full of horses and chariots of fire round about him.”

JOSEPH WOOD.

FRAGMENTS.

IF Wordsworth* was long in being admitted to his place amongst the Immortals, there can be no doubt that he has at length reached it. The final verdict of Time, as to the value of all literary work of the first order, is unerring. It may be delayed, but the form which it at length assumes is more just and dispassionate from the delay. At length, our most discriminating critic assigns to Wordsworth what there can be little doubt posterity will regard as his true place in the roll of English poets. That place is third on the line. Mr. Arnold maintains that Wordsworth "has left a body of poetical work superior in power, in interest, and in the qualities which give enduring freshness," to that of any English poet, excepting Shakespeare and Milton; and, with the exception of Dante, Molière, and Goethe, superior to any European poet of the modern age. It is true that this is not, as yet, Europe's verdict; but Mr. Arnold confidently anticipates the time when it will be universally acknowledged. It is difficult to escape from our insular way of looking at things, so as to find a cosmopolitan test of literary merit; and there is so much inequality in Wordsworth's work—his inspiration at flood-tide rising to the very highest, but at its ebb falling proportionately low—that we need not concern ourselves as yet with his place in the great European Hierarchy. Enough if we keep to our own literature; and here, I think, it is unquestionable that the truth of the matter lies just as Mr. Arnold has put it. No more appreciative essay has ever been written on the genius and work of Wordsworth. Even after all that has been said on the subject within the last ten years, there is much in this delightful preface that has the charm of novelty, in addition to its wisdom and insight. Specially noteworthy are the following sentences:—"Wordsworth's poetry is great, because of the extraordinary power with which he feels the joy offered to us in Nature, the joy offered to us in the simple

* Wordsworth's Poems. Selected and edited by Matthew Arnold. Macmillan.

elementary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it." "Nature herself seems to take the pen out of his hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power."

There are, however, two critical opinions expressed by Mr. Arnold, on which a remark may be made. The first is that Wordsworth's poems can never produce their due effect until they are "freed from their present artificial arrangement, and grouped more naturally." In this Mr. Arnold states a conviction which is very widely felt, and has often been expressed. The arrangement, in the edition of 1815 and subsequent ones, "Poems Founded on the Affections," "Poems of the Fancy," "Poems of the Imagination," "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," "Sonnets," "Epitaphs and Elegiac Poems," &c., was altogether unnatural; and only less grotesque than the notion, expressed by the poet in the preface to *The Excursion*, that his minor poems might be so grouped around *The Recluse*, as to resemble the oratories, cells, and sepulchral recesses in a Gothic minster. Mr. Arnold's arrangement is, certainly, every way superior to the poet's own, even although it may not be quite adequate. What arrangement can be wholly satisfactory? He divides the poems thus; "Poems of Ballad form," "Narrative Poems," "Lyrical Poems," "Poems akin to the Antique, and Odes," "Sonnets," "Reflective and Elegiac Poems." A strictly chronological arrangement, however, without any grouping into classes, would be really the best, even in the case of a *Selection*, such as this volume gives us. But when is the world to possess a Library Edition of the entire Works? Such an edition, chronologically arranged, with every various reading of all the successive editions noted, and with the requisite critical biographical and topographical matter supplied, would be one of the best possible monuments to the poet's memory. Mr. Arnold's selection of the poems for this Golden Treasury Series is managed with admirable tact. But why is *The Poet's Epitaph* omitted? and why is that exquisite fragment, beginning "The sheep-boy whistled loud,"—referring to his brother John, and their parting place at Grisdale Tarn,—left out?—especially when *The Anecdote for Fathers* is included! The last is certainly not one of the poems which posterity "will not willingly let die."

The other point is one in regard to which many will differ

from Mr. Arnold altogether. It is his rejection of Wordsworth's philosophy. He says, "We cannot do him justice, until we dismiss his philosophy;" and, it is doubtless because he rejects it, that he places *The Excursion* and *The Prelude* so far below the minor poems in permanent value. I do not think that Mr. Arnold has selected the happiest examples to prove his point. His first illustration is a well-known passage from the fourth book of *The Excursion*, in reference to Duty, in which Mr. Arnold remarks that instead of "a sweet union of philosophy and poetry," we have "a tissue of elevated but abstract verbiage alien to the very nature of poetry." In that passage Wordsworth is certainly not at his highest point of inspiration; but, in it, he shows a singularly clear grasp of one of the root principles of the Kantian philosophy. If he fails, it is an accidental failure in poetic form, but his philosophy is not to blame for the failure, and the result is far away from "verbiage." It can only be maintained that the lines in question "carry us really not a step further than the proposition which they would interpret," if we are, by the conditions of the case, limited to that very elementary and common-place proposition, "duty exists." In the second quotation, which Mr. Arnold thinks shows us the "centre of Wordsworth's philosophy," we have the ordinary theistic doctrine of the providential oversight of the world, expressed, it is true, rather cumbrously. Granting, however, that it is badly expressed, that it has none of "the characters of poetic truth," this is neither from any fault in the philosophy itself, nor from the poet's attempt to give a poetic form to the truth which filled his mind. It is simply due to a failure in poetic expression, to an accidental literary short-coming at this particular point. Then the great *Ode* may contain an unverifiable hypothesis within it—viz., the surmise or conjecture of our pre-existence. But that notion—accounting, as Wordsworth imagined, for the early and intense delight he felt in Nature—is not the central thought of the *Ode*, or of Wordsworth's philosophy of Nature. The philosophy of Nature which Wordsworth teaches—and which was to him both alpha and omega—amounts to this, that Nature and Man reflect each other, that there is a pre-established harmony between them, with relations of reciprocity and even of kindredness; and this philosophy comes out, not only in *The Excursion* and *The Prelude*, but also in those lyrics of matchless force, simplicity, and freshness, on which Mr. Arnold specially rests the poet's claims to immortality.

Instead, therefore, of saying, with his latest critic, that we cannot do justice to the poetry till we dismiss the philosophy, I prefer to say, with Mr. Leslie Stephen, that "under every poetry there lies a philosophy," and that the greatest poet is he "whose imagination is most transfused with reason." Mr. Stephen tells us that the explanation of the satisfying and enduring worth of Wordsworth's poetry is that he is not only a "melodious writer," but also a "true philosopher," and that "his poetry derives its power from the same source as his philosophy." In this, I believe that Mr. Stephen is unmistakably and altogether right. Mr. Arnold fastens upon outlying and secondary features of the philosophy of Wordsworth, not upon its central characteristic; and thus, notwithstanding the exquisiteness of his critical preface, at this point he is unmistakably and altogether wrong. Wordsworth's moral insight, his building upon the sure basis of human nature's lowliest yet deepest needs, his grasp of the law of moral continuity, his perception of the identity between our childish instincts and our most enlightened Reason, his discernment of the advantages to be won by serious thought, retirement, and tranquillity, his profound sense of the self-sufficingness of all genuine communion with Nature, and of the simple pleasures to be found in that communion, with his recognition of the sanctifying power of human sorrow—these are the elements or fragments of his philosophy; and it is manifestly beside the mark to seek for it in any lesser truths which he may happen to have held or taught. But, with this one objection to Mr. Arnold's estimate of the poems, it may be safely said that no finer or juster criticism has appeared since the poet passed away, none more appreciative, none more judicial. It is such criticism that informs and educates.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

WE do not know how far Mr. Copner's translation of the "Praise of Folly"* into readable, racy English has fulfilled the writer's earnest desire that it might "contribute towards reviving public interest in this remarkable work;" but we should be glad to think it had done so, at least to some small extent. It is true no satire can retain its popularity after the abuses against which it is levelled have died out or changed their form, and it is hardly to be expected, perhaps, that Eras-

* The Praise of Folly. Translated from the Latin of Erasmus, with Explanatory Notes, by James Copner, M.A., Vicar of Elstow. Williams and Norgate.

mus's *jeu d'esprit* will be read much by those who are not otherwise interested in its author. Yet there is enough of sameness in human nature in all ages, and enough of modernness in Erasmus, to lend pungency to many of his touches; and it is only too true, as Mr. Copner remarks, that "while wise men are still few in number, Folly's votaries abound." "We see them everywhere," he adds, "in secular society, and we see them even within the sacred portals of the Church!" The following sentences, which describe a class of men not yet, it must be feared, extinct, will give some idea of the style of the work:—"Prudence would bid me, as I would avoid stirring up a stagnant cesspool, or handling an ill-scented weed, to pass over the parsons without a word of notice, for a more dangerous class of men to provoke against you it were impossible to conceive, so amazingly supercilious are they, and so astonishingly touchy. Breathe but some harmless sentiment that is not strictly conformable to their notions of orthodoxy, and lo, and behold! they are all up in arms against you at once, imputing to you a host of profane inferences which, may be, you never dreamt of, and summoning you, as you hope for salvation, to submit to a public recantation. Refuse to go through this humiliating ordeal, and—woe betide you! Forthwith you are undone, indeed! Against your devoted head is hurled that terrible weapon of theirs, wherewith in a trice they silence those whose opinions they dislike, that most awe-inspiring of ecclesiastical thunderbolts—the charge of heresy." ROBERT B. DRUMMOND.

DO we religious people ever seriously think of our position and its responsibilities? What a number of sects we are broken into, and how little we know or care for each other, except in ways too sad to speak of! If Jesus could come amongst us, what would he think and say? What should we think ourselves, if we had courage to face the facts? Our religion is worthy only as it lifts us out of ourselves. The Christian name shames those of us who claim it, if we do not rise into the large liberty of the Christian spirit. The oldest of the creeds makes the Church profess its faith in "the communion of the saints," a profession now eighteen hundred years long, but how little reality of it has been attained! This is just what we want to-day, with the addition, that we should be better for a little communion with the sinners also. Whatever we may say and dream, practically our communion is almost limited to the narrow boundaries of each sect; frozen by petty conventionalities and absurd customs which are

less than our common sense, and out of sight of our religious ideals. Men whose hearts are aching to love each other dare not fraternise, because they have to maintain a reputation for fidelity to the opinions of their Church. Noble sympathies are still-born, holy emotions starved, and aspirations, large and pure as heaven, are trampled in the wretched mire of controversy, in the interest of matters of which we can know next to nothing. We can work together in politics, in educational and in civic matters; can enjoy together social intercourse, amusement, intellectual pursuit; can eat and drink at the same table, and warm ourselves by the same fire; but how hard it is to fraternise on the supreme matters of the soul, in the worship of God, in high, spiritual thought and religious emotion! The world has learned to laugh, and we—alas! are not ashamed that our professions should be so loud and so empty. What divides us? Matters of opinion merely. On these we never can be entirely at one. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." But upon what is highest we are at one; the love and fatherhood of God; our sonship to Him and brotherhood with each other; and the helpfulness of sympathy and affection. We boast of this, and use it as a comfortable excuse for acting as if it were not so. It is time we overleapt these notional barriers. They would vanish into air if we dared courageously to face them. It is the business of our religious teachers to lead the way. They would not fail: for even now, in all Churches, there are saintly men and women who are sick with utter weariness at the poor, cramped distortion which calls itself religious communion; and we are all glad in thought and imagination (though we may not in fact) to transcend sect-limits, and feel ourselves at one with all who strive after truth and righteousness. We cannot remain as we are. We lose strength, hope, comfort, and permanent good influence by our repellent attitude. We gain nothing. If we could put matters of opinion in their proper place, rise to the dignity of our calling and the claims of our work, and present to the world a front of united strength in love and sympathy, what is being now done would be as nothing to what we should do. Then, and not till then, may we hope to touch into religious reverence, faith, and duty, the great mass of people—also the children of our Father—now given up to indifference and sin. The true Church of God is larger than any thought of ours hitherto; it is, indeed, "the Church of All Souls," including saint and sinner alike, and when the saints have learned to hold truest religious fellowship with each other, they will wish to enter into

fellowship with the sinners ; and the sinners may then begin to think that it is worth while to seek an entrance into the communion of the saints. T. W. F.

READERS of Dr. Abbott's *Oxford Sermons* * will find them marked by many of the qualities which gave such fascination to *Philochristus*. Here are the same enthusiasm, the same vivid realisation of the personality of Jesus, the same freshness in the treatment of Gospel sayings and incidents. Moreover, there are many happy applications of the principles of Christ's teachings to the intellectual and moral dangers of our time, and fearless words are uttered against sins which it is too much the fashion to ignore, such as the opium trade with China.

But the book is offered as a contribution to the better understanding of "Liberal Christianity," and presents a sketch of a new theology, the centre of which is the person and work of Christ. The lines of inquiry into the origin of Christianity are laid down after the manner of the little treatise on Buddhism, by Mr. T. W. Rhys-Davids, and an attempt is made to answer the question, "What Manner of Man is This?" by the inductive method. The miraculous narratives of the New Testament, with the exception of a few cures, are regarded as having risen largely out of misunderstood metaphors, misinterpretations of prophecy, and similar causes ; but, when all these deductions are made, the original tradition, the common element at the base of the three synoptical Gospels, records the life of "One who unquestionably offered Himself to His disciples as the source of forgiveness and peace, and the sustenance of the souls of men ;" in other words, of One whom the Church rightly believes to be "very God of very God."

Such a result as this suggests many reflections, of which only two can be here noted down. Dr. Abbott expressly withdraws from the range of credence every instance of the authority of Jesus over the forces and objects of nature beyond certain cases of healing ; and then, having taken care to show that Christ either did not possess any control over the physical universe, or, if he did, scrupulously refrained from exerting it, he appeals to us to believe that Jesus was no other than the Eternal Word by whom all things were made. The sermon entitled "The Word Not Yet Made Flesh" contains an outline of the development of

* *Oxford Sermons*, preached before the University, by the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, D.D., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London : Macmillan and Co.

the Cosmos under its guiding and transforming power. The next sermon, on "The Word Made Flesh," suddenly locates this power in Jesus of Nazareth, to whom, we are told, "things seen and unseen, heaven and earth, alike agree in bearing witness," yet who steadily refused to give any sign to those around him of the precious gift deposited with him. Surely there is here a leap which no inductive reasoning can overpass. No logic in the world, without other aid, can possibly justify the identification of Jesus of Nazareth with the creative and organising thought and will of the universe, whatever grounds of authority may be considered to support that identification.

Secondly, Dr. Abbott urges the worship of Christ as the Son of Man in preparation for the worship of him as the Son of God. We find ourselves entirely unable to frame any such distinction. It would seem, indeed, that Dr. Abbott uses the term worship in a loose sense. He describes it as comprising reverence, trust, and love, inasmuch as he says concerning Peter's declaration at Cæsarea Philippi—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God"—"Thus were the disciples led through the worship of the Son of Man to the worship of the Son of God." But we do not press this, because elsewhere the worship of Christ is clearly meant to imply the direct communion, through prayer, of the believer with his Lord. The matter is something more than a question of words; it amounts to this, Does real spiritual experience take any account either of what may be called the historical functions or of the internal economy of the Godhead? In the feelings of joy in the divine sympathy, of self-abasement before the divine righteousness, of forgiveness and peace after sin, can we say that they are directed towards, or inspired by, different persons—a Father and a Son? In the intensity of communion with God, can we discriminate Christ at all? and, if so, can we further apprehend him in one of two aspects, as mortal or divine? We believe both processes to be impossible. The identification of the spirit which, in Jesus of Nazareth eighteen centuries ago, laid the foundation of a new society, with the infinite Love which throbs in our gladness and our grief to-day, the infinite Holiness which rebukes our negligence and guilt, appears to us beyond the scope alike of reasoning and of spiritual discernment. To disengage Jesus from the limits of history, and erect him into a present Guide of souls, involves a logical leap as great as that which lifts him above the universe as its Maker and Lord. And the two tendencies only conceal an agnosticism

which is, in truth, the more dangerous because it veils itself under traditional forms, and, if Christ be taken away, has no divine Object left to receive our affection and sustain our life.

J. E. C.

THE higher Apologetics have assumed, in the decade now expiring, a new form. The Protean Apologetics of the lower orthodoxy, indeed, still flow from the Press, only more violently straining Hebrew phrases and Greek particles than of yore; but the Butlers and the Paleys of to-day are called to build up a fresh argument. Not astronomy and geology only, but the conservation of forces and evolution have to be built in to the new castle of faith—since they cannot be built out. The theistic philosophy faces new facts. It must assimilate them or perish. Mr. Brownlow Maitland has well understood the problem, and his "Theism or Agnosticism" rescued from intellectual barrenness the Society which did itself the honour to publish it. Mr. John Wright, in his "Grounds and Principles of Religion,"* has restated the theistic philosophy and exhibited afresh the theistic sentiment as they need to be stated and exhibited, if, in their several degrees, the readers or hearers of Matthew Arnold and of Clifford among the immortals, of Miss Bevington and of Charles Bradlaugh among the mortals, are to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the books that plead and strive for the first article of the Apostles' Creed.

MR. MALLOCK first attracts attention by "The New Republic," with its caricatures of eminent and earnest thinkers. He next amuses some readers and disgusts others with a vulgar burlesque of Paul and Virginia, in which his caricature of the Positivist professor, and of the Christian Bishop's wife, are equally offensive. At last he attempts to be serious, and to go to the root of the matter in the question, "Is life worth living"?† But he gets no further than another attack upon Positivism, and a very doubtful defence of Roman Catholicism. Under the head of Positivists, he includes Mr. Frederick Harrison and Professor Huxley, Dr. Tyndall and George Eliot, John Stuart Mill and—well, he speaks of Swinburne and Théophile Gautier as belonging to "a school which, starting from the same premisses as the Positive

* Williams and Norgate, 1879.

† Is Life Worth Living? By William Hurrell Mallock. London: Chatto and Windus 1879.

moralists, yet come to a practical teaching which is singularly different ;" but he appears to consider their logic none the less accurate for that.

Positivism, in either its wider or its narrower and more personal sense, has its deficiencies and errors assuredly, and they are far too grave to allow of its becoming the final religion, or even the ultimate foundation of morals. But its assailants, and especially those who treat it with ridicule, seem generally to attack it just where it most resembles Christianity. The motto which appears from Mr. Mallock's "New Paul and Virginia" to strike him as supremely ridiculous, is "Live for others." Now, again, he objects to Positivism, that it requires imagination and unselfishness to be "indefinitely magnified," and that this involves a change in human nature, "which it has no spontaneous tendency to make, which no known power could ever tend to force on it, and which, in short, there is no ground of any kind for expecting." Surely Christianity is no less exacting in this respect than Positivism. But either Christian or Positivist will regard this demand, not as the *reductio ad absurdum*, but rather as the glory, of his system ; for the one believes in the power of God to perfect man, the other in the power of Humanity to perfect itself. Mr. Mallock is assured, "that there is no ground of any kind" for expecting such a change in human nature. Probably it is the very steadiness of the movement that prevents him from seeing that the change has been going on for ages, and is going on now. It is not altogether unreasonable to suppose that the power, whether it be of God or of man, which has acted in this direction so far, will continue to act in the same direction till its goal is reached.

Mr. Mallock's apparent conclusion is that life will very soon not be worth living, unless we all become Roman Catholics. Not necessarily, it seems, that the teachings of that Church are true. Love of truth is another of the follies of Positivism. Would that Christianity could altogether return to that folly of its youth ! How can any man who believes in God be afraid of truth or fail to rejoice in it ?

The characteristics of Mr. Mallock's latest publication are timidity and confusion. The former, perhaps, he could not avoid. Had he avoided the latter, he would have escaped doing cruel injustice to some of the greatest and most earnest thinkers of the day.

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APRIL, 1880.

SCIENCE, THEOLOGY, AND THE EVOLUTION OF MAN.*

“ **W**HEN it has been clearly seen what results are to be expected from the nature of things and the nature of the human mind, we shall have then furnished a nuptial couch for the mind and the universe, the divine goodness being our bridesmaid.” “On the threshold of philosophy, where second causes appear to absorb the attention, some oblivion of the highest cause may ensue;

* *First Principles.* By Herbert Spencer. London: Williams and Norgate; 1870.

Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B. London: Macmillan and Co.; 1874.

Mikrokosmos. Ideen zur Naturgeschichte und Geschichte der Menschheit. By Hermann Lotze. Leipzig; 1876.

The Descent of Man. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: John Murray; 1871.

The Evolution of Man. By Ernst Haeckel, Professor in the University of Jena. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.; 1879.

Freedom in Science and Teaching. Ditto.

The Freedom of Science in the Modern State. By Rudolf Virchow, M.D., Professor at the University of Berlin. London: John Murray; 1878.

The Human Species. By A. De Quatrefages, Professor of Anthropology in the Museum of Natural History, Paris. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.; 1879.

Man's Place in Nature. By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. London; 1863.

Evolution. By T. H. Huxley and James Sully. *Ency. Brit.*, 9th Edition. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black; 1878.

but when the mind goes deeper, and sees the dependence of causes and the works of Providence, it will easily perceive, according to the mythology of the poets, that the upper link of nature's chain is fastened to Jupiter's throne." In harmony with these two sentences, which we have quoted from "The Advancement of Learning," Lord Bacon treats theology as one of the sciences. Custom, however, has largely departed from his wise example, and science is taken to mean physical science, one department having laid claim to the sole use of the word; while theology has been newly baptized as faith, and is seldom considered a science. In the main we shall follow custom, and when we speak of science we shall mean physical science, although the implication of a really scientific theology will be the undercurrent of our thought. Truly enough, the everlasting flow of change in the history of theology illustrates our ignorance. Perhaps the best that can be said of it is, that it consists of more or less happy guesses, which we are necessitated to make by the play of the universe on the personal consciousness of man. It belongs to our nature, and its theories and the theories of physical science come and go much in the same way. And the changes in theological ideas evince a rational progress. On the doubtful hypothesis that Fetishism was the earliest stage of theology, from Fetishism to Monotheism is a great stride, and it is a stride upward. Each phase grows out of antecedent phases, and also adds a new element of its own. Fetishism and Polytheism served their purpose, and then died away in a new birth to a richer and fuller life. Always a fresh activity follows for the theological spirit itself, and we readjust our statements about the connection between the Infinite and the Finite, without losing either one or the other.

Atheism is shut out, and so is Agnosticism, from the true line of theological development. With them theology

gives up the ghost, whereas we figure it to ourselves as the constantly increasing complexity of one principle, ever better and better adjusting itself to new facts. When the savage imagines some vague personal force inhabiting the stone he bows before, and when the Greek concludes that some living spirit is present in the running stream, there is but a difference of degree between them and the Hebrew prophet who beholds God marshalling the hosts of heaven. The incantations of the rain-maker are the rudimentary germs of spiritual aspiration. The awe of the North American Indian realising the nearness of the Great Spirit, though the Great Spirit may be only the embodiment of a departed chief, is the beginning of what appears in Newton as worship of the Infinite Architect, and in Wordsworth as a sense of the presence of an all-pervading Deity, not to be put by. With the times and the seasons and the ripening manhood of man, the potential idea struggles at length into daylight. According to this, all theological theories are tentative. We use the formula we have got for awhile, and it helps us mightily; but the time arrives when the once useful formula becomes lumber, and we have to throw it aside and construct some new formula to serve our wants instead as we best can. Whatever weakness is hereby introduced into the theological conception of things we accept without reservation. What we insist upon is that, do as we will, if we are to let our whole nature have free, full, and fair play, we must seek a home for ourselves in some sort of theological conception.

And, after all, the same infirmity besets and hampers all scientific theories behind and before. They, too, are tentative. Their history also is a record of rise, decay, death, and resurrection, to a new and different kind of life. The Copernican astronomy destroys the Ptolemaic astronomy. Geology is a modern science, but it has passed through marvellous revolutions within quite a short period.

The same is true of chemistry. Once alchemy was sound chemistry, and it may be so again. The philosopher's stone may turn out another name for the conservation and transmutation of energy. Scientists legitimately pride themselves on being open to reshape their theories as new facts may render the reshaping desirable. And when we remember how many apparently incontrovertible scientific theories have been buried, it is rashness to assert that the theories at present in vogue are the last words that will be spoken, and that the rest is silence. Science can claim the facts of experience as sure ground conquered from the heretofore unknown. But beyond this point, and when it ventures into the realm of theory, it is speculative, and is neither better nor worse than theology. The goodness and badness of its theories depend on the number of facts they explain by enabling the imagination to conceive and picture them. They show possible, and therefore so far probable, antecedents such as those which come under our immediate observation, and natural logic suggests the inference that what we see going on beneath our eyes repeats the processes which were invisibly at work in states of matter anterior to the present state, and which produced the present state. This is the justification of every scientific hypothesis, and wins for it the right to a fair hearing. Any hypothesis introducing unknown forces—forces of which we have had no previous experience, and cannot, therefore, think or present to our imagination—is at once put out of court. It transgresses the limits which the scientific use of the imagination properly sets to itself. The reason for preferring the undulatory theory of light and sound to the theory of the emission of minute particles diffused through space and impinging on the eye or ear is, that it covers a larger number of facts, and that fresh discoveries, while they tell in favour of the undulatory theory, lend nothing, or next to nothing, to the support

of the theory of emission. The theory itself, however, is beyond proof. It may go as the theory of emission has gone. The nebular hypothesis affords a kindred illustration. Suppose we give up the notion that the earth, the planets, and the stars were created at once complete by a fiat of God, and that we treat the figurative language of Genesis as a burst of ancient poetry. Scientifically, and, as it seems to us, theologically too, we are bound to pursue this course. Creation *de novo*, and by a single effort of Almightiness, finds no correspondence in our experience. We are accustomed to see the complex growing out of the simple, and we ask for some picture in thought of the method according to which the universe has grown up, or may have grown up. The nebular hypothesis furnishes us with such a picture. We imagine the primitive fire-fluid; with the mind's eye we witness the revolution and clash of atoms; we observe the condensations into vast centres of activity; we see these centres throw off satellites which become the abode of vegetable and animal life; we see them gradually cool and become unfit for life; we prophesy that the deadness of the moon symbolises the approaching deadness of the earth, and probably of the solar system and all starry systems; and then we imagine the generation of a new fire-fluid and the whole process beginning afresh, and so on through successions of chaos and cosmos. It is a grand hypothesis. So much may be granted for it, if we once allow ourselves to sit in fancy at the springs of life, and contemplate the myriad streams of energy as they flow forth in all directions and endlessly intermingle. But it also is beyond proof. The time may arrive when the astronomers of the future will speak of it in the same sort of way in which modern astronomers speak of the early-world theory, that the movements of the stars are ruled by presiding spirits, of whom each one selects one star for his particular celestial home. Wise

scientists are like wise theologians, and they stand by their theories only until they are able to furnish better.

Science and theology aim at the same end, and they are so related that science without theology is always of the earth, earthy, and theology without science is always in the air. Science gathers and arranges the facts of the objective world, and gives temporary answers which serve as temporary explanations of what they are and how they lie related in place and time. Theology should accept the facts that science furnishes, leaving the explanations open problems, and then interpret them over again for itself in the light of consciousness and add to them the facts of the subjective world. This is what ought to be. But neither has acted equitably. Each is prone to pursue one part of its vocation with a narrowness proportioned to its passion and intensity, and fights, as if for dear life, to maintain the completeness of a half-vision. So we have histories of science where theology appears as a persecutor, and science lives only by means of the heroic self-sacrifice of successive generations of martyrs. On the other hand, we have protests against the all-grasping ambition of science, and its intrusion into domains where it has no business to go, and its attempts to throw out of doors the theology which is peacefully living in its own house, a house which physical science neither built nor furnished, and where, when it enters, it vitiates the air, and darkens the sunshine, and splashes the pictures on the walls, and altogether behaves riotously. It is hard to say whether science or theology is the greater sinner and blunderer at present. Historically, theology began the injustice. It made light of physical science, and built the world up out of ideas, and anathematised physical science when the latter brought forward facts for which no provision was made. Since then physical science has taken ample vengeance, and it is time the war should end. For if the necessary postu-

lates of thought are not all, neither are the impressions of sense all.

It is only lately, and in certain circles of investigation in Germany, and also in France and England, that the cry of "no quarter to theology" has been raised. The assailants are not themselves the foremost and recognised representatives of science, but rather the students and theorists, who have taken possession of the facts that other men discovered, and then argued from them to conclusions with which the discoverers had no sympathy. Comte erects his anti-theological structure on the labours of the theologically-minded Newton. He gets rid of any need for the hypothesis of a God by means of the work of the very man who took off his hat when he looked at the stars, and who concludes his "*Principia*" with a prayer. Yet even Comte sets up a make-believe "Supreme Being" after he has banished God. And what a make-believe! Mr. Fiske, who speaks of "the utter absurdity of Atheism," also well says that Comte's "*Catéchisme Positiviste*" is "one of the most dismal books in all literature."* Scientific speculators who are at the same time scientific workers know far too much to repudiate theology in Comte's high-handed fashion. If they have no special dogma which we can say they hold, if they have no facile utterances concerning God, and if they profess no familiarity either with heaven or with hell, still, though they are not definitely theological, they are indisputably religious. They confess to the sense of dependence, and to reverence, love, and trust. They repose with absolute confidence in the Unseen Power at the back of phenomena, and there come to them emotional moods when they feel experiences akin to the raptures of saints. Professor Huxley uses materialistic phraseology; but he has an idealistic philosophy. Professor Tyndall at times sinks or soars into Goethian Pantheism. Mr. Herbert Spencer,

* *Cosmic Philosophy*, Vol. II., p. 496.

while he needlessly limits human capacities in a theological direction, aims at the reconciliation of science and religion. It is true that it is impossible to harmonise science with many of the historical traditions and caprices of supernaturalism which are interwoven with religious ideas, and have come to be considered essential to their life. Here it is not in our power to comfort sorrowing religionists in the way they would like to be comforted. If they are determined to drink only at the fountains of mediæval theology, their case is hopeless. They must thirst, for these fountains are now being dried up one by one. But the waters flow abundantly elsewhere, and reflect bluer skies, and are sweeter to the taste than any of the waters of the ancient fountains which we wept at losing.

Besides, an important fact has been forgotten by the over-iconoclastic devotees of physical science, as well as by the religionists, to whom, weakly enough, to be sure, physical science of every kind is a synonym for atheistic unbelief. Theologians are the founders of the sciences, if they are also the opponents. The war, such as it is, has gone on among the occupants of the same camp. Say that science began—or, at least, first assumed vast proportions—with Aristotle; he was a theologian. Say that its second birth dates from Bacon and Descartes; they were both theologians. Say that Kepler, Copernicus, and Newton gave us astronomy; they were all three theologians. What science do we owe to Atheism, or to the negation of the theological spirit? Not geology; Lyell and Murchison show that. Not chemistry; Dalton and Faraday show that. Of course it may be said that these men all pursued one method in their scientific studies, and pursued another method in their theological studies; and, to a certain extent, this is true. Faraday, for instance, put philosophy aside when he entered the little Sandemanian chapel, and Newton's Dissertations on the Prophecies are strange aberrations

of genius. But it is sufficient for our purpose that theologians, so far from smothering science, have created every scientific system which possesses a history of a hundred years. Latterly Atheistic science, which is science of an inferior sort, has indulged in lavish theories ; but that is all it has done. Hitherto it has manifested no creative faculty.

Geology and astronomy have introduced startling modifications into theological conceptions based on the Bible, and interpreted in the spirit of a dead time. At first men read the Bible on Sundays and pondered on science during the week, and as they did not look at them side by side, they did not perceive the inconsistency between them, but went on in calm and comfortable oblivion. By degrees they proceeded to compare the accounts given in the Bible with the conclusions necessitated by science, and the comparison quickly revealed contradictions. Joshua's orders to the sun and moon and their obedience to his orders were turned into poetry as soon as men understood that a moment's cessation of solar movements would set the universe ablaze. Men with whom theology was Biblical or nothing, felt that if things were as science said they were, then their faith was founded on quicksands. But the conclusions we arrive at on the Biblical genesis of things, and the order in which they are arranged, leave God Himself the same. We have simply to put one theory of the divine action in the place of another. We substitute an ever-living activity for an activity of six days, and an infinite universe, everywhere swarming with life, for a universe a few hundred miles across, and an eternal, omnipresent Intelligence not ourselves, working out righteousness by progressive stages of discipline, for a God pleased with the smell of burnt-offerings and talking with Abraham familiarly as a man talks face to face with his friend. In this way theology gains by losing, and it refinds the persistent energy of its life in higher forms. The seeming opposition between theology and

science disappears in a unity that reconciles them, not by emasculating theology, but by leaving science to tell us what exists, and calling on theology to interpret the significance of what exists in human terms, as the nearest approach we can make to a comprehension of the reality which, in its fulness, is incomprehensible. Science repudiating theology, and theology repudiating science, are equally one sided. Wed them. Then science proceeds with its catalogues, its classifications, its orders of succession, and its theories. And all the same, to the mind, "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork;" all the same we cry in hours of sorrow, and are filled with new-born faith and joy even as we cry, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God;" all the same we believe in

" One life that ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

Evolution, as propounded by Mr. Herbert Spencer, is the latest scientific theory. Haeckel boasts that its function is to deliver man utterly from the bondage of religion. It is at once to make an end of God, and of the equally absurd notion of immortality. Mr. Spencer, the apostle, if not the inventor, of the new theory, indulges in no such extravagant and unfortunate dreams. Nor does Mr. Darwin, who is Haeckel's forerunner in its application to man. But evolution itself is a comparatively old idea in a new-fashioned dress. It was introduced into biological writings in the first half of the seventeenth century by Malpighi. It was welcomed, on philosophical grounds, by Leibnitz and Malebranche, and applied physiologically by Bonnet and Haller. In the philosophical world evolution may be

discovered in the theories of Indians and Greeks, and of Arabs and Jews in the Middle Ages; and it also appears in a theological form in the Apostle Paul's doctrine—"Out of God, through Him and to Him are all things." But there is an enormous difference between all these early speculations and the shape of the evolution doctrine in which we are now familiar with it. Evolution, in Mr. Spencer's *Synthetic Philosophy*, is another version of the *Nebular Hypothesis*. It professes to account for all things. Nothing comes amiss to it, from constellations of stars to the infinitesimal structures barely discernible by the microscope.

As interpreted by him, evolution leaves theology precisely where it was before. Though he himself steadily declines to do anything beyond postulating an Unknowable at the root of phenomena, we see no valid reason why we should stop there. The Unknowable is only a bad name for God. Force is Omnipotence, Adaptation is Wisdom, the tendency to higher organisations and more harmonious forms of social and moral life is Righteousness and Love. When physical scientists say evolution is the process by which things have come to be what they are, we supplement the statement, and add, evolution is the method that the Divine Intelligence has pursued.

Men are inclined to stumble at the application of the theory of evolution to themselves, willing as they may be to accept it everywhere else. It demands, therefore, an examination in detail. It has had some curious antecedents in the traditions of savage tribes. There are wild Malay races who hold that two white apes were their ancestors. The legend runs that, by slow degrees, through successive generations and by imperceptible gradations, these white apes ultimately gave birth to men, swarthy Malays. There is a Buddhist legend of a similar character. According to it, the ancestral apes of the human race lived in Thibet. They cultivated the earth, and sowed and reaped corn. Gradually speech manifested itself,

and, aided by the newly-gained faculty of speech, the apes grew into men. Some negroes believe that the damned among themselves are changed into apes, and then, if they are well conducted, are changed back again into men, and finally have wings added, and enter angelic blessedness. Others say that apes are men whose creation was somehow bungled. The Deity did his best to make men, but only succeeded in making apes. The supposed common origin of man and the lower animals may be illustrated also by the customs of many tribes who imagine that they are descended from some extra-cunning or extra-brave animal. The Hebrews believed that a serpent could carry on an intelligent conversation in the Garden of Eden, and that Bileam's ass could instruct its prophet-master. Whatever symbolic religious significance these stories may have, they show the prevalence of the idea that men and animals could interchange capacities, and that the notion of the fixity of species, if held at all, was loosely held. Of course, it is a long step from this to Darwinism.

In the eighteenth century there was a much nearer approach made to the theory of the ape ancestry. Lord Monboddo published his once-famous essay on the Origin and Progress of Language in 1772. He maintained in it that men were originally monkeys, and that somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Bengal living specimens of these primitive monkey-men might still be found surviving. He said that a Swedish captain had seen some of them 130 years before. He carefully inquired after them when Sir Joseph Banks returned from Botany Bay, and, according to Dr. Johnson, he was keenly disappointed that Sir Joseph could give him no information. But he did not abandon his theory. For pretty nearly a century Lord Monboddo's notion of our tailed ancestors furnished occasion for many a joke. Scientists held it up as one of the absurd blunders into which literary men and

philosophers were apt to fall when they dealt with subjects that properly belonged to physiologists and anatomists ; and theologians fell back on the account in Genesis, and scouted Lord Monboddó as another infidel worthy of his wicked countryman, David Hume. Yet, after all, it seems that the whimsical Scotch peer only groped in the dark. The truth was close to his fingers' ends, if he could but have touched it. His misfortune was that he pursued a metaphysical method, and invented the tailed ancestors because he needed them for his system.

These were random guesses. But evolution reposes on a number of well-established facts. Whether or not it is a sound theory of the facts is an open question, though the course of scientific thought appears to be tending to an affirmative answer. Mr. Darwin secured for the doctrine a firm foothold, first in the suggestions of the "Origin of Species," and afterwards in the elaborate argumentation of the "Descent of Man." Whoever makes a doctrine part of the current coin of the intellect may be reckoned its real founder. And Mr. Darwin has done this in the application of the theory of evolution to man. Savages and Lord Monboddó were among his predecessors. Goethe and Kant educated the philosophical mind for him, Lamarck and Geoffroy St. Hilaire furnished materials, and Mr. Herbert Spencer supplied a conception of universal becoming. But in Mr. Darwin himself the diffused moisture of speculation gathered to a focus, and fell, a drop of dew sparkling and fertile, on the mental soil.

The near likeness, in many ways, between man and the animals naturally suggests a community of origin. Theologically there is no difficulty in this, for God is the common origin of all phenomena. Such a solution, however, evades the real problem at issue, which is rather to determine the lines of descent from a common ancestry, supposing that to be possible. And although we may

safely affirm God "in the beginning," to use the language of the Hebrew cosmogonist, that does not help us scientifically; we have still to trace the successive steps backward as far as we can, and, especially, we have to fix the step immediately below humanity, the step from which brutality ascended, and transformed itself by some inexplicable process into humanity in the middle region between the two. Here, according to the theory, the apes are our nearest relations. The structure of apes and men is homologous. The rudimentary organs play a prominent part in the argument. They are said to imply a previous state of existence in our ancestors when these organs, now superfluous, were necessary, as they still are in the animal tribes, in whom they are fully developed. Straggling hairs on the surface of the body are the probable remnants of a once complete hairy covering. The os-coccyx in man is functionless as a tail. But it represents the tail in other vertebrate animals. It is said to be a relic of the graceful appendage possessed by ancestors who lived in trees. In some human cases it has been known to form a small external rudiment of a tail. Probably Lord Monboddo's Swedish captain had seen or heard of such cases.

While men have rudimentary organs tending to perish through disuse, the animals in turn have the germs of the intellectual faculties and emotions of men. They appear to reason, to love, and to hate, and to be endowed with memory and imagination. They can communicate with one another by a language of their own, and they display some power of understanding the significance of human language in its simplest forms. They are susceptible of progressive improvement to a limited extent. Neither are they destitute of a rude moral sense. They are capable of sympathy, mutual helpfulness, and self-sacrifice. They feel the incidence of praise and blame. They are artists, and sing songs, and construct pleasant bowers. If they

lived longer in societies, so that the social instincts had more room for play, and the societies themselves could thus grow more complicated, they might manifest capacities still more nearly approaching our own. As it is, ants, bees, rooks, beavers, and monkeys, often reach a high standard of social organisation, and some individuals compare favourably with the inferior types of men.

The argument is carried further by Professor Haeckel. He maintains that we may trace the whole pedigree of man, and appeals to embryology as sketching an outline of the universal evolution of life. According to him—

The history of the evolution of organisms consists of two kindred and closely connected parts—Ontogeny, which is the history of the evolution of individual organisms; and Phylogeny, which is the history of the evolution of organic tribes. . . . The individual organism reproduces in the rapid and short course of its own evolution, the most important of the changes in form through which its ancestors, according to the laws of Heredity and Adaptation, have passed in the slow and long course of their palæontological evolution.*

Ontogeny justifies the conclusion, it is argued, that in Phylogeny there are twenty-two stages of the human ancestry, constituting the tribal history of the human race. They form five main periods. In the first period the ancestors of man are Monera, and these alone, in the whole series of evolution, which is indefinitely long, are spontaneously generated. In the second period the ancestors of man are Many-celled Animals. In the third period the ancestors of man are Invertebrate Intestinal Animals, and here they rise as high as Worms. In the fourth period the ancestors of man are Vertebrates, first skull-less Vertebrates like the extant *Amphioxus*, then Mud-fishes, then Mammals, then Pouched Animals; Semi-Apes follow, and then Apes proper. The Ape ancestors of men are first tailed Catarrhini, then Speechless Ape-men, and at last

* Evolution of Man, Vol. I., p. 2.

Genuine Speaking Men. Here the fifth, or present, period of the Human Race begins. Haeckel's genealogical tree of the pedigree of man is a curious picture. There may be seen the Moneral roots and the exact points at which Infusoria, Insects, Sea-squirts, Snakes, Crocodiles, Tortoises, Whales, and Beasts of Prey branched off from the direct line. Bats and Sloths did not branch off till the advent of Apes. From the trunk of the Ape-men four dependent branches bear the fruit of the Chimpanzee and Gibbon on the lower branches, and Gorilla and Orang on the upper branches, while Man shoots up mysteriously as a prolongation of the main trunk of life stretching from Monera to himself.

Other scientists not only reject Darwinism, both moderate Darwinism and extreme Darwinism, which we may call Haeckelism, but maintain that it is unscientific. According to them it imports into science an arbitrary dogma which is incapable of proof. It has, therefore, no value except as an hypothesis. For purely scientific purposes the supposed non-human progenitors, and the supposed angelic descendants of man (with the tails of the former and with the wings of the latter), are outside the jurisdiction of science, like Othello's "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Quatrefages says that evolutionists argue from our ignorance as if they were arguing from knowledge, and while he bears glad testimony to Mr. Darwin's splendid services, he insists that Darwinism—the most captivating of the hypotheses of transmutation—has failed to make out a case.

In certain points it agrees with certain general facts, and gives an explanation of a certain number of phenomena. But it attains this result only by the aid of hypotheses which are in flagrant contradiction with other general facts, quite as fundamental as those which they explain.*

* Quatrefages' *Human Species*, p. 102

Virchow says :—

I should neither be surprised nor astonished if the proof were produced that man had ancestors among other vertebrate animals ; but I am bound to confess that every positive advance which we have made in the province of pre-historic anthropology has actually removed us farther from the proof of such a connection.*

Haeckel calls Du Bois Raymond's address on the Limits of Natural Knowledge, delivered at Leipsic in 1873 (and Du Bois Raymond is the foremost naturalist of Europe), "a great denial of the history of evolution." † Among other unconvinced opponents it is enough to mention Agassiz. There is great significance in this multiplied refusal to accept the doctrine of the evolution of man, particularly as the scientists who stand aloof are by no means noted for their orthodoxy, but rather the contrary in every case ; and so they cannot be accused fairly of any perverse theological bias. They have the same facts before them that the evolutionists have, and, so far as we can judge, they are quite as well able to explain what the facts imply. Haeckel meets his antagonists by recapitulating the details that they are already familiar with, and then follows up the recapitulation by insinuating doubts of their honesty, because they do not see with his eyes. Thus Virchow, once a Monist and Freethinker, has degenerated into a dualist and a mystic, hand and glove with the "black International." Du Bois Raymond

Knows too well how to conceal the weakness of his argument and evidence, and the shallowness of his thought, by striking images and flowery metaphors, and by all the phraseology of rhetoric in which the versatile French nature is so superior to the sober German race.‡

Agassiz fares still worse, for, misguided man of science that

* Freedom of Science in the Modern State, p. 58.

† Freedom in Science and Teaching, p. 9.

‡ Ibid., p. 100

he was, he actually presumed to entertain definite theological ideas, whereas Virchow and Du Bois Raymond are vague.

This great American was, in reality, gifted with too much genius actually to believe in the truth of the mystic nonsense which he preached. Crafty calculation and well-judged reliance on the want of understanding of his credulous followers can alone have given him courage to pass the juggler's pieces of his anthropomorphic Creator as true coin.*

This is the same Agassiz, who was not an American, but a Swiss settled in Boston, of whom Longfellow wrote—

“ And Nature, the old nurse, took the child upon her knee,
Saying, ‘ Here is a story-book thy Father has written for thee ;
Come, wander with me,’ she said, ‘ into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread in the manuscripts of God.’ ”

Haeckel is vexed that so few leading physiologists look with favour on the doctrine of Evolution, when really it belongs to them to figure as its most prominent champions. He nicknames them pedants, and what not, because they cling to facts, and want to move on sure ground. Then he turns savagely round upon them all with his Athanasian Creed—“ This is the faith, which, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.” So whosoever will be saved knows what he has to believe.

It is plain that there is ample room for divergent conclusions, and nobody need be without prominent names to support him, whether, finally he decide for or against the doctrine of the evolution of man from animals. Indeed, scientific men are like Biblical texts, and can be quoted on opposite sides, and scientific theories are like theological theories, no one, as yet, has succeeding in winning the faith of the universal church. Still, there is a sense in which Haeckel is right, notwithstanding his frequent one-sidedness,

* *Evolution of Man*, Vol. I, p. 116.

and his uncalled-for ferocity, in his contention against the advocates of bare facts, that we are bound to seek a theory of some kind or other, if we are ambitious to do anything more than make a dry catalogue. Hypotheses may run wild, but they may also assist discovery, and there are not a few instances on record in which they have done so. It seems, the authorities mentioned leave no doubt, that there are innumerable difficulties in the way of accepting the hypothesis of the evolution of man, in addition to those which stand in the way of the hypothesis of cosmic evolution. Still, it is the same with any hypothesis. Some *lacunæ* remain, and the imagination has to fill them up, and then go on as though its own creations had a location in the objective world. This simply amounts to taking it for granted that, given two distant links of a chain, there must be intermediate links. While, then, we may be willing to confess faith in the evolution hypothesis, both in its cosmic and its human applications, we still have to remember that it is unproven; and the particular inferences which its advocates draw from certain facts may or may not be true, although the hypothesis itself may stand on a fairly solid foundation. And even the statement of the facts requires to be carefully scrutinised, for the attitude of belief or unbelief towards the hypothesis under consideration, unconsciously, but inevitably, colours the language that a man uses, and the conclusion has a tendency to find its way into the premises. We recognise with some difficulty that we have the same fact before us in the diverse representations of Quatrefages and Darwin, and the difficulty is increased when we have to reconcile the varying versions of the same fact in Lotze and Haeckel. It is of no use to pretend that the respective combatants wilfully try to steal a march upon us and to entrap us unawares. That accusation may be repeated all round if any one cares to give up trust in

scientific straightforwardness. Of the reasonings that have come under our notice, Haeckel's are the most partial and Lotze's the most impartial. Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and Fiske are studiously fair, but they all fall short of Lotze's catholic sympathy for the infinite diversity of the manifestations of the one idea.

We are now in a position to inquire whether there are any distinguishing characteristics of men. Likenesses of a very close character between man and the first and lower branches of the evolutionist's tree of life we are prepared to expect. What we claim for man is that in his physical structure he is the last link of a series of organisations and the ripest and completest result of everything that has preceded him. Man, whatever may be his relation to speechless apes, and however indistinguishable he may be from frogs in early morphological stages, ultimately becomes something which is different both from apes and frogs, and which is admitted to be the best combination of bones, muscles, and nerves that the spontaneously generated Monera have shown themselves capable of producing. Haeckel is anxious to reduce the difference to a minimum and to magnify the likeness proportionately. He gives the head and face of a cat and the head and face of a man, and makes the cat very manlike and the man very catlike. Similarly he gives heads of a sheep and a bat, and the four on the same page—and they might be taken for imperfectly executed photographs of one object. He has a special fondness for the head of the nosed-ape, an inhabitant of Borneo, and compares it with the head of Julia Pastrana, a human monstrosity. He says:—

There are very many persons who believe that the image of God is unmistakably reflected in their own features. If the nosed-ape shared in this singular opinion, he would hold it with a better right than some snub-nosed people.*

* Evolution of Man, Vol. I., p. 374.

But pictures, particularly exaggerated pictures, are bad arguments. Lotze ably reasons that the physical superiority of man does not consist so much in the form of this or that organ as in the peculiar combination of various organs and in the wider and more diversified range of energies which this peculiar combination brings in its train. In this way man is marked out as unique. The poor relations of man are confined to limited geographical areas, and man makes himself at home everywhere. The fishes have the water, the birds have the air, and wild beasts are stronger on the land; but their existence is monotonous, and they perish if they are withdrawn from their native element. On the other hand, man has large natural powers of adaptation, and he has almost exhaustless powers of intellectual adaptation, so that he commands alike air, water, and land; and Nature has given him dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.

The faculty of intelligent articulate speech cannot be accounted for by any one physical organ. For the animals appear to possess all the needful organs as well as ourselves, and some birds may be trained to utter articulate words. The explanation must rather be sought in the combination of organs, and the new means thereby furnished for the manifestation of the original energy by which man is differentiated from the animals. And between intelligent articulate speech uttered by self-conscious persons and the cries of animals expressing rage, hunger, and sexual passion, there is a great gulf fixed. Talking parrots and starlings; Barnaby Rudge's raven, master of the two sentences, "Polly, put the kettle on," and "Never say die"; the five distinct kinds of barks which, according to Mr. Darwin, the dog has acquired since he has been domesticated; the methods possessed by ants of communicating with one another; the chattering of rooks in their airy parliaments, and all the vocal powers of the animal tribes, fall, with an "im-

measurable and practically infinite divergence" below human speech. Jack Cade condemned Lord Say for talking of nouns and verbs, though he used them himself without being aware of it. The animals are in no danger from Jack Cade. They stop at interjections. From the standpoint of evolution we may call interjections survivals in man, while they are the consummation in animals, and Horne Tooke's contention that interjections are no legitimate part of human speech at all, has a meaning in it worth considering. We and the animals can interchange measles and small-pox. But the power of intercommunication soon reaches a limit. We never succeed in teaching them to talk, and at the same time to understand what they are saying. The consequences of the absence of the faculty of intelligent, articulate speech, for which, let it be remembered, there is no apparent physical cause, except the different combination of common elements, are sufficient themselves to constitute the human race a race apart. They entail a more lasting memory, and a memory, too, of a more purely intellectual character. They suggest finer distinctions of ideas and emotions. They create a literature. They enable us to hand down the gains of experience to following generations, enriched and multiplied through successive stages. They make history, and they formulate a law of historical progress. Human language produces an *Iliad*, a *Hamlet*, and a *Faust*, it produces a *Koran* and a *Bible*, it produces the nursery rhymes of childhood, the eloquence of orators, the reasonings of philosophers, and a word-clothing for the facts of science. What more need be said? The nosed-ape could not be taught to pronounce, much less to understand, a sentence of the "Evolution of Man." By means of language man becomes the "Alps and Andes of the living world," "reflecting here and there a ray from the infinite source of truth." *

* *Man's Place in Nature*, p. 112.

The organisation of man is such that ideas flow into us through our senses, or are suggested by them, that have no parallels in the regions of pure animal life. Take the sensations of sound in music. For us there is a complete scale of mutually related notes. Their harmonies or dissonances gratify us or displease us. Beethoven is a master of sacred mysteries. Sound has a soul in it. It tells us stories of romance. It imparts meaning to the waterfall and the thunder-clap. It is religious; it mingles heaven with earth and God with man. Music is a new language, mystical and yet intelligent. For the whole animal world this elaborate musical capacity has no existence. The same difference meets us again in the wider range of faculty possessed by the sense of sight. Compared with that of men, the nervous system of animals is less sensitive to colour and form and number. No doubt animals have a joyous sense of bright colours, and this is peculiarly noticeable in the pairing season.

“ In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin’s breast ;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest ;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove.”

The bower birds of New Guinea build picturesque homes to attract the females. The cock’s gorgeous plumage captivates the troop of hens in the poultry-yard. But there are no animal Turners any more than there are animal Handels. Animal art is rudimentary. The architecture is narrowly utilitarian, and confined to providing bare shelter, and the ornament is crude. In man architecture attains to temples and cathedrals; and the passion for ornament reaches ceremonialism, wanders into dress and furniture, and culminates in painting, all to please the eye, and still more to please the soul by clothing the ideal in garments of matter. In these two ways the waves of ether, striking alike on the animal and the human ear and eye, have more meaning for man than they have for

the animal, and while in the animal they serve purposes of sense enjoyment, in man they serve purposes of spiritual education. That is to say, in man the sensations of sound and sight are peculiarly intellectualised, and they end in the perception of ideas.* In the best sense of the word, art, then, as well as language, is a distinctively human prerogative.

A surface likeness, accompanied by profound differences, confronts us once more in the social organisations which animals and men are capable of founding. Shakspeare's description of a community of bees is both perfect poetry and accurate natural history. Sir John Lubbock's ants are more sage than Solomon's. Mr. Darwin's anecdotes of animal societies are marvellous. There exists solid evidence which abundantly proves the capacity of animals to constitute admirably organised societies. They have co-operation for a common end. They have subordinate ranks. They have monarchs to rule, soldiers to defend, artisans to work, cattle to milk, and they hold slaves in bondage. They have some good characteristics of human societies, and they have some bad ones. But they are stationary, while an increasing purpose runs through human history, and our thoughts "are widened with the process of the suns." We have emancipated our slaves. No Wilberforce or Clarkson has appeared among the ants. We have been hunters and fishers, nomads, agriculturists, and we are now learning to prize the industrial phase of activity most of all. They continue as they were, and if they do not degenerate, neither do they grow. We do not expect communities of ants and bees to learn from experience. For the purposes they have to serve, their present methods are ample, and if they were to alter these methods, they would be ants and bees no longer. They are shut up within a circle, perfect of its

* Lotze's *Mikrokosmos*. Vol. II., p. 190.

kind, but narrow. But all human societies are experiments, and development is the order of their life. The elements are at our disposal. Science makes Utopias possible. We have no *finis*. We aspire after an ever-improving social ideal. History is a record of our failures and successes. For man believes in progress, he dreams of it, he works for it. The very crimes and sins that have stained human societies in past times, and that stain them even yet, in the shame with which we regard them in our more advanced state, and in the moral indignation which they kindle in us against themselves, testify to man in his waywardness as being something unspeakably higher than the animals in their fated round, and incapable of righteousness as they are incapable of sin.

And this leads us to the last distinguishing characteristics of man—viz., morality and religion. “Two things there are,” said Kant, “which the oftener and more steadfastly we consider fill the mind with an ever-new, an ever-increasing admiration and reverence—the starry heaven above, the moral law within.” The admiring and reverent contemplation of the “starry heaven above” belonged to Newton. He had a dog called Diamond; but it is not on record that Diamond ever betrayed any astronomical curiosity, though now and then perhaps he bayed at the moon, and scampered into the house when November meteors fell. Diamond, as well as other dogs, might have a conscience, if the meaning of conscience be confined to doing what a master approves, and not doing what a master disapproves, and so diminishing pains and increasing pleasures. That is a popular theory of conscience, and to that extent there seems no reason why we should not grant its possession to the animals. And all the stories of animal morality go no further than that. Self-preservation and the propagation of the race sufficiently explain the genesis of such conscience as the animals have; but we cannot

confound it with Kant's "moral law within," which we recognise as the will of an objective lawgiver. The categorical imperative, the sense of duty, the feeling of sacred and irrevocable obligation which expresses itself in "I ought," alone describes human morality. Right and wrong for us are not bounded by experiences of the pleasurable and painful. We often call the pleasurable wrong and the painful right. We construct a graduated scale of duties, and estimate their importance as they are higher or lower, not according as they are agreeable or disagreeable. We rejoice to strive after an ideal of righteousness, and though it may be rewarded with a crown of thorns, we feel that "all other pleasures are not worth its pains." The moral law within has a universal binding authority, and changes neither with place nor time. Its reality is not altered by our apparent deviations. We can do nothing against it, but for it, and in the end it asserts and vindicates itself. The earlier and later stages of moral practice by no means imply that the law is variable, but only that our perception of it grows, while it is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. We pity others and we condemn ourselves when savage morals occasionally gain the mastery; but admiration, worship almost, is kindled by the sight of uncalculated heroism and the utter abandonment of the soul to righteousness. Howsoever we falter in action, the moral law never fails to win our reverence. When we speak of the survival of the fittest in the animal world, we mean the survival of the strongest, and of those animals who are best adapted to their physical environment. Human civilisation introduces a new factor, and fitness is correspondence to an ideal of moral excellence. Until the animals engage in such controversies as these, and discuss questions in casuistry, and show by their conduct that they feel any interest in speculative or practical moral problems, we must conclude that a different tendency is from the beginning impressed on

the potentiality intended to be evolved into human proportions.

Finally, the religious sentiment is peculiar to man. It is a dismal joke to pretend to discover its rudiments in dogs licking their masters' hands. No doubt the sense of dependence is there, and no doubt human religion first manifests itself as a sense of dependence. But we go on. By processes which are easily explicable, seeing that experience makes us all acquainted with them, and history is their record writ large, the sense of dependence gives rise to emotions of fear and love. It may be that fear is the eldest offspring; early stages of religion appear to indicate that this is the case. But they grow from the same root, and the sproutings of love are inextricably intertwined with the sproutings of fear. We fear the Power, not ourselves, on which we depend, and which often seems to work us ill, and we love the Power which often certainly works us good, and raises the expectation of greater good. Then we personify the Power, and ascribe to it quasi-human attributes. Thus we become theologians. Theology is the intellectual stage of religion where religion ceases to be the mere emotion it was in its inception, and develops into a kind of science. We are necessarily anthropomorphic in our theology. Goethe tells us, "Man never knows how anthropomorphic he is." Anthropomorphic theology may not be the complete truth of the matter, still it is better than any other form that we are capable of imagining. God always stands for the highest object of our thought; obviously we cannot conceive Him as animal energy, for that is lower than human energy, or simply as force, for that has no meaning to us except as the play of intelligence the type of which we find in ourselves. If we knew of any existence higher than man, we should conceive of God after the fashion of that existence. There are no races of men who have not started on this path of religious thought,

and shown themselves capable of indefinite advancement. It used to be supposed that some tribes in a savage state had no name for God, and no ideas of any kind of a future life. But more careful investigation has established the contrary, and has proved that man is naturally religious, and that he displays his religiosity wherever he is met with. And even if it had not been so, if there actually were barbarians so low that the sense of dependence had never excited in their minds the thought of God, we should decline to measure ourselves by them. "The question," says Mr. Darwin, "whether there exists a Creator and Ruler of the universe has been answered in the affirmative by the highest intellects that ever lived." And only human intellects have put or can put the question. God theologised in creating man, and so man anthropologises in conceiving of God. Still, "His thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor are His ways as our ways. But as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His thoughts higher than our thoughts, and His ways higher than our ways."

These like and unlike characteristics of men and animals are more numerous than our space can allow us to find room for. Science comes round in essential particulars to the same conclusion as the common sense of mankind. Nobody pretends that men and brutes can be spoken of in the same way. The common origin, if it be true, must be taken together with existing differences, which are as great as any differences that would arise on the ante-Darwinian theory that God creates each species by itself. On the hypothesis of evolution as applied to man, taken in its largest significance, we and animals pass through similar morphological stages of development, and we and they are constructed on the same physical plan; but we, so far, are the final stage of the development, and the completest expression of the plan which struggled upward to us, and then stopped.

We and they can communicate with one another, but while they are confined to natural language in gestures, cries, and barks, and sympathetic nervous thrills, the faculty of intelligent articulate speech belongs to us alone. We and they share sensations of sight and sound; but while they feel some delight in the sensations, and are stirred up to a reflex activity, we intellectualise the sensations, and create art and music. We and they form societies; but while they are stationary, we, both in the individual and the race, pursue ideals, and rise to higher things on "stepping-stones of our dead selves." We and they have affection; but while in them it is based on appetite, in us it is accompanied by conscience and by a moral law within, by a sense of sin and the felt obligation of righteousness. We and they have a sense of dependence, but we have also morality and religion. In all directions the divergence of man from animals is "immeasurable and practically infinite." Mr. Darwin points out that metaphysical reasoning, mathematical problems, reflections on God, the admiration of grand, natural scenes, the expression of definite ideas by definite words, and disinterested love of all living creatures, are quite beyond animal comprehension. The anthropomorphic ape, if he could take a dispassionate view of his own case, would admit this.*

Professor Huxley is equally emphatic :—

No one is more strongly convinced than I am of the vastness of the gulf between civilised man and the brutes; or is more certain that, whether *from* them or not, he is assuredly *not of* them. No one is less disposed to think lightly of the present dignity, or despairingly of the future hopes of the only intelligent denizen of the world.†

Two questions of great import emerge at this point. First, if we grant the hypothesis of the evolution of man from animals non-human, what may we infer as to the

Descent of Man, Vol. I., p. 105.

† Man's Place in Nature, p. 110.

dignity and destiny of man himself? And, second, what changes are required, if any, in our views of the Divine Activity? As to the first of these questions, it is evident that our answers will be determined by our disposition to look either on the cloud alone, or the cloud with its silver linings. As to the second, our answers will depend on the degree in which we feel ourselves free to transport human consciousness, as an authoritative interpreter, into the universe or the not-self. Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley clearly lean to sympathy with the Psalmist—"Thou hast made man a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour." We may suppose them willing to echo Hamlet in his grander mood—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" Haeckel echoes Hamlet when the sweet bells are jangled, out of tune, and harsh, and "this quintessence of dust" delights him not.

Evolutionists are by no means compelled to make light of human dignity, and they may protest as stoutly against our contenting ourselves with the lower pleasures and lower pains of the beasts, as any believer in the poem of Genesis can. And, indeed, their philosophy is more helpful to morality than the current interpretation of Genesis, for it has no fall from the consequences of which we never entirely escape, but involves steady, though sinuous, progress. Nor is this human dignity, whatever it may be, at all lessened by the fact that, according to the evolutionary hypothesis, we have had non-human progenitors. What we are now, what we may be, and what we ought to be, is a weighty business enough; what we have come from concerns us not. Yet if we have to choose between being fashioned direct out of the dust of the earth, and out of the

same dust after it has served an apprenticeship in previous organisations, we choose the latter method, as more agreeable to our belief that we are the aristocracy of nature. When people do not object to an origin in dust, it is making a difficulty out of an advantage to object to an origin in prepared dust. We are more than dust now of any kind. *We* never were dust. *We* never were speechless apes. *We* only began to be when true men made their appearance through the new combination of old materials, or, as we prefer to picture it, through the waking up of a slumbering potentiality, always there, but never conscious of itself till man came, and then it knew itself the offspring of God.

The old arguments in favour of human immortality remain as before, whether we accept or reject evolution. Ideas and emotions present in consciousness as the property of a personal self are still the only realities that we absolutely know, and it still continues impossible to pass by any imaginable transition or growth whatsoever, from what we hypothecate as matter to what we are sure of as mind. "What," asks Professor Tyndall, "is the causal connection between molecular motions and states of consciousness? My answer is: I do not see the connection, nor have I as yet met anybody who does." * The ear does not hear and the eye does not see.

"What hears is mind, what sees is mind,
All the rest is deaf and blind."

In us, mind knows its fitness to live immortally, our moral aspirations demand immortality, affection clings to it, faith in God necessitates it. Evolution does not lessen the prospect of the ultimate fulfilment of this universal human hope. It may well be that a future and an endless experiment of life is in store for man—nature's consummate marvel. The fact that he is capable of dreaming of such an inheritance illustrates its consonance to his constitution as a self-con-

* "Science and Man," *Fortnightly Review*, Nov. 1877, p. 607.

scious person. We need not consider the animals in this respect. It will be time enough to inquire into their chances of immortality when they say they want it. As the case now stands, evolution rather favours than militates against the claim of man to go on living. Every upward step in the round of existence has witnessed the advent of creatures endowed with powers unknown before, and their reality has not been denied because they did not appear earlier. Now is the era of the reign of man. He is dominant, and he dwarfs his predecessors. His actual superiority is unquestioned, and a superiority stretching to immortality waits for the answer of time. Meanwhile, the probabilities in its favour win our trust, and we will not here go outside the hypothesis of evolution to search for more. Say Socrates was evolved, he believed in immortality. Say Jesus Christ was evolved, he did the same. We are in the best of good company with these two as the sharers of our faith.

As to the second question, concerning God, there prevails a superstitious fear in some quarters that as evolution explains so beautifully how the order of phenomena may have been produced, it may lead us to ignore God. But what do we mean by God? We mean Intelligence and Will. We know them in ourselves. They are the surest of facts that we do know. We know our personal intelligence as limited, yet also that there stands over against us an Intelligence which is unlimited, except by its own free self-manifestations. We know that our personal will is limited in its power to perform actions in accordance with what we will, yet also that there stands over against us a Will unlimited, except by its own freely determined and varying *radii* of energy. The laws of nature are divine thoughts and divine volitions. Physical science does not go along with us when we say that,

“ Out of Thought’s interior sphere,
These wonders rise to upper air ; ”

though Professor Tyndall, who is more than a mere physical scientist, quotes Emerson's lines approvingly. Physical science contents itself with observing phenomena, and telling what they appear to be, purely as phenomena. And this is a useful process in its way, but it is partial; and man, the last result of evolution, cannot content himself with it. We are bound to take the suggestions of human intelligence and will as our guides when we endeavour to interpret the meaning of things in their totality. They are the topmost branches of the tree of finite life, and they earliest and clearest catch the light of the revealing skies. We mistake when we seek the meaning anywhere below; it comes out fullest above. The intelligence of God has ordered, and still orders, the universe; the will of God was, and still is, the pervading force. God knows Himself in the play of atoms, in early forms of life, in the succession of species running one into another, but He is not known. He knows Himself again in man, and lets Himself be partially known by man. And evolution is the coming forth of the divine thought and will; it is the incomplete and never-to-be-completed history of the self-revelation of God.

Here is the primary difference between evolution as interpreted by physical science, and evolution as interpreted by theology. Either way there is a change of conditions, and according to the laws of human thinking the change implies the presence of a power competent to produce it. The various conditions conspire to an end which the laws of human thinking again would compel us to regard as determined, provided for, and foreseen if we met with it anywhere else; and why should it not be so when we meet with it in nature? The adaptation of the eye to vision may not be a final cause in the precise sense of Archdeacon Paley. It may be granted that "Design" is an inadequate word to express the working of the Divine Mind, and even Consciousness, the richest word in our vocabulary, has

shortcomings when applied to God. They hint at Him rather than declare Him, and they imply in the source all that we have seen in the stream, and an infinite potentiality beyond. Mr. Fiske thinks that Darwinism has given the death-blow to teleology, and suggests Cosmic Theism in the place of Anthropomorphic Theism. But may not the two be held together, and Anthropomorphic Theism be the best possible interpretation of Cosmic Theism? Professor Tyndall thinks that between the theory of the Almighty Clockmaker and the theory of Immanence, as conceived in Carlyle's Ash Tree Ygdrasil, there is less difference than at first sight appears. Professor Huxley thinks that evolution only pushes the problem farther back, and that the teleologist may take refuge in an impregnable fortress. If he says that God determined all beforehand, evolution cannot touch him, for the simple reason that it knows nothing either for or against the assertion. The whole question, which is too large to deal with here, is freshly and ably handled by Paul Janet.* Evolution really leaves the teleological argument unhurt, though it has to be reshaped. Instead of beginning with atoms, minus intelligence and will, and arbitrarily introducing these two factors from nobody knows where, in an after-stage of development, we start with them, and call them God. The only distinction that we need make between God and nature is the distinction between the idea itself and the utterance of the idea, always with the qualification that while the idea is the Absolute Deity, the utterance is partly known and partly unknown, and the interpretations of both, either by science or theology, share in the imperfectness which belongs to humanity.

WILLIAM BINNS.

* *Final Causes*. London. 1878.

*PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MARY
CARPENTER.**

THE biography of Miss Carpenter, by her nephew, affords a most true picture of this admirable woman in the two leading phases of her character—the Philanthropist and the Pietist. Nothing is overdrawn by a line in the description of her untiring zeal, her marvellous practical ability, and her exalted and saintly devotion. Nor is anything wanting, assuredly, in the thoroughly complete and intelligent history which Professor Estlin Carpenter has given of Miss Carpenter's multifarious philanthropic projects and achievements. It is a history which cannot fail to interest every reader, and is full of information even for those who once, in a measure, shared her labours.

There are, however, I apprehend, beside these great features of Mary Carpenter's life, several minor ones which her biographer has either omitted, or only partially delineated (as was inevitable) at second-hand; and these, it appears to me, might be advantageously added by friends nearer in age to the beloved subject of the Memoirs, and qualified to record the first impressions made on a stranger by her physical and moral aspect. I do not hope in the following brief Recollections to produce such a supplement to Mr. Carpenter's excellent Biography, but only to contribute a few

* The Life and Work of Mary Carpenter. By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. Macmillan and Co. 1879.

touches which may help those who never knew this noble woman to realise what she was in the flesh, and to rekindle tender memories in the hearts of those who both knew and loved her.

It was with a true insight into human nature that Sir Arthur Helps made one of his "*Friends in Council*" say that he considers it a test of perfect friendship that we may "*feel free to laugh at our friend.*" The more we esteem and revere them in our innermost souls, the more we need to feel thus at liberty to jest with them concerning the little whims, idiosyncrasies, and droll characteristics which detract not one jot from their claims to honour, but rather add to them the charm of thorough humanity. If in anything I shall record of Mary Carpenter I may sometimes raise a smile, it will only be such a smile as she herself would have been the first to share.

My acquaintance with Mary Carpenter commenced in November, 1858, when I went to reside in her house for the purpose of taking part in her work. Lady Byron had communicated to me her desire to find a successor to Miss Bathurst, who had laboured with her during the previous year, and had left her in consequence of broken health. We paid Miss Carpenter for board and lodging, and she provided us with abundance of occupation. My reasons for falling into such an arrangement were that my home duties had terminated, and that I was looking out to see what use I could make of my life. I had by mere chance read her "*Juvenile Delinquents*," and had admired the spirit of the book; but my special attraction to Miss Carpenter was the belief that I should find in her at once a very religious woman, and one so completely outside the pale of orthodoxy that I should be sure to find with her the sympathy I had never yet been privileged to enjoy. My notions of an "Unitarian" were at the time extremely vague; and nothing

could exceed my consternation when I discovered that there was such a thing as "orthodox Unitarianism," and a rather stiff and prickly orthodoxy to boot.

Naturally, I retain a vivid recollection of the years which I spent in Red Lodge House, exceptional as they were from every point of view among the chapters of my small history; and I possess, in addition, to correct any failure of remembrance, some twenty letters from Miss Carpenter, written during my temporary absences from her house, and a considerable packet of my own letters sent during my residence therein to a dear friend, since dead—the same H. S. to whom Mrs. Kemble has addressed her delightful "Old Woman's Gossip."

My first interview with Miss Carpenter was in the doorway of my bedroom after my arrival at Red Lodge House. She had been absent from home on business, and hastened upstairs to welcome me. It was a rather critical moment, for I had been asking myself anxiously—"What manner of woman shall I behold?" I knew I should see an able and an excellent person; but it is quite possible for able and excellent women to be far from constituting agreeable companions for a *tête-à-tête* of years; and nothing short of this had I in contemplation. The first glimpse in that doorway set my fears at rest! The plain and careworn face, the figure which, Mr. Martineau says, had been "columnar" in youth, but which at fifty-two was angular and stooping, were yet all alive with feeling and power. Her large light blue eyes, with their peculiar trick of showing the white beneath the iris, had an extraordinary faculty of taking possession of the person on whom they were fixed, like those of an amiable Ancient Mariner who only wanted to talk philanthropy, and not to tell stories of weird voyages and murdered albatrosses. There was humour, also, in every line of her face, and a readiness to catch the first gleam of a joke. But the

prevailing characteristic of Mary Carpenter, as I came subsequently more perfectly to recognise, was a high and strong *Resolution*, which made her whole path much like that of a plough in a well-drawn furrow, which goes straight on end its own beneficent way, and gently pushes aside into little ridges all intervening people and things.

Long after this first interview, I showed Miss Carpenter's photograph to the Master of Balliol, without telling him whom it represented. After looking at it carefully, he remarked, "This is the portrait of a person who *lives under high moral excitement*." There could not be a truer summary of her habitual state.

Writing to my old friend two days after my arrival at Bristol, I thus described my impressions:—

I like Miss Carpenter *very* much. I have seen her but little as yet, but I feel confident I shall have much happiness in her intercourse. All she feels and thinks about her work meets my highest expectation.

A week or two later I added:—

Miss Carpenter is fearfully overworked, quite breaking down with it. I never sit for a moment with her, even at odd times when we have leisure, because I see she has not an ounce of strength to waste. She does the work of three people on the food of half a one. I begin to love her very heartily. That beautiful loving nature of hers is just what I want. . . . Miss F. was quite right—she is a true "saint," and it is a blessing of the very highest sort to live with her. The homely exterior contrasts curiously always, to my eye, with what I see of the beautiful soul; and the poor stooping frame, and low, slow voice with the resolute energy which has done work which all my vitality would not accomplish in a century. I feel to her a sort of loyalty which makes it quite a pleasure to me to follow out her wishes hour by hour, feeling, as I do, the profoundest sympathy with her ideas of the end to be aimed at, and seeing all the wisdom of the means wherewith she carries them out. Whether I am of much use, I know not; at all events, she says I

cheer her, and bring life into the schools. I can save her some writing.

Our days were very much alike, and "Sunday shone no Sabbath-day" for us. Our little household consisted of one honest girl (a certain excellent Marianne, who well deserves commemoration) and two little *professed* thieves from the Red Lodge. We assembled for prayers very early in the morning; and breakfast was got over, during the winter months, before daylight, Miss Carpenter always remarking brightly as she sat down, "How cheerful" was the gas! After this, there were classes at the different schools, endless arrangements and organisations, the looking-up of little truants from the Ragged Schools, and a good deal of business in the way of writing reports, and so on. Altogether, nearly every hour of the day and week was pretty well mapped out, leaving only space for the brief dinner and tea; and at nine or ten o'clock at night, when we met at last, Miss Carpenter was often so exhausted that I have seen her fall asleep with the spoon half way between her mouth and the cup of gruel which she ate for supper. Her habits were all of the simplest and most self-denying kind. Both by temperament and on principle she was essentially a Stoic. She had no sympathy at all with *Asceticism*, which is a very different thing, and implies a vivid sense of the attractiveness of luxury; and she strongly condemned fasting, and all such practices, on the Zoroastrian principle, that they involve a culpable weakening of powers which are intrusted to us for good use. But she was an ingrained Stoic, to whom all the minor comforts of life are simply indifferent, and who can scarcely even recognise the fact that other people take heed of them. She once, with great simplicity, made to me the grave observation that at a country house where she had just passed two or three days "the ladies and gentlemen all came down dressed for dinner, and evidently thought the meal rather a pleasant

part of the day!" For herself (as I often told her) she had no idea of any Feast except that of the Passover, and always ate with her loins girded and her umbrella at hand, ready to rush off to the Red Lodge, if not to the Red Sea. In vain I remonstrated on the unwholesomeness of the practice, and even entreated, on my own behalf, to be allowed time to swallow my food, and also some food (in the shape of vegetables) to swallow, as well as the eternal, too easily ordered, salt beef and ham. Next day, after an appeal of this kind, made serious on my part by threats of gout, good Miss Carpenter greeted me with a complacent smile on my entry into our little dining-room. "You see I have not forgotten your wish for a dish of vegetables!" There, surely enough, on a cheese-plate, stood six little radishes! Her special chair was a horsehair one with wooden arms, and on the seat she had placed a small square cushion, as hard as a board, likewise covered with horsehair. I took this up one day, and taunted her with the *Sybaritism* it betrayed; but she replied, with infinite simplicity, "Yes, indeed! I am sorry to say that since my illness I have been obliged to have recourse to *these indulgences* (!). I used to try, like St. Paul, to 'endure hardness.'"

Her standard of conscientious rigour was even, it would appear, applicable to animals. I never saw a more ludicrous little scene than when she one day found my poor dog Hajjin—a splendid grey Pomeranian—lying on the broad of her very broad back, luxuriating on the rug before a good fire. After gravely inspecting her for some moments, Miss Carpenter turned solemnly away, observing, in a tone of deep moral disapprobation, "Self-indulgent dog!"

But alongside of this Stoicism there was in Mary Carpenter a strong feeling for Beauty, both of Nature and Art. So far as her means would allow, she made her Reformatory and her house (the Ragged School was past æsthetic help!) as pretty as possible, and she frequently expressed horror

of the bare and pictureless walls of certain other charitable institutions. She was also a very fair artist in the earlier style of water-colour drawings, and especially showed her fancy and delicate feeling in semi-imaginary landscapes. A series of these portrayed the course of the river Otter; and she was good enough to write out for me the words beneath each drawing, forming in succession a sweet little poem. They afford a glimpse of a side of Mary Carpenter's character which has been too much lost sight of among her sterner labours, but one which I always did my utmost to bring up to lighten her toils and relieve the sordidness among which she necessarily passed so large a portion of her time.

WANDERINGS OF THE OTTER FROM OTTERTON TO THE SEA.

I.

The Otter ripples along joyously, having just escaped from the last abode of man, and then calmly flows on between peaceful meadows and hanging woods. Flowers bedeck its banks, and trees bend lovingly over their favourite stream.

II.

The Otter is full of peace. Large forest trees do not disdain to hang their strong protecting arms over the rivulet, while more slight and delicate branches entwine themselves over it. The Otter lovingly reflects their varied hues—and glides on.

III.

The banks open. The red cliffs appear from amidst ancient gnarled trunks and young, bright foliage. Many-coloured lichens have decked even the protecting hurdles of the watering place.

IV.

A solitary bird stands musingly on the bank, near a little island. The Otter smiles peacefully, though clouds thicken in the sky.

V.

The spirit of the Otter ascends the high banks, and, from underneath the fir trees, catches a first glimpse of the blue sea—the home to which it is hastening.

VI.

The last bridge is passed. The banks recede. The cattle refresh themselves in their favourite stream. The Otter gives a tender farewell glance at its beloved woods.

VII.

The sea-cliffs are gained! The nymphs of the caverns welcome their longed-for one. Yet the Otter still looks lovingly at the green spots of its own Devon.

VIII.

All is now forgotten but the joy of having reached the home. The setting sun sheds its brightest light on the rocks and sea-green weeds that welcome the Otter. The wild gulls greet it gladly.

IX.

The joyous stream blends its pure and sparkling waters with the calm, crystal waves that wash Devon's sea-cliffs, and reflect her bright heavens. Undine has gained her home. M. C.

Speaking of a collection of Miss Carpenter's sketches, I wrote to my friend:—"It is curious to know of this real artist mind, and to watch her in a frightful schoolroom labouring away over some simplest matter with those poor little ragamuffins. I have always deemed the love of the Beautiful to be a *fastidious* sentiment, but she is beyond all that."

Certainly, I did not exaggerate the frightfulness of one, at least, of the schoolrooms in which much of her work lay—a certain Ragged School in a filthy lane named St. James' Back, now, I believe, happily swept from the face of

the earth. The long line of Lewin's Mead beyond the chapel was bad enough, especially at nine or ten o'clock of a winter's night, when half the gas lamps were extinguished, and groups of miserable drunken men and women were to be found shouting, screaming, and fighting before the dens of drink and infamy, of which the street consisted. Miss Carpenter told me, that a short time previously, some Bow-street constables had been sent down to this place to ferret out a crime which had been committed there, and that they reported there was not in all London such a nest of wickedness as they had explored. The ordinary Bristol policemen were never to be seen at night in Lewin's Mead, and it was said they were afraid to show themselves in the place. But St. James' Back was a shade, I think, lower than Lewin's Mead, at all events it was further from the upper air of decent life; and in these horrid slums that dauntless woman had bought some tumbledown old buildings and turned them into schools—day-schools and night-schools for boys, for girls, for infants—and specially night-schools for boys, all the very sweepings of those wretched streets.

It was a wonderful spectacle to see Mary Carpenter sitting patiently before the large school gallery in this place, teaching, singing, and praying with the wild street-boys, in spite of endless interruptions caused by such proceedings as shooting marbles at any object behind her, whistling, stamping, fighting, shrieking out "Amen" in the middle of the prayer, and sometimes rising *en masse* and tearing, like a troupe of bisons in hob-nailed shoes, down from the gallery, round the great schoolroom and down the stairs, out into the street. These irrepressible outbreaks she bore with infinite good humour, and, what seemed to me more marvellous still, she heeded, apparently, not at all the indescribable abomination of the odours of a tripe and trotter shop next door, wherein operations were frequently carried

on which, together with the *bouquet du peuple* of the poor little unkempt scholars, rendered the school, of a hot summer's evening, little better than the ill-smelling *giro* of Dante's "Inferno." These trifles, however, scarcely even attracted Mary Carpenter's attention, fixed as it was on the possibility of "taking hold" (as she used to say) of one little urchin or another, on whom, for the moment, her hopes were fixed.

The droll things which daily occurred in these schools, and the wonderful replies received from the scholars to questions testing their information,* amused her intensely, and the more unruly were the young scamps the more, I think, in her secret heart she liked them, and gloried in taming them. She used to say, "Only to get them to use the *school comb* is something!" Indeed, at all times the

* I have elsewhere given some illustrations from this experience of the Ragged School-boy's mind. There was the boy who defined Conscience as "a thing a gen'elman hasn't got, who, when a boy finds his purse and gives it back to him, doesn't give the boy sixpence." There was the boy who, sharing in a Sunday evening lecture on "Thankfulness," and being asked what pleasure he enjoyed most in the course of the year, replied candidly, "Cock fightin', ma'am; there's a pit up by the 'Black Boy' as is worth anythink in Brissel." The clergy troubled us little. One day an impressive young curate entered and sat silent, sternly critical to note what heresies were being instilled into the minds of his flock. "I am giving a lesson on Palestine," I said; "I have just been at Jerusalem." "*In what sense?*" said the awful young man, darkly discerning some mysticism of the Swedenborgian kind, perhaps, beneath the simple statement. The boys who were dismissed from the school for obstreperous behaviour were a great difficulty to us, usually employing themselves in shouting at the door. One winter's night when it was raining heavily, as I was passing through Lewin's Mead, I was greeted by a chorus of voices, "Cob-web! Cob-web!" emanating from the depths of a black archway. Standing still under my umbrella, and looking down the cavern, I remarked, "Don't you think I must be a little tougher than a cobweb to come out such a night as this to teach such little scamps as you?" "Indeed you is, mum; that's true!" "Well, don't you think *you* would be more comfortable in that nice warm schoolroom than in this dark, cold place?" "Yes, 'm, we would." "You'll have to promise to be tremendously good, I can tell you, if I bring you in again. Will you promise?" Vows of everlasting order and obedience were tendered, and, to Miss Carpenter's intense amusement, I came into St. James' Back, followed by a whole troop of little outlaws reduced to temporary subjection. At all events, they never shouted "Cob-web" again.

events of the day's work, if they bordered on the ludicrous (as was often the case), provoked her laughter till the tears ran down her cheeks. One night she sat grieving over a piece of ingratitude on the part of one of her teachers, and told me she had given him some invitation for the purpose of conciliating him, and "heaping coals of fire on his head." "It will take *another scuttle*, my dear friend," I remarked; and thereupon her tears stopped, and she burst into a hearty fit of laughter. Next evening she said to me dolorously, "I tried that *other scuttle*, but it was no go!"

But this innocent mirthfulness was always quenched if the subject in question trenched on vice or wicked folly of any kind. Miss Carpenter was assuredly not one of the "fools who make a mock of sin." In another of my letters I find these remarks:—

It is rather an awful thing to live with a person whose standard is so exalted, and who never seems to comprehend, with all her pity for actual *vice*, the lax moral half-and-half state wherein most of us habitually muddle. Her merry laugh stops spontaneously if my jokes approach to stories wherein any sort of wrong-doing is treated as ludicrous. . . . At all events, it is a blessed sight to see with one's own eyes the state it is possible to reach even in this world.

The sustained and fervent zeal wherewith Mary Carpenter laboured never ceased to excite my wonder and admiration. Something, perhaps, must be allowed for the first experience of a *working* existence, as compared to lives of leisure and luxury; but far beyond this was the real, high *devotion* of her whole being, body, mind, and heart, to her self-imposed duty. So complete was that devotion, indeed, that a gentleman who contemplated it (from a considerable distance) remarked that it was, "after all, just like fox-hunting." Miss Carpenter got up of a cold winter's morning cheerfully to look after some little pick-pocket, and he got up equally cheerfully to look after his

particular interest—the hounds. It was quite the same thing.

Of course, like any mortal, Mary Carpenter had *les défauts de ses qualités*. Her absorption in her work always blinded her to the fact that other people might possibly be bored by hearing of it incessantly. Had she confined her conversation on the subject to her fellow-workers, it would have been very excusable; but it was with great difficulty that she could ever be moved by anybody out of her groove, or induced to talk (as she could do admirably, and in a most interesting way) of literature or art or general subjects. I always suspected that she did not exactly bear in mind whether she were talking to A, B, or C, much less whether A, B, or C were interested in what she was saying; but that she merely (as she was prone to express it) “developed an idea” without reference to the audience. In India, I have heard that a Governor of a Residency observed, after her visit, “It is very astonishing; I listened to all Miss Carpenter had to tell me, but when I began to tell her what I knew of this country she dropped asleep.” Indeed, the poor, wearied, and overworked brain when it had made its effort generally collapsed, and in two or three minutes, after “holding you with her eye” through a long philanthropic history, Miss Carpenter might be seen to be, to all intents and purposes, asleep.

On one occasion, that most loveable old man, Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, came to pass two or three days at Red Lodge House, and Miss Carpenter was naturally delighted to take him about and show him her schools, and explain everything to him. Mr. May listened with great interest for a time, but at last his attention flagged, and two or three times he turned to me, “When can we have our talk, which Theodore Parker promised me?” “Oh, by-and-by,” Miss Carpenter always interposed, till one day, after we had visited St. James’ Back, we arrived all three at the foot of

the tremendous stairs, almost like those of the Trinità, which then existed in Bristol, and were called the "Christmas Steps." "Now, Mr. May and Miss Cobbe (said Mary Carpenter, cheerfully), you can have your talk." And so we had—till we got to the top, when she resumed the guidance of the conversation. Good jokes were often made of this little weakness, but it had its pathetic side. Never was there a word of real egotism in her eager talk, or the evidence of the slightest wish to magnify her own doings, or to impress her hearers with her immense share in the public benefits she described. It was her deep conviction that to turn one of these poor little sinners from the error of its ways, to reach to the roots of the misery and corruption of the "perishing and dangerous classes," was the most important work which could possibly be undertaken, and she very naturally in consequence made it the most prominent, indeed, almost the sole, subject of discourse. I was once in her company at a friend's house in London, when there happened to be present half-a-dozen people, each devoted to some special political, religious, or moral agitation. Miss Carpenter remarked, "It is a thousand pities that everybody will not join and give the whole of their minds to *the* great cause of the age, because, if they *would*, we should carry it undoubtedly." "What is the great cause of the age?" we simultaneously exclaimed. "Parliamentary Reform?" said our host, a Radical M.P.; "the Abolition of Slavery?" said one; "Teetotalism?" said another; "Woman Suffrage?" said another; "the conversion of the world to Theism?" said I. In the midst of the clamour, Miss Carpenter looked serenely round, "Why, the *Industrial Schools Bill*, of course!" Nobody enjoyed the joke, when we all began to laugh, more than the reformer herself. In a letter of mine, dated Feb. 13, 1859, I find I wrote as follows:—

It is often, I can see, a pure *labour* to her to converse on any

subject except her work. Her thoughts are all the time running on some poor child or other. I am puzzled whether to follow or not the advice of her sister, Mrs. Thomas, and her friend, Miss Sanford, and try to draw her off, or to be silent. The other night we both came home late from our various schools, and after I had read prayers, somehow my thoughts wandered off to far-away summer mornings in my life's dawn at N., and I talked for a time of them and of some hymns connected with those fresh, dewy hours. She listened, as I fondly imagined, and smiled, though rather absently, and then suddenly said, "I don't think those boys in the Industrial School will ever attend to Mr. Higginbotham if he doesn't take care," &c., &c. I could hardly answer her, so awful was the return from my beautiful dream to the ugly school and dirty boys with whom I had been contented to pass the evening, but whom I was only too glad to forget the next minute. . . . Work of the limbs is exhausting—head-work is much more so; but neither of them is anything to the actual *soul*-work she gives—the very depth of her nature stirred and flowing out continually to those poor children.

It was, above all, in the Red Lodge Reformatory that Mary Carpenter's work was at its highest. The *spiritual* interest she took in the poor little girls was beyond words admirable. When one of them whom she had hoped was really reformed fell back into thievish or other evil ways, her grief was a real vicarious *repentance* for the little sinner,—a Christ-like sentiment infinitely sacred. Nor was she at all blind to their defects, or easily deceived by the usual sham reformations of such institutions. In one of her letters to me she wrote these wise words:—

I have pointed out in one of my reports why I have more trouble than others (*e.g.*, especially Catholics). A system of steady repression and order would make them sooner *good scholars*; but then I should not have the least confidence in the real change of their characters. Even with my free system in the Lodge, remember how little we knew of Hill's and Hawkins' *real* character until they were in my house! I do not object to the nature being kept under the curb of rule and order for a time, until some principles are sufficiently rooted to be appealed

to. But then it must have play, or we cannot possibly tell what amount of reformation has taken place. The Catholics have an enormous artificial help in their religion and priests; but I place no confidence in the slavish obedience they produce and the hypocrisy which I have generally found inseparable from Catholic influence. I would far rather have M. A. M'Intyre coolly say, "I know it was wrong (a barring and bolting out)," and Anne Crooks, in the cell for outrageous conduct, acknowledge the same—"I know it was wrong, but I am *not* sorry," than any hypocritical and heartless acknowledgments. [July 9, 1859.]

Indeed, nobody had a keener eye to detect cant of any kind, or a greater hatred of it. She told me one day of her visit to a celebrated institution, said to be supported semi-miraculously by answers to prayer, in the specific shape of cheques. Miss Carpenter said that she asked the matron (or some other official) whether it was supported by voluntary subscriptions. "Oh, dear no, madam," the woman replied; "do you not know? It is entirely supported by prayer." "Oh, indeed!" replied Miss Carpenter. "I dare say, however, when friends have once been moved to send you money, they continue to do so regularly?" "Yes, certainly they do." "And they mostly send it at the beginning of the year?" "Yes, yes; very regularly." "Ah, well!" said Miss Carpenter, "when people send me money for Red Lodge under those circumstances, *I enter them in my Reports as Annual Subscribers!*"

Very few can form an idea how large a demand it makes on the highest and most divine kind of charity to do such work as that Red Lodge Reformatory required. The contrast must be felt to be imagined between these poor little criminals and the innocent children of an ordinary village school. The corruption of these hapless young souls is often very revolting, and the most promising of them will not seldom, at the end of months of apparent improvement, betray that she has all the time been plotting to return to a life of crime or vice. But nothing ever turned away

Mary Carpenter's interest, or wearied out her loving care. Abhorring the corruption, she all the more pitied and desired to purify the poor, young, tarnished souls. As Mrs. Nassau Senior so beautifully said, these hapless girls need, above all, "*mothering*;" and it was "mothering" which Mary Carpenter gave them. I have a photograph of her, seated in the splendid old black-oak room in Red Lodge, with a group of these poor little thieves,* in their uniform blue frocks, gathered round her, and well can I remember some of them, with their sad, scarred and seamed faces, and degraded type of heads, and the gentle way in which she used to bring them near her. On certain nights she made it a habit to go round their dormitories and talk to each of them quietly in bed, and often kissed one or another—an act of infinite significance to these hungry young hearts.

* I recognise one of them as a certain "Kitty," whose story might stand as a specimen of the lot of these poor children. At ten years old, a little, stunted creature, she stood in the dock, with her brother, a still smaller mite, *convicted of horse-stealing*! The babes had been sent round by their tramping parents to pick up whatever they might find, and on their way they spied an old grey mare in a field, and conceived the bright idea that it would be most agreeable for the rest of their journey to travel on horseback. Accordingly they managed to release the mare, clambered up on her back, and proceeded on their way rejoicing, till they were overtaken by the infuriated farmer to whom the animal belonged. Happily for Kitty, Miss Carpenter's Reformatory was open for her *very* juvenile delinquency, instead of the dreadful jail to which a few years earlier she must have been committed. She stayed at Red Lodge for her five years' sentence (indeed, I fancy Miss Carpenter mercifully stretched the term by some little artifice to six), and all that time Kitty behaved like a good-hearted, half-tamed little animal, always in scrapes, but always, with leonine courage, holding up her hand in the class to confess that she was the culprit when any iniquity was discovered. She was devotedly attached to one kind and excellent teacher, Miss Gambell (Mrs. Cross now—still, I am happy to say, engaged in one of the kindred institutions), and was caught one day, I was told, kissing my stockings, on which she was learning the art of darning, from love for me. But, alas! Kitty's dreadful mother came again and again to claim her, and at last the law could be stretched no further. Kitty went away from Red Lodge with her family, half glad, half sorry; and a month or two later we heard that the poor young girl had died of fever, caught in the rough life to which she had returned.

When they left the Reformatory, she watched their subsequent career with deep interest, gloried in the intelligence that they were behaving honestly and steadily, or deplored their backslidings in the contrary event. In short, her interest was truly in *the children themselves*, in their very souls, and not, as such philanthropy too often becomes, an interest in *her Institution*. Those who know most of such work will best understand how wide is the distinction.

But Mary Carpenter was not only the guardian and teacher of the poor young waifs and strays of Bristol, when she had caught them in her charity-traps. She was also their unwearied advocate with one Government after another, and with every public man and magistrate whom she could reasonably or unreasonably attack on their behalf. Never was there such a case of the Widow and the Unjust Judge; till at last most English statesmen came to recognise her wisdom, and to yield readily to her pressure, and she was a "power in the State." As she wrote to me about her Industrial School, so was it in everything else:—

The magistrates have been lapsing into their usual apathy; so I have got a piece of artillery to help me in the shape of Mr. M. D. Hill. . . . They have found by painful experience that I cannot be made to rest while justice is not done to these poor children. [July 6, 1859.]

And again, some years later, when I had told her I had sat at dinner beside a gentleman who had opposed many of her good projects:—

"I am very sorry you did not see through Mr. ———, and annihilate him! Of course I shall never rest in this world till the children have their birthrights in this so-called Christian country; but my next mode of attack I have not decided on yet!" [February 13, 1867.]

Mary Carpenter's theology was, I believe, exactly that of her much beloved father, Dr. Lant Carpenter, and of course was

a little out of date as representing Free Thought at this end of the century. She was so staunch and true to the core that I am sure she never felt it to be a temptation (as it would have been to a weaker nature) to escape all the difficulties of her position, and facilitate her work, by conforming to the Church of England. She had, on the contrary, supreme contempt for Unitarians who (as she drolly expressed it) "turned Church," and never for a moment, for her own part, concealed or mitigated her hereditary heresies. Her sympathies with Robertson of Brighton, with Lady Byron and other Broad Church friends were, however, evidently much more close than with those who diverged in the slightest degree on the other side of her Unitarianism. Every philanthropic worker must know only too well the advantage of labouring under the shelter of a great church and with the aid of a ready-made authoritative code, fit to be applied without discussion to every case which may arise. And Miss Carpenter was enlightened enough to recognise that at the level of her poor *protégées* at Red Lodge, all Christian sects were pretty much alike; and to send them every Sunday, accordingly, without scruple, to the nearest religious edifice, which happened to be a Lady Huntingdon chapel, at the bottom of Park Row. But, for herself, she never wavered, or allowed any one to imagine that she was anything else than an Unitarian. To me, however, this old-school Unitarianism was a most singular phase of religious thought. So much of language which I had been trained to understand only in a Trinitarian sense seemed to be used by Miss Carpenter in a totally different signification, that I was constrained, as it were, to learn a new vocabulary. And when all translations were made, the position of Christ in the Unitarian scheme appeared more and more inexplicable. Miss Carpenter obviously gave him in her religion (by whatever title she addressed him) a place even more prominent than I had been wont to see him hold

among Trinitarians. Every prayer was concerned about him and *through* him, and one prayer which she frequently read at our little domestic devotions, actually invoked *God* to make us "obedient to *Christ*"! I ventured at last to speak to her of this, to say that I could see little to choose between "asking God to make us obedient to Christ" and "asking Christ to make us obedient to God;" and that I felt that if we were thus to have a Great God and a Lesser God (for what was a God practically to us but our Unseen Lord?), I, for my part, would be thankful to be assured by Athanasius that there are "not two Gods, but one God." I had quitted with anguish the church of my fathers to follow the faith, "the Lord our God is One Lord," and this perpetual introduction of the most revered of Teachers and Prophets, recognised as only a man, into the very *penetralia* of prayer was to me unspeakably painful. I fear Miss Carpenter was wounded by my remarks, however tenderly urged; and we never quite stood on the same ground after I had implored her to omit those unfortunate words from the prayers which otherwise I delighted to follow. These differences were the more sad, because they ought to have been so unimportant in comparison with the wide field wherein we might have found sympathies, and of my profound reverence for her beautiful piety. But she could bear no discussion of any such matters. She looked on the doctrines of the Church of England, in which I had been brought up, as quite exploded, and even as almost ridiculous; but, on the other hand, she was impatient of any notion of progress beyond the zone attained by Channing and Dr. Lant Carpenter. I said something one day about the great strides which Biblical criticism had made of recent years, but was silenced at once; "Oh, but my father *settled all that!* He *harmonised the Gospels.*" In short, I found, to my sad surprise, that between her Unitarianism and my Theism there was a sharper line (in *her* mind, not in

mine) than I had often found between my faith and that of many an Evangelical Trinitarian.* But if I experienced keen disappointment as regarded the expected wide-mindedness of Miss Carpenter, there was no disappointment with, but an ever-growing sense of admiration for, her moral and spiritual excellence. No language which her nephew has used, and no testimony I can add to it, can exaggerate the depth and sincerity of her devoutness, the true saintliness to which she attained. Had martyrdom been offered to her, Mary Carpenter would have gone to the stake singing psalms. Among Romanists she would have taken her place with St. Vincent de Paul and St. Frances of Rome. Indeed, I have heard pious Catholics, while she lived, speak of her as "that other Mary—Mary Carpenter!"

I longed earnestly to be admitted to know somewhat of the high experiences which such a soul could reveal, but in these things Mary Carpenter was as reserved as she was communicative about her secular affairs. She often made me think of St. Jerome's beautiful simile of the vessels of the Hebrew sanctuary, which were ordered each to be closed by its golden lid.

At last my residence under Mary Carpenter's roof came to a close. My health had broken down two or three times in succession under a *régime* for which neither habit nor constitution had fitted me, and my kind friend Dr. Symonds' orders necessitated arrangements of meals, &c., which Miss Carpenter thought would occasion too much irregularity in her little household, which, it must be remembered, was also a branch of the Reformatory work. I also sadly perceived that I could be of no real comfort or service as

* I have reason to believe that in later years, and especially after her journeys to India and larger acquaintance with various forms of religious belief, Miss Carpenter's sympathies widened out considerably beyond the circle wherein they were partially closed at the period of which I write.

an inmate of her house, though I could still help her, and perhaps more effectually, by attending her schools while living alone in the neighbourhood. Her overwrought and nervous temperament could ill bear the strain of a perpetual companionship, or even the idea that any one in her house might expect companionship from her; and if while I was yet a stranger she had found some fresh interest in my society, it doubtless ceased when I had been a twelvemonth under her roof, and knew everything which she could tell me about her work and plans. As I often told her (more in earnest than she supposed), I knew she would have been more interested in me had I been either more of a sinner or more of a saint!

And so, a few weeks later, the separation was made in all friendliness, and I went to live alone at Durdham Down, still working pretty regularly at the Red Lodge and Ragged Schools, but gradually engaging more in Workhouse visiting and looking after friendless girls, so that my intercourse with Miss Carpenter became less and less frequent, though always cordial and pleasant. After some years an accident, which made me for a long time a cripple, severed my connection with Bristol, and took me away from Mary Carpenter's work and from the circle of her noble-hearted friends, who from first to last had shown me kindness which I shall remember while I live.

From that date I had, from time to time, the pleasure of receiving visits from Miss Carpenter at my home in London, and hearing her accounts of her Indian travels and other interests. In 1877, I went to Clifton to attend an Antivivisection meeting, and also one for Woman Suffrage, and at the latter of these I found myself with great pleasure on the same platform with Mary Carpenter. Professor Estlin Carpenter, while fully stating her recognition of the rightfulness of the demand for votes for women, and also doing us the great service of printing Mr. Mill's most admirable

letter to her on the subject (p. 493), is, it seems, unaware that she ever publicly advocated the cause of political rights for women. But on this occasion, as I have said, she took her place on the platform of the West of England Branch of the Association at its meeting in the Victoria Rooms, and, in my hearing, either proposed or seconded one of the Resolutions demanding the franchise, adding a few words of cordial approval.

Before I returned to London on this occasion I called to see Miss Carpenter, bringing with me a young niece. I found her at Red Lodge, and she insisted on my going with her over all our old haunts, and noting what changes and improvements she had made. I was tenderly touched by her great kindness to my young companion and to myself, and by the added softness and gentleness which years had brought to her. She expressed herself as very happy in every way; and, in truth, she seemed to me like one who had reached the Land of Beulah, and for whom there would be henceforth only peace within and around.

A few weeks later I was told that her servant had gone into her bedroom one morning and found her weeping for her dead brother. The next morning the woman entered again at the same hour; but Mary Carpenter was lying quite still, as she had lain in sleep. Her "six days' work" was done. She had gone to the world where there are no more tears.

It was the fitting close of a beautiful and blessed life.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

HOURS OF THOUGHT.

FOR those who have read Dr. Martineau's former volume of the "Hours of Thought," or his "Endeavours after the Christian Life," there will be no need of extracts from the present work * to represent its grace and beauty of style, its logical force, and spiritual insight; and to those who have not as yet enjoyed this pleasure it would be so difficult to convey an adequate impression by the quotation of a few disconnected passages, that it seems best not to attempt to review the volume as a whole, but to refer readers to it with an assurance (if such an assurance may be made without impertinence) that their perusal will be amply repaid.

But there are in the second volume of the "Hours of Thought" two sermons on "Christ the Divine Word," which seem closely to approach, if they do not actually reach, the recognition of the divine nature of Christ and His claim to our worship. These sermons are interesting, not only in themselves, but also as suggesting a comparison with their author's previous utterances on the same subject: and, accordingly, the object of these pages will be to gather, not only from this volume, but also from the two others mentioned above, such passages as illustrate Dr. Martineau's attitude towards "Christ the Divine Word."†

* *Hours of Thought on Sacred Things. Vol. II. By James Martineau, LL.D., D.D. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer. 1879.*

† In subsequent quotations, E. will represent the "Endeavours after the Christian Life;" H. i. will represent the first, and H. ii. the second, part of his "Hours of Thought."

But an objection meets us at the outset:—"Does not Dr. Martineau reject the miraculous Incarnation of Christ; and, if so, how can he be said in any sense to worship Christ, or to recognise His divine nature? For if this fundamental truth is denied, then Christ is a mere man, and there is an end at once of all possibility of worshipping Him." Now, that the author denies the Incarnation is undoubted. He speaks of it as a "fiction" containing a great truth. (E. p. 23.):

Every fiction that has ever laid strong hold on human belief is the mistaken image of some great truth; to which reason will direct its search, while half-reason is content with laughing at the superstition, and unreason with believing it. Thus, the doctrine of the Incarnation faithfully represents the impression produced by the ministry and character of Christ. It is the dark shadow thrown across the ages of his Christendom by his mortal life, as it inevitably sinks into the distance. It is but the too literal description of the real elements of his history; a mistake of the morally for the physically divine; a reference to the celestial descent of that majesty of soul which, even in the eclipse of grief, seemed too great for any meaner origin.

This belief, distinctly stated in the earlier of these volumes, is not retracted or modified by any subsequent statement.

But from the rejection of the miraculous Incarnation does it necessarily follow that we reject the worship of Christ? Just as it is possible to believe that Jesus did really spiritually rise from the dead, and did and does hold spiritual converse with the souls of His disciples, while yet we may not believe that His material body rose from the grave in which it was interred, in the same way it is clearly possible to believe that Jesus, the Eternal Word, took upon Himself our manhood in accordance with the laws of our humanity, and, although the Son of God from the beginning, yet stooped to be born into the world as the son of Joseph and Mary. The miraculous Incarnation is there-

fore not necessary in order to believe that Jesus is the Incarnate Son of God; nor can any reason be alleged *a priori* why the Eternal Son of God, taking our nature upon Him, should not have been born (as also He lived and died) in strict conformity with the laws of our material nature. Nor can it be denied, I suppose, that had it not been for a few introductory verses at the beginning of St. Matthew's and St. Luke's Gospels, all Christendom would now be worshipping Christ without a thought that there was anything miraculous in His birth. There is nothing in the second Gospel, nothing in the Epistles of St. Paul, nothing even in the fourth Gospel, to necessitate or suggest that Christ, according to the flesh, was not the son of Joseph as well as the son of Mary; yet both St. Paul and the author of the fourth Gospel clearly regard Christ as divine.

So far, then, there is no reason why the author of these volumes should not consistently worship Christ. But whether he can actually be said to worship Him, will depend upon our definition of worship. If worship is to be defined as "the feeling with which we approach one only Being, the Maker of the world," then clearly that feeling may be quite unworthy of Christ, may be an altogether immoral feeling, and indeed will be, if we regard Moloch, for example, as the Maker. But Dr. Martineau, though I cannot recall a passage where he defines worship, tells us (H. ii., p. 102) that "to adore you know not who, to fling your homage into the dark, to mutter gratitude or terror into the ear of vacancy" is no worship; for worship "implies the reverent approach of mind to mind, the living intercommunion of spirits that have a thought and sympathy between them." This statement is not inconsistent with the definition of righteous worship which commends itself to the present writer—viz., "love, trust, and reverence carried to their highest limits." But if we accept this definition, why should we cease to love, trust, and revere, or, in other words,

to worship, the Eternal Son of God, because it pleased Him, in His Incarnation, to conform Himself to all the physical conditions of humanity? Whether we worship Christ must depend, not upon any physical considerations, but simply upon the degree to which we can love, revere, and trust in Him. To the present writer Dr. Martineau appears to approach Christ with such an intensity of reverence and devout affection as to more than compensate for some possible deficiency in the third element of worship (I mean faith or trust); and the reality of his worship seems to outweigh a thousandfold the professed and orthodox adoration offered by myriads of reiterators of the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds. Nevertheless, there are two points in which Dr. Martineau's conception of Christ—ampler and truer though it appears to be in his later than in his earlier volume—still demands development. The first of these is the conception of Christ as (apparently) "finite," in contrast with the Father, who is "infinite." The second is an insufficient recognition of Christ as the "strong Son of God," powerful in wisdom and forethought, delivering the world in accordance with a preconceived plan, and in harmony with eternal principles. These two points we will now attempt to illustrate in detail.

I.—Of the "immensity" and "infiniteness" of God Dr. Martineau repeatedly speaks in language which indicates that, while he is fully alive to the danger and, so to speak, the imposture of this quality of "immensity" when it encroaches too far in the sphere of spiritual conceptions, he is profoundly (and perhaps in his earlier works unduly) impressed by that revelation of God which comes to man not through the conscience, but through the "starry heaven." Some variety of expression, at all events, if not of thought, may be traced in the two earliest of the three works compared with the second part of the "Hours of Thought." In the former (E. 2) we read that "God,

by the very immensity of His nature, is a stationary being, perfect and therefore unchangeable, and so far as Jesus Christ was 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' so far is he the emblem of Deity." Again (H. i., p. 111), "Everything in God is infinite; and all the splendour of his revelation in the old earth and in the older sky, and on the heart of humanity, and even in the unique life of the Man of Sorrows, are but a few front lines of light streaking the surface of immensity." But in his latest work Dr. Martineau speaks of this conception of God as merely a possible truth, and as practically useless (H. ii. p. 185): "God in himself, as he was before ever a soul existed in his likeness, may be the sort of impassive sublimity that some imagine; a palace of mere intellectual space, where you vainly seek a surface on which any colour can be flung; without love, without preference, without sorrow,—a shadowless light equivalent to universal darkness;" and the same passage declares that "of God's absolute essence, I suppose, we cannot speak at all."

Surely the latter view is the true one. Not in virtue of His unchangeableness, but because of the moral intensity and infiniteness of His love and wisdom is Jesus an emblem of God, and one with God. And this Dr. Martineau himself seems clearly to recognise in the first part of the "Hours" (i. p. 276), where he tells us that it is not "in mere magnitude of scale that the immensity of God exists. We cannot coldly satisfy ourselves with the mere physical belief which diffuses His being among the stars, and perpetuates it through the courses of eternity. In this kind of sublimity there is *nothing truly divine*. God is a spirit; and besides this boundlessness of dimension, is infinite also in moral intensity; not, if we may say so, in quantity merely, but in quality too." From this last passage it would appear that the only true divine infinitude is infinitude of "moral intensity," and this in "quality," as

well as in "quantity." But if this be so, it is difficult to believe that the author of "Christ the Divine Word" would now desire to convey the impression that, as compared with the "moral intensity" of the Supreme, the moral intensity of the Son of God is so slight as to be adequately described in the preceding metaphor, "even in the unique life of the Man of Sorrows are but a few front lines of light streaking the surface of immensity."

One is tempted to suppose that there is some difficulty here arising from a confusion (probably on the part of the reader) between "immensity," in the one case used physically, and in the other spiritually. For elsewhere (H. i. 73) the author clearly distinguishes between physical and moral "immensity." The passage is so important that it must be given at full length :—

Self-evidently, it is not in the scale, but only in the kind, of character, that our nature can be brought to the similitude of God's. Cut off, as we are, from all sensible approach to him in dimension, we can bear his image only in the spirit of our souls. It is just in this, however, that the perfection of a moral agent must consist. He might have great magnitude and long duration and intense force, yet be no more than a monster and an anti-god, a gigantic depositary of passion and disorder. Space and Time and Power are mere physical elements, quite neutral in the estimate of character, and conceivable alike of Devil and of Deity. It is in the kind of sentiment ruling within the mind, the balance of its graces and the proportion of its love, that all its perfectness consists: and these are colours that may be *no less faultlessly blended within the miniature frame of a mortal nature* than on an amplitude as boundless as the sky. To change our physical relation to God, of absolute dependence and incommensurable littleness, is no more possible than for the wave to become the ocean: but just as the same laws that sway the masses of the sea also trace the ripple and shape the spray, so may the very same diving principles, the same preferences, the same constancy which belong to the spiritual life of God, reappear in the tiny currents of our will and even the very play and sparkle of our affections. It is but the affectation of humility,

or the dislike of noble claims, that can make us shrink from our affinity with the Father and Inspirer of all souls.

This phrase, italicised above, ("no less faultlessly blended") deserves close attention. It seems to imply that the difference between the human soul and the Inspirer of all souls may consist in a mere difference of scale. The "miniature" may be as perfect as the picture, but the picture is larger: that is all the difference. The same thought is expressed and applied to Christ in the later volume (H. ii. pp. 214, 215): "Thought, Love, and Holiness take up no room, and want no huge orbit round the sun. The earth will serve them as well as heaven; nay, the peasant's home, the young child's heart, will give them verge enough. God-like qualities, being simply intense in beauty and not mathematically large, can glow within the human limits as clearly as in the scale of infinitude. If there is to be any expression of the Divine *character* at all, it can only be through the lineaments of an individual soul, passing through a *concrete and particular life*, and representing the sentiments with which the Soul of souls regards the moral conditions of this world." "Those who shrink from recognising in Christ a human impersonation of Divine character often press upon us the question, whether then we are to regard him as a *unique* being, differing, not in degree only, but also in kind, from the just and wise and saintly of every age. I answer in a parable: he that always hits the mark does not differ in kind from those whom he surpasses; yet, if all others fall short of this, he is unique. . . . Among all natures that can speak together of duty and righteousness, and exchange ideas of the right and wrong, there must prevail one system of values, one metrical notation; failing this, there could be no commerce of thought or sentiment. Hence we can neither deny to faithful, heroic, and holy men, to a Socrates, a Marcus Aurelius, a Blaise Pascal, an approach to Christ upon the same line,

nor claim for him any pre-eminence that removes them from his fellowship. But neither can we speak otherwise of God himself. He also, *with all the infinitude of his perfections, is still but the Father of spirits, and on the side of moral goodness differing from his children only in degree.*"

Approaching now the consideration of the difference between Christ and ordinary men, we find in the earlier volume of "Hours of Thought" the statement (H. i. 16) that in the Word made flesh the divine life was humanised and the human glorified, and mention is made of the "divine perfectness of Christ;" while elsewhere in the same volume (H. i. 73) Christ is described as "the middle point of reconciling harmony where the attributes of humanity are touched with the glory of a divine perfection." But in the later volume the relation of Christ to the Father seems to be described as one of closer approximation (H. ii. 203):—"It is fit that once in history God should not simply *visit* a soul, but wholly occupy it: that he should so extend his presence there as to exclude whatever would oppose itself, and reveal the perfect relation between the human spirit and the divine." And, again (H. ii. 205), whereas in every other human soul there is a divine margin bordering the province of the human spirit, "in Christ this divine margin was not simply broader than elsewhere, but spread till it covered the whole soul;" so that God was "*personally there, giving expression to his spiritual nature, as in the visible universe to his causal power.*"

In spite of the subtlety and delicacy of the language in which these views are set forth, there is something in it which suggests that the ampler and higher thought of the later volume is occasionally encumbered and entangled by being clothed in expressions more suitable for the author's earlier thought. The earlier conception of Christ as a faultless "miniature" of the Supreme, and the expression

of the later conception of Christ as a soul apparently "finite," completely "occupied" by the infinite Nature—are they, when analysed, entirely satisfactory? May not Christ be fairly called infinite in the intensity of His unselfishness, love, and pity? And may we not aptly ask, in Dr. Martineau's own words (H. i. p. 276), "Can you say in terms of measurement *how* good and right it is to pity the wretched, and maintain fidelity and truth? In everything" (and surely in every person) "which we profoundly revere and love, there appears a certain infinitude which fills us with untiring wonder and draws us with perpetual aspiration." To think, then, of the infinitely compassionate and merciful Christ, whom the author unquestionably loves and reveres most profoundly, as other than "infinite," is surely a misconception which he would be the last to encourage. Now if it be replied that though Christ's love is morally infinite, yet Christ's soul is morally finite, it appears impossible that ("finite" being used of two things in the same sense) the finite should contain the infinite; but if "finite" is to be used physically and "infinite" spiritually, the meaning appears to be either incomprehensible, or, if comprehensible, of no practical interest.

May we not arrive at some conclusion concerning our right attitude towards Christ by a somewhat different path, beginning, not from the divine, but from the side of human nature? To conceive of God as immutable and stationary amid His changing children, is practically to conceive of Him as being without love of us or thought of us; for how can an immutable Father duly love or censure a progressing or retrogressing child? In order to be the same relatively to changeable objects, must not God Himself be regarded as, in a sense, changeable? And why should He not be regarded as perfect motion, rather than as perfect rest? On the "natural" conception of God as the mere Antecedent, Dr. Martineau has some remarks

which have an important bearing on his attitude towards Christ :—

We naturally think of him, as pre-existing while as yet there was no universe, as filling a vacant eternity and constituting an illimitable solitude. Probably, no such time ever was; and could we retire into that perspective till we had left behind object after object and at last emptied the theatre of whatever *now* stands there, we should find, instead of mere vacuity, some predecessor in its place, still carrying us another stage away, till forced to own that the energy of God is co-eternal with his existence. Nevertheless, for our imagination it is easier and for truth of religion it is nearly the same, to prefix him rather to all things at once than to each in its turn: what is false for no item holds good for the whole; and we do but collect the truth into a picture, rather than distribute it along a history, when we represent the infinite Mind as once *alone*, with no *scene* at which his presence might be given, no *object* to receive his agency, no *spirit* to engage his love. . . . In short, in his Primitive and Absolute being, he is inconceivable by us, except with reference to what will be developed from his thought. . . . At this "beginning" in the old eternity, that silent "*Word*" of his *was really there*; only, while unspoken, it remained "*with God*;" and, coalescing with his thought, truly "*was God*." (H. ii. pp. 192—4.)

Now in this powerful and suggestive passage (and the whole context should be studied by those who desire to appreciate its power and suggestiveness) is there not some sacrifice of truth to the appearance of logic? It is "natural," no doubt, that the mind of man should sometimes glance at the conception of God as a mere Antecedent, a blank Infinitude; but when we have once ascertained that the mind learns nothing from such a conception, should we not do wisely to turn from it as unpractical, perhaps false, certainly dangerous in the bewilderment that it generates? Can a conception of God which regards God not as loving, but only as intending to love when He finds "an object to receive His love," be regarded as more adequate, more worthy, and more logically

true than that which refuses to conceive of Him as ever filling a vacant eternity, and insists upon supposing that there was from the first, co-eternal with His existence, that Energy of God of which we speak as the Divine Wisdom, or Word, or as the Eternal Son. If, as Dr. Martineau tells us, "no such time (of vacant solitude) ever was," and we are "forced to own that the energy of God is co-eternal with his existence"—why should we make a sacrifice of this truth? It is better to face the logical, rather than the moral, difficulty; better to say that we cannot conceive of God as antecedent to all things than attempt to conceive of Him as ever being other than Love.

Again, as to God's attribute of physical immensity (that is to say, I suppose, His power of controlling all things) this being (as Dr. Martineau himself repeatedly warns us) a comparatively low revelation of the Supreme, and, by itself, scarcely worthy of being called a revelation at all, why should we lay much stress on it? Why any stress at all, except so far as it sets off and completes the higher revelation of God through the conscience? About immutabilities, immensities, and infinities we are in the dark, knowing little or nothing, and not even able to make a step in conjecturing without coming to some logical stand-still. But we do know that God has manifested Himself to us, partly by non-human, but much more by human nature, as One to be without measure revered, trusted, and loved, or, in other words, to be worshipped. When we thus strive, in the attitude of worship, to look up to the Supreme as revealed to us by God, we find in our purest moments no purer conception of Him than that of a Father in heaven; but this conception has not only been bestowed upon us by Christ, but is also inseparably connected for us with Christ; so that we cannot think of God as our loving Father without thinking of Christ as the Son, nor can we think of Christ without at the same time thinking of Him whom He

revealed to us as the Father ; and all our love and aspirations and prayers to the Father pass upwards through the Son. If this be so, and if we feel it to be natural, why not accept the feeling as coming from God ? Why trouble ourselves greatly about abstruse questions concerning immensities and infinities, or about difficult historical questions concerning the miraculous or non-miraculous element in the New Testament. Let metaphysicians, theologians, historians, and critics, settle these questions among them ; but for the majority of mankind, is it not better to say with Dr. Martineau, "Of God in the absolute essence, we can, I suppose, know nothing," and then to add, "But we know that, if there be an absolute essence of Him at all, we can best approach to it by knowing Him and worshipping Him as Love, through our knowledge and love of Jesus of Nazareth, His Son " ?

II.—But the worship of Christ implies somewhat more than mere love of Him : we can love one weaker than ourselves. Nor is reverence a sufficient complement : we can reverence even one who is injudicious and unwise, if his motives are perfectly unselfish, and his unwisdom not so excessive as to border on folly. Worship demands trust or faith, in addition to love and reverence ; and our trust implies wisdom and power in the person whom we trust. On the wisdom and power of Christ scarcely sufficient emphasis appears to be laid in these volumes in proportion to the stress laid on Christ's gentleness, pity, and self-sacrifice ; and to these points accordingly we will now turn our attention.

In the passage quoted above concerning the nature of Christ, we are told (H. ii. 205) that God was "personally there (*i.e.*, in Christ), giving expression to his spiritual nature, as in the visible universe to his *causal power*." In the words I have italicised there may be detected an interesting illustration of Dr. Martineau's attitude to Christ.

The phrase "causal *power*" might seem to demand, as its antithesis, not "spiritual nature" but "spiritual *power*." Dr. Martineau, however, does not contemplate Christ as a *power*, but rather as a pattern and an ideal, and as representing rather the affection than the uplifting and purifying force of God (*Ib.*): "He, whose *intellect* overarches us in the vault of stars, whose *beauty* rests on the surface of the earth and sea, embodied his *affections* and his will in the person of the Son of Man." The stupendous spiritual force of forgiveness, introduced by Christ for the first time into the world, is left by Dr. Martineau in the background, and, even when mentioned, is regarded rather as a loving protectiveness than as an uplifting energy. It finds no place in the following enumeration of the qualities wherein Christ reflects the Divine Holiness (H. ii. 204): "The Man of Sorrows is our personal exemplar; the Son of God is our spiritual ideal; in whose harmonious and majestic soul, imperturbable in justice, tender in mercy, stainless in purity, and bending in protection over all guileless truth, an objective reflection of the Divine holiness is given us, answering and interpreting the subjective revelation of the conscience."

In part, perhaps, this subordination of the uplifting power of forgiveness (which surely Christ Himself announced as a new and central force in the new government of the world) seems to arise from a contrast which the author is fond of drawing between the invariable uniformity of the material world and the freedom of the immaterial (H. ii. 29): "It is only in the outward system of the world that he has given notice, by invariable uniformity, that we must stereotype our expectations, and that he will deal with us as if he were under a bond of persistency." And again (H. i. 112): "Within that realm of law and nature, he is inexorable, and has put the freedom of pity quite away;" but in the spiritual world He is free—"free as our soul is

to come back and cry at the gate, so free is he to open and fold us gently to his heart again ;" and again (H. ii. 228) : " Out beyond the limit of contact with nature . . . he has made no rule, but the everlasting rule of holiness, and given no pledge, but the pledge of inextinguishable love. In his physical agency he deals with his objects in masses, and imposes everywhere the same liabilities on the same conditions. . . In his spiritual agency he has not thus committed himself to disregard all moral considerations for the sake of a basis of mechanical order." A very interesting characteristic of this view is the summary condemnation of *habit* as a spiritual poison (H. ii. 166) : " Habit is the grand hope of good morals, but the despair of deep religion."

But surely the spiritual, no less than the material, actions of God obey some law and order. God forgives and condemns, lifts up and casts down a soul upon no less orderly a law than He lifts up or casts down a body ; and bestows or takes away physical or spiritual health, equally in accordance with physical or spiritual laws. And this may be illustrated even from the very illustration which Dr. Martineau selects to set forth God's freedom in the spiritual sphere elsewhere. " He is free to modify his relations to all dependent minds in exact conformity with their changes of disposition and of need, and let the lights and shadows of his look move as swiftly as the undulating wills on which they fall." True ; but does not the very metaphor here used, suggest that beneath this spiritual variety there must underlie some spiritual law ? Just as in the infinite variety of beauty and play of light and shade upon the cloud-dappled mountain sides, every most transient phenomenon and part of a phenomenon is based upon the immutable laws of light applied to the wandering mists and the undulating surfaces of the hills, so the wonders of divine forgiveness and mercy, amid all their occasional appearance of

arbitrariness, must none the less pre-suppose eternal laws of spiritual light.

To the existence of such spiritual laws Dr. Martineau, it is true, occasionally refers ; but his more general tendency is to pass lightly over law in the spiritual sphere, and to insist rather upon its freedom and elasticity. And in treating of forgiveness in particular, he lays little stress upon the spiritual and general law by which a genuine forgiveness, genuinely believed in, has power to uplift the persons forgiven ; and prefers rather to call attention to the mere change in personal relations produced by forgiveness in destroying all alienation between the persons forgiving and forgiven. The insufficient emphasis thus laid upon forgiveness, as a law of human nature first brought to light and utilised for the regeneration of mankind by Jesus of Nazareth, seems to affect the author's appreciation of Christ's whole work on earth, which he regards as beautiful indeed, divinely beautiful and tender, harmonious, majestic, but not (or, at least, not adequately) wise and powerful ; not as a preconceived plan based upon a divine intuition into human necessities and capacities.

The following passage (H. i. p. 161, 2) seems to illustrate Dr. Martineau's conception of Christ's work as a tentative exploration : " He did not know, and as a consequence of his inspiration could not know, what he did, except that it was his best, or whither he went except that it was whereto God was sending him. No standard of usage or habit availed him to compute his way. . . . So he had to dispense with the help of custom ; to break through all dreamy traditional veneration for things abominable to his inner heart ; to see for himself the true and divine path of light through the clouds which his age and place had thrown around him ; content if he could discern the next step clearly ; and ready to follow the pointings of the finger of God, though it directed his foot upon the sea, or bade him walk sheer off

into the darkness of the abyss. At every instant he had *to find* his work by the living spirit of love and truth and trust, without and against the dead momentum of habit and of law. It was a moral life without sleep ; a watch in the great observatory of nature through a night that never yielded to the dawn, with eye ever strained on the eternal stars." Still stronger is an expression in the earliest of these works, the "Endeavours" (p. 6), which describes the answer of Jesus to His parents as being uttered "in the entranced and exclusive spirit of young devotion," which, for the time, threatened to suppress filial dutifulness until "the very sight of home restored his household sympathies again." And even in the latest of these volumes Dr. Martineau seems indisposed to admit that Jesus foresaw that "the Son of Man must needs suffer many things and be crucified" (H. ii. 129) : "It was not till after his resurrection that Jesus was prepared to show, for the conviction of yet reluctant minds, that he ought to have suffered ; and that no complaint could stand against the Providence by which he had been stricken."

Without commenting in detail on the incidents last mentioned, we may remark that even if the answer of the youthful Jesus in the Temple (found only in the Gospel of St. Luke) be strictly historical, it hardly necessitates the interpretation here set upon it. As to the other, the three Synoptists concur in declaring that Jesus predicted His death, and there are many reasons why that prediction may be regarded as historical. But, apart from detailed criticism of this kind, the Kingdom of God, as proclaimed by Christ, based upon the laws of self-sacrifice, brotherhood, forgiveness, and retribution, seems to the present writer to contain such distinct traces of forethought as to make it impossible to say that the Founder of it "knew not what He did," or that He was "content if He could discern the next step clearly." Rather it would seem more accurate to say that He discerned the end, but did not always discern the proximate steps

towards that end. He was confident of His direction, but not always certain of His position; waiting patiently from time to time for indication of the Father's will to reveal when and where a particular step should be taken. May we also, without being hypercritical, suggest that, instead of saying that Jesus "had to find his work by the living spirit of love," and "with eye strained on the eternal stars," it may, perhaps, be more appropriate to a nature in which Dr. Martineau so readily recognises harmony and imperturbable majesty, to say rather that His eye was ever "fixed" on the eternal courses, and that the Spirit of His Father revealed to Him intuitively, without strain or effort, the works that He was to do.

Our reason for laying stress on these points is obvious. If Jesus of Nazareth "knew not what he did," love for Him may remain the same, but trust is necessarily diminished. For that He "knew not what he did" is a far more serious deficiency than mere intellectual not-knowing—ignorance, for example, of the Newtonian philosophy, or the historical interpretation of the Old Testament. That Jesus should have known not what He did would imply ignorance of the laws and principles of human nature, and of the causes and effects of His love for mankind. Love in itself, Dr. Martineau distinctly acknowledges to be not sufficient to constitute a divine character. In a fine passage in one of these volumes, "regulated love"—that is, love controlled by wisdom—is placed above mere love, as the highest level on which human nature approximates to the divine. Love without knowledge is a perfectness of a certain kind, but, as the author of "In Memoriam" would call it, a "narrower perfectness," and in order to distinguish Christ from "the lesser lords of doom," we need to behold in Him—

" Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from tempests made,
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd,
The vassal tides that follow'd thought."

It is the conscious power wielded by Christ over the "world-wide fluctuation" of the minds of men which, when joined to His inexpressible love and pity, proclaims Him the fit object of our profoundest trust as well as our strongest affection, and stimulates us not only to look back with admiration upon the story of His past pitifulness, but, in our hour of present need, to look up to Him as our helpful Friend. But in both volumes of the "Hours of Thought" much stress is laid on the sufferings, and little, comparatively, upon the active, helpful power of the Messiah. Even in the beautiful passage (H. ii. 375) which encourages the young communicants to turn their eyes upon the "Prince of souls" and to be of good cheer, because "the faithful have a living Leader in the heavens," it is still not Christ Himself who is to send us help from heaven, but rather the spectacle of His past victory which is to generate our present help. "What is to help us in the arduous hour? There is no support like that which we feel when others in our sight have borne their burden well." Nay, even when Christ is described as drawing the hearts of believers to Himself, it is rather "the image of Christ" or the "ideal Christ" than Christ Himself; and "it" suggests itself more naturally than "he" (H. ii. 381): "This image of perfectness,—this Christ within the mind,—holds us captive by *its* native authority, and wins us by *its* grace and truth, when only God is there to ask account of what we think. In lonely hours we lean upon *it* with perfect trust. In repentance, *it* turns *its* look upon us, and we know *it* to be true."

But who can lean on an "it" in perfect trust? Or what is the "it" that with reproachful eyes can bend us to repentance by a glance? "Ideas," says the great novelist of our times, "are poor things;" and not till they take flesh does their presence become a power. Surely we should not realise the full and natural influence of a

dead brother if we spoke and thought of him as an "ideal image;" and how, then, can it be natural or helpful to speak of the Elder Brother of all humanity in these impersonal phrases, thus taking away from Him the very humanity He assumed, and converting Him from a Man into that "poor thing," an idea?

What, then, is the explanation of this apparently exceptional retrogression in the language here used by the author of these progressive volumes? The solution which suggests itself to the present writer is that it is a result of a collision between two conflicting thoughts. On the one hand, it is impossible not to feel that the author's deep affection and veneration for the character of Jesus of Nazareth—carried in his last work to a height exceeding the bounds indicated by his earlier expressions—approximate to a devotion which cannot be distinguished from worship. But, on the other hand, one seems also to perceive traces of an antagonistic belief that a finite being, and therefore a human being, cannot possibly be worshipped. It is a consequence, perhaps, of these two conflicting thoughts that Dr. Martineau prefers, when speaking of Christ as the object of our highest aspirations, to describe Him as something different from man—an "image of perfectness," a "divine Word," the "Master-spirit whose title to us we know to be entire," "it" rather than "him."

Now, every true friend unconsciously idealises his friend, every filial child his father; and this habit of idealisation has advantages not to be denied. But we do not *consciously* idealise one whom we love, nor resolutely set ourselves to love or admire an ideal which we know to have, and to have had, no existence. If Christ, therefore, cannot be worshipped for Himself and in Himself, it seems most truthful to say that we cannot worship Him, but only the Father whom He has revealed to us. But, on the other

hand, if we feel towards Christ the elementary feelings of worship, we are acting unnaturally in suppressing those feelings through the consideration that He was "after all a mere man." For if it pleased the Eternal Word of God to become a "mere man," we ought (it would seem) to worship Him all the more, and not all the less, because He thereby facilitated that "intercommunion of spirits that have a thought and sympathy between them," without which (H. ii. 103) "worship is impossible." Even those who would shrink from assuming (with the present writer) the pre-existence of every human soul before birth, will readily admit that every child of man is introduced into the world at birth by some spiritual congenital act of God as well as by the physical generation of the human parents. But if we admit this, we need find no difficulty in supposing that the pre-existent Eternal Word of God became flesh in exact conformity with the laws which regulate the introduction of every other human soul into the world. Applying the same theory consistently and thoroughly to the life and work of Christ, we may believe that, in conformity with the same laws, He lived and worked on earth, and was manifested after death to His disciples in the same way and with the same results as attended His manifestation to St. Paul—all this without the violation of any laws physical or spiritual; and further that, just as the spirits of the dead have influenced and do influence the souls of the survivors, so (though to an inconceivably greater extent) the Spirit of Christ influences for all good (but still in accordance with spiritual laws) the souls of those who love and trust and reverence Him. What is there in this creed inconsistent with the highest worship of Christ, and at the same time with the most reverent appreciation of historical and scientific truth?

Now, as to the question whether Christ is different from us in "degree" or in "kind," may we not dispose of

it by practical considerations? Besides difference in "degree" and in "kind," is there not another category much more practically important, more intelligible, and more ascertainable—that of *relation*? And can it be denied (at least by those who feel with Dr. Martineau) that of whatever nature our difference may be from Christ, our *relation* to Him is unique? With Dr. Martineau (H. ii. 215) we cannot indeed "deny to faithful, heroic, and holy men an approach to Christ upon the same line:" but this fellowship with good men being predicable, not only of the Son, but even of the Father (compare H. ii. 215: "Neither can we speak otherwise of God Himself"), no more necessarily destroys the uniqueness of our relation to Christ than that of our relation to God. Place Christ by the side of Gautama, Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, or Pascal, and are we not forced to confess (if we in the least degree appreciate the records of His past life or the significance of His present influence) that our relation to Christ is entirely different from our relation towards any other or others of the best of men? Some may deny this uniqueness of relationship. With them we are not at present concerned; we appeal only to those who honestly feel that, though Christ is "a mere man," He is nevertheless our Master, our Supporter, our Inspirer, as no other man has been, and we ask why, if this be so, we may not express the feelings which are the natural outcome of our acknowledgment of this relationship, those feelings of love, and trust, and reverence which—called by whatever name—constitute the essence of righteous worship? And may we not deal in the same practical way with curious metaphysical questions about Christ, relating to infinities and immensities, and with curious historical questions concerning the residuum in miraculous narratives? About the infinity or immensity of the character of Christ (though if He is not infinite, I know not what spiritual infinity may

mean) it is difficult to speak dogmatically, because it is difficult to weigh precisely the meaning of terms of dimension metaphorically applied to spiritual qualities; and again, about miracles that were, and miracles that were not, and miracles that might have been or might not have been, performed by Jesus, it is difficult to speak dogmatically, even though we may have spent a lifetime in the research, because it is difficult as yet, with our present *data*, to ascertain in every case the exact historical truth; but amid all these difficulties one thing is easy for any man of the least degree of spiritual appreciation; and that is to feel that to Jesus, if to any being in heaven and earth, he owes gratitude, affection, reverence, and trust. That these feelings are not at present universally felt, is, in great measure, the result of a blindness to the spiritual forces which are developing manhood, and, in some measure, the result of the prolonged ignoring of Christ's human nature. But when men have learned impartially and dispassionately to acknowledge the facts of life and the facts of the New Testament, it is impossible that they should remain in the present state of torpid ingratitude towards the Saviour of the human race. To love, to trust, and to revere Christ will then be a necessity for every plain man who has the most rudimentary understanding of the work that Jesus did, and is still doing. And these emotions, analysed and rightly interpreted, what, after all, are they if not righteous worship?

That Dr. Martineau may seem here and there inadequately to appreciate certain aspects of Christ's character should blind no one to the fervour and intensity of the love, reverence, and allegiance which he feels for the Divine Guide, "with whose will we are to harmonise our own, and which it is a vain attempt to reduce to our own;" and his intense appreciation of some elements in Christ's character will be felt by many to more than compensate for

some possible deficiency in appreciating the rest. Though the present writer believes firmly in the doctrine of the Trinity, he does not envy the feelings of those Trinitarians who would reject such worship as this, and call it "nothing but mere affection." To all who desire to see built up by slow and sure degrees a simple worship of Christ, a Christian Positivism which shall include all who accept the miracles without excluding any who reject them, a worship intelligible to every working man, credible to every historical and scientific student, and self-commendatory to every sound and healthy conscience, it must afford deep gratification to find that the author of these volumes appears to have been led—without any suspicion of orthodox bias, and without the slightest change of views on the question of miracles, which he rejects as unhesitatingly as ever—to a recognition of Christ as at once the living Leader of men and the Divine Word of God. And to a critic, compelled by necessities of space to subordinate eulogy to analysis, and to sit in judgment upon seeming and occasional deficiencies instead of reverently acknowledging the pervasive excellence of a master-hand, it must be no less pleasing than fitting to conclude this attempt at criticism by bearing testimony to the spiritual beauties lavishly strewn throughout these pages, enriching even those passages where the author appears (under the influence of a recluse innocence of evil) scarcely to realise the chasms and horrors of sin to which our grosser human nature may be sometimes dragged down, writhing in spiritual agonies, and piteously crying to heaven, not for an image of perfectness, not for an ideal, not for a spectacle of past victory, but for a Strong Son of God who "hath power on earth to forgive sins."

EDWIN A. ABBOTT.

FACT AND TRUTH IN ART.

ON Wednesday, the 18th of April, 1827, Eckermann found himself—as that happy man so often did during many years—alone with Goethe. The place was that immortal house in the *Frauenplan* at Weimar, to which so many pilgrimages of reverence have been, will yet be, made. After much carefully recorded and valuable conversation, which yet need not detain us now, Goethe proposed to afford to his future biographer the pleasure of a sight of “something good;” and the great poet produced a plate which contained a landscape by Rubens.

“You have seen this picture before with me,” said Goethe, “but one cannot look too often at excellence, and this time there is something quite particular to observe. Tell me what you see.”

Eckermann, looking earnestly at the picture, proceeded to describe it. He mentioned the clear sky, resembling that of the heavens after sunset; he pointed out, in the extreme distance, a village and a city seen in the clearness of evening light; he remarked a path in the middle of the picture, along which a flock of sheep strayed towards the village; he noticed, to the right of the picture, haycocks, and a waggon being driven, while horses grazed near it; he saw a group of great trees, and several peasants returning home. In short, he described the incidents and the facts, which composed the objective materialism of the landscape.

Goethe was not satisfied. He said, “Yes, that is pretty

well all ; but yet you leave out the chief point. From which side are all these things lighted ? ”

Eckermann regarded the picture more closely. “ The light comes,” he replied, “ from the side turned towards us, while the objects cast their shadows into the picture itself. . . . But then the figures throw shadows into the picture, while that group of trees throws its shadow towards the spectator ! We have here light coming from two opposite sides, which is against all Nature.”

“ That is the point,” said Goethe, with a smile ; “ that it is by means of which Rubens shows himself so great ; that proves that he stands, with free spirit, above Nature, and makes her subservient to his higher objects. There is something even violent in the treatment of the opposing lights, and you may correctly say, that they are against Nature. But, if they be against Nature, I add, that such a use of them is something that is higher than Nature ; that it is a bold touch which proves a master. By such means he shows, genially, that art is not subordinated to Nature, but obeys her own laws.” The great poet-critic proceeded, enlarging upon and illustrating his theory of art ; and I shall venture to translate, disjointedly, other of his sayings as they occur in this conversation. After pointing out that the artist should be reverently true to Nature, in her details ; that, for instance, he must not capriciously deviate from Nature when depicting, say the skeleton, the position of the sinews, or muscles, of an animal, because to neglect accuracy in connexion with such matters would be to violate, or to destroy Nature, he adds, “ in those higher regions of art effort in which a picture becomes truly a picture, the artist has free scope, and he may even employ fiction—as Rubens has done in this work with his conflicting lights.”

“ The artist has a twofold relation to Nature. He is at once her master and her slave. He is her slave in so far that he must work with human means in order to be under-

stood; he is her master in proportion as he succeeds in subordinating those human means to his higher purposes, and thus renders them his vassals."

"The artist seeks to speak to the world through a whole, but he does not find this whole in Nature. It is, indeed, an outcome of his own mind; or, if you prefer that way of putting it, it is the offspring of a fruit-bearing, divine inspiration."

"In no case should we take in too exact or petty a sense the brush-work of a painter, the word of a poet. No—rather should we regard and enjoy in a spirit similar to that of the creating artist a work of art produced boldly and with freedom."

I might quote much more from Goethe to the same purpose, but it will suffice to cite in addition an instance of his example in letters. He terms his own Autobiography *Wahrheit und Dichtung* (Truth and Fiction), nor would he ever undertake to define the "thin partition which the bounds divide." On the basis of a narrative of the adventitious events and occurrences of a life, he raises the ideal superstructure of imaginative truth; he sees and depicts the facts of life in their larger relations; he describes all the thoughts, and images, and fancies, which surround a life as its atmosphere surrounds a planet. His genius recognises the interfused connexion and dissonance between Fact and Truth.

Let us turn to another instance.

Mr. Ruskin says of Turner, speaking of the painter's work in Switzerland, done between 1800 and 1810, "and observe, generally, Turner never, after this time, drew from Nature without *composing*. His lightest pencil sketch was the plan of a picture; his completest study on the spot, a part of one. But he rarely painted on the spot; he looked, gathered, considered; then painted the sum of what he had gained, up to the point necessary for due note of it—and

much more of the impression, since that would pass, than of the scene, which would remain."

That is to say, the great landscape painter, obeying the laws, which were known to him by instinct rather than through culture, of all true inventive or creative art work, subordinated the actual facts of Nature to the imaginative, or higher truth of art. He sublimated fact to truth. He idealised the mere temporary, accidental, local fact to that imaginative truth in which consists the higher value of art work. "Such rare men (as Turner) can give to their art work a higher value through the personality given to them by the Deity, than the Deity has given to inanimate creation."

Following Mr. Ruskin a little further, we find him saying of the cottage in Turner's "Aiguillette," "the sketch has been quite literal; only afterwards Turner was vexed with the formality of the gable, and rubbed out a minor one in white."

This is an instance of the true art instinct of selection. The painter rejects an ugly fact of detail, and supplies its place by introducing a more beautiful truth.

Again, Mr. Ruskin says of Turner's "Brinkburn Priory," which is a mere rough sketch made on the spot—"This was all he wanted for a subject of picture, if he saw no details on the spot of any particular beauty or importance. If he did, he went on; if not, *he put in out of his own head what would serve.*"

"Neither snows, nor pines, in Turner's 'Switzerland.'" These, says Mr. Ruskin, he "refuses us." Turner did not care for Gothic architecture; hence, in his "Ducal Palace at Venice," "while the detail of the Salute Porch is given with perfect intelligence, he does not represent the Gothic palaces on the left with the least accuracy." In the "Lost Dungeon," on the Pass of the Splügen, "Turner was continually combining impressions from this gorge, and that of

the Devil's Bridge on the St. Gothard." In connexion with the "Bridge of Narni," we read that "Turner's mind at this time (1810-20) was in such quiet joy of power, that he, not so much wilfully as inevitably, ignored all but the loveliness in every scene he drew." These sayings contain for us deep lessons drawn from the practice of this typical painter. Ruskin's true criticism always proves how true an artist, in very essence, Turner was. He does not paint things—as snows or pines—which do not suit his powers or stir his love. Things that lie outside his power, or his love, he "refuses us." He is careless about Gothic architecture; careless only because it does not touch him nearly. He combines, in one picture, impressions made upon him by two scenes. He ignores in his work all elements which do not at the time appeal to his "quiet joy of power" by their loveliness. If he finds no detail of beauty or importance, he supplies such detail "out of his own head."

Thus, a painter may sit down before a landscape subject which strongly moves and attracts him. As he proceeds with his work he finds one figure accidentally on the spot which suits his purpose, and he accepts it; he sees another figure which does not compose well, and he rejects it. He inserts another figure, or figures, "out of his head" when the subject needs them. "How inaccurate!" exclaims the barren literalist, who happens to be by. "Why, he's left out that man standing there; and, by Jove! he's put in a woman who wasn't there at all. I say, this is too bad; this is a mis-statement of fact." And so it is, my poor friend and brother—thou who knowest nothing of art. The mere local, temporary fact is not tamely reproduced; but art, by selection and by addition, has realised a higher truth. The figures that were standing about at the particular time are transitory; they shift and go. Those that appear in the picture—if it be a picture, and not a mere view—remain in permanent beauty and in truth of art.

Our literal friend looks, we will assume, at Turner's "Heidelberg." His mind, of course, desires a very realistic guide-book view, and cannot understand a picture. He naturally becomes very despondent, and ultimately very highly incensed. "This is all rubbish!" he exclaims; "there was no rainbow when I was there! What a funny sky! The bridge isn't really so white as that, you know! And besides, the castle doesn't look to me to be so big as that. You may talk of your Turner as you like, but he isn't the painter for me."

Nor is he, my friend. There you are right. Neither work of painter nor word of poet *is* for you. Imagination, creative work, the higher truth of idealising art, are things not dreamt of in *your* philosophy. Every fact of life is but a material suggestion, to the creative mind, of its own inner meaning, of the larger truth which encircles the fact. The objective lies outside the human mind, is extraneous and external to it, but it is comprehended by the inner subjective faculty. When you rise through and above the productive processes of the arts of painting and of poetry—when you attain to the pure soul and essence of either art—you find that this essence or ideal is the same in both arts; you find that poetry and painting rise to the same abstract height of mental effort and spiritual altitude. All art work; whether in painting or in writing, that approaches the nature of a *poem*—that is the one indispensable condition—must, either inspired by instinct or informed by culture, recognise the correlation and antagonism of fact and truth; but the unalterable laws under which art faculty works are not perceptible to the bald and barren literalist—indeed, they sorely worry and perplex and anger him. The popular ignorance and confusion touching all art production are surely very crass. To the stupidity of the prosaic literalist idealisation appears falsity; to his apprehension the effort to ennoble fact is but endeavour to violate truth. Our pro-

saic friend often works his dull and pompous mind into a strong ferment of moral indignation, and seen in this aspect, he is unconsciously but irresistibly comic. The literalist is a person whose name is Legion. Your literalist is very positive and loud, and has entire confidence in himself and in his own limitations. Intelligence and intellect are by no means synonyms. A man may have a shrewd intelligence in the practical, finite, economic affairs of life, and yet be destitute of any spark of intellect; he may amass large property, and may, nevertheless, be wholly without art insight or enjoyment.

In a short essay on any subject connected with the ideal in art it is necessary to sample acres of wheat by a handful of corn. Few illustrations only can be chosen, but those few must be pregnant; should be, if possible, sufficient, and, therefore, exhaustive. It is impossible to omit reference to the example and authority of Shakspeare.

Of all pieces of pure fantasy in poetical literature "The Tempest" is perhaps the most ideal, the most ethereal, the most exquisite. Of what hints or scraps of suggestion was the fine vision, the dream-like conception, born? There is no one complete tale or legend which could have stirred the wonder-working imagination, the fine frenzy, to this supreme creation. Disjointed ideas, as those of a banished prince, of a pure and lovely maiden, of a desert and enchanted isle peopled by delicate Ariel and by loathsome Caliban, until a magician noble and a peerless daughter were driven over the wild, vexed seas to inhabit and to rule it—these and other such rare fancies have been combined by genius into the constituents of this immortal drama picture. Nay, the human "low comedy" in this play only heightens the effect of the serener portions. With other of the plays of Shakspeare—take, for instance, the four masterpieces of the master, "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Lear"—the suggested origin, the basis of chronicle, of novel, of legend, is more

clearly traceable. Our literalist friend—if, indeed, he could be supposed to know anything of the sources, of the suggestive bases, of Shakspeare's plays—would again be furious at the poet's art treatment of record, of chronicle, of tale, of fact. He would fiercely denounce the departures from authorities, the shocking exaggerations, the gross mis-statement of fact, which are justly attributable, from the literalist point of view, to the poet who wears the "crown o' the world."

The real Amleth of Saxo-Grammaticus gets drunk and sets fire to the palace. Why does Shakspeare omit this important fact? "The Moor of Venice," by Giraldi Cinthio, a novel which, as a tale, may be an art fact, is elevated by Shakspeare to a truth—to the truth of Othello; but this is not done without many departures from the incidents of the foundation story. "Lear" is rough hewn in its basis of incident out of the semi-fabulous chronicles of Britain; but those incidents are always subordinated to the high and true poetical purpose—are used only in so far as they are useful to the poet. The "true Chronicle Historie of the Life and Death of King Lear and his Three Daughters" is ideal work merely, based upon the real in so far only as that is supplied by the olden chronicle.

"Macbeth," again, is a very flagrant instance of contempt of court—*i.e.*, of the literalist's court. Shakspeare has used Holinshed; but, as Mr. Hayward points out, he has departed from fact in many important particulars. Neither Banquo nor his son was an ancestor of the house of Stuart. "Instead of being an usurper, Macbeth was a legitimate claimant of the throne; instead of being the victim of a midnight and treacherous murder, Duncan was slain in fair fight at a place called Bothgowan, near Elgin, in 1039; instead of being a tyrant, Macbeth was a firm, just, and equitable ruler; instead of being killed at Dunsinane, he fell, two years after his defeat there, at Lumphanan."

Perhaps the instance in which creation may be most distinctly traced is that of Brutus in "Julius Cæsar." Read the Brutus among Plutarch's "Lives," and then compare the foundation of fact upon which Shakspeare has raised the superstructure of his creation of Brutus. Another flagrant case—for the literalist—is the manner in which Goethe has used the grotesque but pregnant old popular legend as the basis for his immortal poem-drama of "Faust."

All mere facts, all incidents, all scenes, must, before they can be translated into art, be fused in the crucible of imagination. It is by means of the crucible, objective or subjective, that alchemist or artist labours to transmute baser metals into gold. A poet, when about to sing, rises from the basis of simple fact as a lark rises from its nest upon the ground. There are men to whom the yellow primrose is a yellow primrose, and nothing more; but the modest flower contains a deeper meaning for the profoundly meditative poet. A commonplace model may sit for a noble figure, as (to cite one instance) was the case with Millais' *Moses*. An artist must dominate fact before he can sublimate it to larger truth; the highest value of true art work resides in the personality of the artist. It is the glamour of the mystic magic of the human mind which gives art value through art treatment. Objects to a painter, incidents to a poet, are but the bases upon which rests the superstructure of wonder-working creative art. A fact, small in itself, may suggest large issues to the artist; who requires liberty of idea for his free-est, noblest activity. Love, in a high nature, always idealises, and sees the loved one ennobled to the latent possibilities inherent in the character; and art, like love, idealises to the height. An artist can see no subject restricted by the limits of the actual; he must always glorify and ennoble by the instinctive exercise of the aggrandising and etherealising fancy.

Painter and poet work their grandest work in a certain

glow of emotion ; they must work with enthusiasm, and in a pure white heat of passionate production. Every object suggests an image which transcends the scope and limitation of the object itself ; indeed, the object *cannot* be seen by the poet as a mere fact. He sees, in unconscious inspiration, the "pomp and prodigality of Heaven" in the deeper meaning and profounder beauty of all things under the sun that he can deal with through his art by means of the shaping spirit of imagination. Through outward semblance he attains to inner essence ; beneath the shows of things he pierces to the transcendental life within. Poet and painter record impressions made by outward things upon their receptive and reflective faculties, and paint themselves through their subjects. Dryden says the poet is "a maker, as the word signifies ; and he who cannot make—that is, invent—hath his name for nothing." There is as much difference in quality between the mental eyes as there is between the physical eyes of men ; one man sees in everything so much more than another does : the artist must see through the adventitious and accidental to the profound and the perennial. Things as they actually are, are actually even very different to different minds ; and the highest-mounted mind of all—that of the thinker and the poet—sees through the sadnesses and the humours of this unintelligible world to hints, half seen, half suggested, through the veil, of Divine purpose, and of heavenly hope.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of." Our dreams themselves vary strangely, and art paints itself in many moods and varying tempers. Nature may be apprehended through fervent lyrical gladness ; through a tenderness as of the "pale, purple evening" of summer twilight ; in a dejection sad as the "doleful grey" of the heavy rain-cloud ; through mad, turbulent passion as of the soaring surges of the tempest-riven main. The singer's inspiration is the

impulse of the hour; and around impulse hangs an ever shifting atmosphere of mood.

Payne Collier, in speaking with Wordsworth about the beautiful lines, so full of truth in essence —

“O, cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?”

remarked, with a tendency to literal depreciation, that he “had several times seen a cuckoo;” but Wordsworth observes “that that made no difference to the general accuracy;” and Wordsworth was deeply right. Mr. Collier represented the prosaic view which lacks insight into the truth of poetry. Many more men understand candle-light than that magic

“Light that never was on land or sea;”

which is seen only through “the vision and the faculty divine.” Poetry may, however, well exist in the medium of prose; as Sir Philip Sidney says, “it is not rhyming and versing that maketh poetry; one may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry.”

And here we part with our literalist friend; nay, part with him not wholly without good-humour. Some amusement may blend with our scorn. We would not attack him for his ignorance, or his incapacity, for “who would rush at a benighted man and give him two black eyes for being blind?” It is his dogmatism that offends; it is his self-confident denunciation of things beyond the reaches of his soul that irritates. “Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.” His views are distorted by stupidity, as the image of a face reflected in a spoon is distorted. His want of insight is proportionate to his loud and angry blatancy about that art of which he understands about as much as a Hindoo does of skating. He is a type of a large stupid faction in this sad world of ours; and he does harm in the rare cases in which he meets, and possibly influences or

confirms in their views, men even duller than he himself is. Otherwise he is innoxious, if annoying. Though a black wafer be affixed to the glass of *his* telescope, yet the stars remain. It is not quite easy to put out the moon with a squirt. The law always "contemplates the possibility of a return to virtue." O! my poor literalist!

"O, wad ye take a thought an' men?
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken"—

but you *might* be taught better things. Industrious fleas are susceptible to educational impulses; and if our literalist began with modesty, he might assume, if not quite assimilate, a veneer, at least, of culture?

"What know we greater than the soul?" "Poetry is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious." The Divine mind, which created animate and inanimate nature, evolved, as its highest work, that mind of man which is formed in the image of its Maker, and which, like unto its Divine original, strives also to produce and to create. When it would create, the human mind works through art, and through art man displays most clearly his affinity with the Creator. Art selects, and rejects; it combines, it ennobles, it idealises. Art, in its higher range, is an outcome of "the holy spirit of man." It is born of the spirit. It elevates the temporary and accidental to permanent beauty and to perennial truth. It is sacred and is spiritual; and, being what it is, it must, of necessity, disregard Fact, except in so far as that may be a starting point for Truth.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

THE DOCTRINE OF "UNIFORMITY" IN GEOLOGY.

RELIGIOUS faith is profoundly affected by whatever conceptions may be prevalent touching the method of the creation of the physical universe. The Bible contains a cosmogony, and the acceptance of that cosmogony has been deemed essential to the profession of Christianity itself. The theory of the literal accuracy of the Scriptures has been so hardly pressed that discipleship to Christ has been connected with the confident assurance that the world was the result of six days of exceptional work. The most spiritual of all religious teachers—the Teacher whose words were spirit and were life—has had his religion blended with the vague speculations of early thinkers on the origin of things. A strange fate! Surely no more ironical comment on the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," could be made than to add, "if only they will believe that fish and birds succeeded grass and fruit-trees, and were followed by 'beasts of the earth' in the order which seemed natural to an early Hebrew writer."

There are deeper relationships between man's life and the Power by which this universe was fashioned than any furnished by this merely artificial and mechanical tie between Christianity and the Book of Genesis.

Whatever reveals the nature of the forces determining the successive epochs which have left Man upon the stage as the last result of their unfolding history, must throw light on his responsibilities and his destiny. The links

binding Man to his physical surroundings are so intricate and subtle that the method of their production must concern some of the innermost secrets of his being. The theological critics of science have been sufficiently prejudiced, and have done much to deserve the curt dismissal they received from Lyell, who set aside their works without notice, holding them excused for sensitiveness on points which excite uneasiness in the public mind. They have been right, however, in not quietly passing science by, on the other side; and in claiming that the sanctities of religion cannot be kept apart from the results of scientific researches. It is impossible to divide religion from science by any hard and fast line. The attempt has been made by scientific men, who have been impatient at being troubled about their heresies; and by theologians, who would fain reconcile dogmatic creed-making touching things unseen with rational investigations into things seen. But it has failed. The problem of our age is *not* how to arrange the terms on which science and religion can live apart, but how to express the principles of religious faith in terms which science can accept.

Among the principles which have on their enunciation constituted epochs in the intellectual history of the world must be numbered those "Principles of Geology" laid down in Lyell's famous work, in which the modern changes of the earth and its inhabitants are considered as illustrative of its past history. The great problem may—to use the words of Lyell—thus be stated, whether the former changes of the earth made known to us by geology, resemble in kind and degree those now in daily progress.

It is not too much to say that Lyell's statement of the "theory of the uniform nature and energy of the causes which have worked successive changes in the crust of the earth, and in the condition of its living inhabitants," gave the human intellect a fresh starting-point.

This doctrine—with whatever limitations it may have to be ultimately received—swept away at once and for ever, as by one stroke, all those fantastic attempts at world-making which had for centuries usurped the place of accurate observations. The kind of errors previously committed by those who sought to solve the problem of Creation can never be repeated. Whatever explanations of past phenomena may be advanced, they can no longer be evolved out of the depths of human consciousness, but must have some connection with forces which can be brought to the test of direct examination.

But Lyell's doctrine had results far more momentous than the simple clearing away from the field of his science of those vast accumulations of rubbish which had so long interfered with its fertility. It established a method of research into the processes of Creation. Putting aside for the moment the question, how far the forces now observed in active operation can give an exhaustive account of the earth's history, it is certain that, without consulting them, the past is utterly inexplicable. Before their resources are examined, no conception whatever can be formed of what may have been possible or impossible through geological epochs. Apart from them, no standard of measurement, however rough, can exist for application to the succession of phenomena.

Without studying the modern history of the earth, the language in which its ancient records are written will be unintelligible. Geological science begins at the point at which the words of the Present are just forming themselves out of the mingling dialects of the Past. Its alphabet must be learnt by noting the last marks left by the waves upon the newly risen land; by gathering and classifying the mollusca embedded in the clays and sands which only yesterday were at the bottom of the sea; by marking the changes made in the beds of rivers and streams by the rains

of last autumn; by examining the rock-crevices widened during the last frost; by tracing the course of the last earthquake's wave.

The principle of uniformity practically put into the hands of man a new instrument for gaining knowledge. That the great series of geological changes, dating from the earliest period at which the earth has been the abode of living creatures, has been produced by forces of the same kind, and acting with the same degree of intensity as those now operating, is a doctrine, however, still regarded with a certain amount of popular suspicion; while some special directions taken by modern scientific investigations have raised the question whether a restatement of that doctrine is not required.

It may be instanced as a sign of this popular suspicion that a book, entitled "*Scepticism in Geology, and the Reasons for it*,"* and professing to give an assemblage of "facts" from Nature opposed to the theory of "Causes now in action" and refuting it, has reached a second edition. The anonymous author declares himself one of many persons who have, from the first, felt the want of adequate "scientific proof" of this theory. He describes geology as an "uncertain science," and asks why it should be "exempt from the tests demanded from other sciences and beliefs." The forces acting upon the earth's crust, the elements in general, earthquakes, weather, frost, ice, and running water (such as we now experience) are regarded as "feeble agencies," utterly incompetent to produce the results attributed to them.

A few illustrations will show the character of the arguments set forth in this book. Denudation—the power of water in motion, including rain, frost, rivers, and sea waves—is not a hypothetical agent. Its actual work can be mea-

* *Scepticism in Geology and the Reasons for it*. By Verifier. Second Edition. J. Murray, Albemarle Street. 1878.

sured with more or less accuracy. The amount of sediment brought down by great rivers every day and every hour is, as a simple matter of fact, enormous. Every streamlet, however small, is carrying away some part of the earth's surface. A small stream in Shropshire has recently been experimented upon in order to ascertain the amount of sedimentary matter carried away annually.* The basin of the Onny covers an area of 84 square miles, and its breadth is only 40ft.; and yet by that small stream 2,128lbs. of mud per minute were carried down in suspension, besides the quantity of sands and pebbles rolled along the bottom. The mud must have been derived from some source. The streamlets feeding the stream, the drops of rain trickling through the soil and down the banks, must have brought their tribute. When the power of one petty rivulet is so tremendous, the washing away of a mass equal in area to a continent (which means the formation of an equivalent mass of new sedimentary strata) by its innumerable rivers and streams, comes within the range of "causes now in action."

The author of "Scepticism in Geology," however, asserts that the boundaries of the sea and those of the dry land "*are fixed.*" He contends that geologists have lost sight of the limit set by the almost universal spread of vegetation over the globe to the erosive effects of the atmosphere, except always that small amount, chiefly the result of frost and ice in conjunction with the decay of leaves and other vegetable products. The erosive power of running water is dismissed as a "theory," and various gorges are instanced which, it is argued, could not have been opened by it.†

* *Vide* Midland Naturalist, Vol. II., No. 21.

† Among the instances given is that of the Gorge of the Avon. It is asserted that it is "undeniable" that this gorge was produced by a great convulsion. The reader is referred to Ramsay's "Physical Geology and Geography of Great Britain" (p. 512). Dr. Ramsay entirely rejects the notion that a "convulsion of Nature" rent the rocks asunder, and gives a lucid explanation of the origin of the gorge.

The question at issue is, Whether the denuding agencies now in operation could have produced the sedimentary strata which form part of the earth's crust? The objection to an affirmative answer taken by this author is that denuding agencies are now doing no work of any special importance.

But where does the amount of sediment carried away by water at every moment of time actually come from? No arguments concerning the possibility or impossibility of certain results can convert the Rhone into a pellucid stream, or prevent a single rivulet from being turbid after rain. The geologist only asks for the quantity of material at this hour held in solution by the streams and rivers of the world, to be continuously deposited. Given time, on the borders of every sea and on the surface of every continent the effects of the continuous denudation will be felt. The correctness or incorrectness of any calculations as to the precise period it would take to re-distribute the whole of the solid land of the globe, cannot affect the fact that the denuding process is going on unhastily and unceasingly. It may take 15,000 years, instead of 1,500 years, to remove one foot of rock from the river basins of the Rhone and the Hoangho; but these rivers never cease to carry away sediment, and the result consequently remains a matter of time. It may or may not be true (according to the calculations of Dr. Croll) that should there be no upheaval of the land and no alteration in the force of the fall of water, the British islands would be reduced to the sea-level in about five-and-a-half millions of years, and that rather less time would suffice to level the whole of the North American continent: it still remains certain that the rock surfaces of Great Britain and North America are not the same in mass as they were an hour ago.

Every mud-laden stream proves that disintegration has never stopped. Although it only went on at the rate of an

ounce an hour—should it never pause, as it never can have paused—the extent of its work would remain a question of time.

Given time, therefore, a mass, equal in extent to that of the existing sedimentary strata, could be deposited by water exerting the activities known to man—that is, an equivalent amount of land surface could be washed away; for deposition is a measure of disintegration. No one maintains that all points of the land are acted upon by water with an equal degree of intensity. Dislocations of the earth's crust have certainly been produced by faulting and other agencies; and air, running water, rain, and frost would naturally take advantage of them. But whatever air touches is doomed to some decay; wherever rain falls there is some waste; and the extent of that decay and that waste time must determine.

The admission made by this author that some estuaries have been silted up, changing the outline of Britain since Roman times, is entirely opposed to the confident assertion that the *fiat* has gone forth to the sea, “Thus far shall thy waves come and no farther.”

In demanding time, the geologist does not (as is asserted) avoid the necessity for proof, and draw bills at very long dates, which are never paid, because they never arrive at maturity. He does but calculate the results of known forces, should they be continuously carried on. He credits them with achieving results proportionate to the signs he detects of the self-same action as that of which he has practical knowledge, in the composition of ancient rocks, in the wave marks left upon their surfaces, and the mode in which extinct forms of life are embedded in them.

It is perfectly possible that the rate of denudation may have varied from age to age. An increase of the average rainfall would of course promote it. The burden of

proving that this has been the case must, however, rest upon those who make the assertion.

The hypothesis is not needed to account for the existence of the sedimentary strata and the great general outlines of our valleys, although it may be deemed necessary for the explanation of other facts. Neither does it touch the patent evidence that the boundaries of sea and land are now shifting.

The author of "Scepticism in Geology" quotes the fact that there are many places where land is gaining upon the sea, as though it took away all meaning from the notorious yielding of many spots in Great Britain, as all the world over, to the sea's gnawing power; and gave him liberty to dismiss such instances as of slight moment. On the contrary, the filling-up of estuaries and the consequent shallowing of near waters involves the very point under discussion.

If denudation only resulted in the spreading of mud and sand along the edges of continents, if it simply covered the bottom of the sea with *débris* within a few miles of the shore, enough would be done to show how it must have played its part in altering the physical geography of past epochs. The continental areas of the world may never have greatly varied in extent, and the changes from sea to land and land to sea may thus have been effected by the most obvious and undeniable of the causes now in action.

The author resorts to some curious speculations to explain such patent signs of denudation as are presented in the Weald of Kent and Sussex. Having suggested that mountain masses, lake basins, river channels, and the bed of the ocean are the result of fissures and cracks in the earth's surface, caused by the contraction and shrinkage of the rocks while in the act of cooling down from the state of a molten mass—a suggestion which he has adopted from Professor Suess, and which will presently be examined—he

pictures a great table-land of stratified deposits as once forming the even surface of the earth's primeval crust. He then makes the following attempt to account for the gaps and voids in the continuity of strata (p. 97):—"If we take into account the shrinkage of rocks at the time of cooling, and the recoil of the strata at the moment of fracture, it is tolerably certain the edges of strata, stretched to the utmost degree of tension previous to breaking, would fly asunder, and leave vacant spaces between, independent of any denudation. This relieves us from the necessity of supposing that the whole area between the escarpments of the North and South Downs was ever covered by a continuous bed of chalk." It is difficult to treat such a speculation seriously. Suffice it to say that the escarpments of Weald clay, green-sand, and chalk, to be found in the Weald, present no characteristic that can even be imagined to indicate fracture through strained tension; and both in themselves and in their relationship to the plain from which they rise, furnish every proof that is conceivable of being the remains of denuded strata.

It is further asserted that any movements of the earth's crust have practically ceased, and that no causes now in action can explain the elevation and depression of the land in geological eras. "We may rest content," it is said, "with the conclusion that, after all, the round world stands so fast that it cannot be moved, and that its surface, on the whole, is neither rising nor falling."

Much criticism is spent upon the records of earthquakes to show that, save in a few exceptional cases, they do not produce any permanent elevation or depression of the land. But an earthquake does not exhaust the action of subterranean forces. On the contrary, so long as earthquakes occur it is certain that there are subterranean forces in action quite capable of uplifting and depressing the earth's crust. Dr. Geikie's statement that the Scandinavian

peninsula offers a fine example of tranquil movements is criticised as remarkable "in a geological point of view," if real, because earthquakes are said to be almost unknown in Scandinavia; and it is added that Geology can furnish no reason why such movements should occur, which is a strong *primâ facie* reason against them. To imagine that geologists regard all changes of level as due to the actual shocks of earthquake waves, is to caricature their arguments. Whatever may be the local consequences of the earthquakes so constantly occurring, they prove the existence of subterranean forces of such enormous magnitude that the whole surface of the earth must be liable to be affected by them. Ample evidence is at hand to justify this inference; it is enough to allude to the well-known Temple of Serapis. The author, oddly enough, regards this building as a "puzzle to geologist and archæologist alike." It is hardly necessary to say that it is no puzzle. The pillars, bored as they are by a marine bivalve, must have been immersed in sea-water for a considerable time; and fluctuations in the level of the land during an historic period are indubitably proved. Here, again, therefore, we have a cause in action, which, if time be given, could uplift large platforms of land to a considerable height. Its intensity may not always have been the same; but this question must be decided upon its own merits.

In order to free geological history from the action of known forces, as thoroughly as possible, the author ignores the proofs of the gradual retirement and diminution of the ice covering, and suggests that a state of glaciation followed close upon, if it did not result from, the cooling down of the earth from a molten state. He pictures "glaciation" as taking possession of a fractured, but unpolished, world, and describes how lake beds might have been formed, dammed up with ice, which would receive the pounding and grinding of rocks.

Quietly dismissing the whole period between this "primitive glaciation" and the present day, he claims that his suggestions would

"at least enable us to dispense with 'three successive periods' in North Wales when the land was alternately (1) much higher than at present—ice excessive; (2) 2,300 feet lower than now—reduced to a cluster of low islands; (3) and raised again when the valleys were ploughed out by a second set of glaciers" (p. 110).

The subsidence and the re-elevation of Wales during the glacial epoch are, however, facts established by the most positive evidence. Not only are marine shell-beds of a semi-arctic character found on Moel Tryfaen, at a height of 1,360 feet, but fragments of the Welsh mountains, which icebergs alone could have floated away, are scattered over the midlands of England at points 800 feet above the sea. Around the coast of Wales are remains of ancient forests, now washed by tidal waters, and for their growth the land must have stood at a slightly higher level than at present.

Passing from these elementary considerations (which would not have been noticed in this *Review*, save for the circulation "*Scepticism in Geology*" appears to have enjoyed), the only grains of salt I am able to find in the book are—(1) its insistence on the physical effects of the cooling-down of the earth; and (2) the attention it draws to lateral, as well as vertical, movement in the operations which have produced the existing surface of hill and valley. These points, however, are treated very roughly, and reference will immediately be made to their statement in a scientific form.

So far as this discussion has advanced with reference to the doctrine of Uniformity, it appears that denuding agencies and subterranean forces are now in action, to which the deposition of the sedimentary strata, and, to a certain extent, the changes which have taken place in the

level of the land, can fairly be attributed. It remains, however, an open question whether these agencies may not have acted with more intensity at one period than another.

A very remarkable paper has been lately (Jan. 23rd, 1880) read at the Royal Institution by Dr. W. B. Carpenter, "On Land and Sea Considered in Relation to Geological Time." Dr. Carpenter has been led by the convergence of several independent lines of inquiry "to a *belief in the permanence throughout all geological time of what may be called the framework of existing continents on the one hand, and of the real oceanic basins on the other*;" and regards this doctrine as likely to take rank as one of the fundamental verities of geological science.

According to this view, the repeated changes which have unquestionably occurred at various periods in the distribution of sea and land, have been generally produced by elevations and subsidences, for the most part of very moderate amount, in portions of elevated areas in the original crust of the earth, which occupied the general position of our existing continents; the upheaval of lofty mountain chains, and the formation of very deep local troughs, in which long successions of sedimentary deposits have been formed, having taken place in parts of those originally elevated areas, especially near their margins. The far larger oceanic basins occupy, on this view, areas of the crust which were originally depressed by an abrupt border many thousands of feet beneath the continental platforms, and, like them, had a nearly uniform level, until disturbed by local upheavals and depressions, occasioned by forces subsequently generated during the progressive contraction of the molten sphere within—these upheavals and depressions, when considerable vertically, being usually limited in area, and only breaking the general uniformity of bottom-level as the elevation of the Ural chain interrupts the uniformity of the great plain of North-East Europe and Northern Asia (p. 3).

No more lucid and profound example of reasoning from the present to the past could be quoted, than is presented in this paper. Lyell's assumption, not only "that every

part of the space now covered by the deepest ocean has been land," but even that "the bed of the ocean has been lifted up to the height of the loftiest mountain," disappears in the light of his own great method. The sediments *now in process of deposition* on the ocean bottom furnished Dr. Carpenter with his clue; those sediments, when deposited at a distance from existing continental land, showing no traces of *land-degradation*. His deep-sea soundings revealed the enormous disproportion between the depth of the real ocean-floors beneath the sea-level and the height of the land elevated above it, rendering it (as he argues) very "unlikely that any subsidence of a land area should be compensated by such an uplifting of a portion of the ocean-floor as would raise it above that level" (p. 11). The *Challenger* observations enabled the *contours* of the deep-sea bed to be determined over a considerable area, so as to render it possible to calculate the physical results of definite amounts of depression and elevation.

So far, the principle of Uniformity requires no modification; but another element comes into the problem when Dr. Carpenter's reasoning, from the present to the past, is supported by Professor Dana's reasoning in the contrary direction from the primal assumption of the earth's original fluidity (p. 11, 12). That the forces acting on the earth's crust, both in a vertical and in a horizontal direction, have been continued to the present time, is indicated by its observed movements, as also by earthquakes and volcanoes.

If, however, the earth has cooled from fusion—and Dr. Carpenter gives his high authority to the statement that no man of science will now call this in question—it must have contracted; and pressure, especially lateral pressure, must have been generated under conditions which cannot again occur.

"This contraction of the crust (writes Professor Dana in a passage quoted) has been the chief agency in determining

the evolution of the earth's surface-features, and the successive phases in its long history" (p. 9). Some limitation, therefore, to provide for phenomena produced under circumstances to which *the earth as it now is* furnishes no analogy, must be introduced into any adequate statement of the doctrine of uniformity. *By the forces now acting, all the phenomena of the world's physical history could not be reproduced.*

Sir W. Thompson has declared, on kindred grounds, with especial reference to the principle of uniformity, that a great reform of geological speculation is necessary. Taking into consideration the motions of the heavenly bodies and the earth as one of them, there cannot (he says) be uniformity. "The earth is filled with evidences that it has not been going on for ever in the present state, and that there is a progress of events towards a state infinitely different from the present." *

He regards the idea that the sun always has given out the same amount of light and heat, and will continue to do so for ever, as equivalent to regarding the sun as a "perpetual miracle;" the word "miracle" being used in the sense of a perpetual violation of those laws of action between matter and matter, which we are allowed to investigate here in our laboratories and workshops. The phenomena presented by the earth's crust, he contends, disprove Playfair's notion that there is no evidence of a beginning and no progress towards an end.

The surface temperature of the earth, for example, must have been greater than it is now at some calculable period in the past, and is being constantly dissipated with the certain result of altering the state of things now prevailing. The earth did not quietly settle down under fixed and final arrangements when it first became the abode of animal and vegetable life. If it were a globe cooling in

* Trans. Geol. Soc. of Glasgow. Vol. III. p. 16.

space, the effects of the process must have been felt through many ages, and the amount of its volcanic energy, together with the rate of subsidence or elevation of its crust, may have varied with possible effects on the development of life itself. Every epoch must, to some extent, have had its own physical characteristics. Our own age cannot be exempt from the same rule, neither can the epoch that is to come. It is absolutely impossible that the world of the future should be a mere copy of the world as it is.

The question is thus carried one step further. Not only when the general topography of our continents and oceans was practically established in the early history of a cooling globe, must such a force as that of lateral pressure have acted with an intensity of which we have had, and can have, no experience, but *every* epoch must have been affected by influences which have more or less passed away.

Another point has yet to be considered. As epoch has succeeded epoch, not only new, but higher forms of life have been introduced.

In what sense can we speak of uniform causes as producing higher and higher types of being? Uniform causes might be the means of bringing into the world an almost infinite series of *varieties* of forms of life, but they would be on the same level. The causes being uniform, the results would be on the same plane. The problem, however, is one of ascent from type to type until man is reached. The power which has evolved from age to age forms of life more and more complex in structure, can scarcely be said to have acted uniformly in any ordinary sense of the word. The space between Eozoon and Man indicates action which, so far from being uniform in intensity, has systematically resulted in peopling each epoch with organisms more complex in structure than any known in earlier times.

In one sense there has been no "Uniformity" in nature :

no one epoch, either in the distribution of land and sea, or in its groups of characteristic organisms, has repeated another. Epoch has followed epoch with a changed world, peopled by creatures more or less peculiar to itself; although each epoch has possessed certain features in its scenery and has been characterised by certain organisms familiar to the student of the one immediately preceding. While, therefore, the facts of life gathered by observation must be employed in the determination of the laws through which this wondrous succession of phenomena has been unfolded, the possibility of the introduction of fresh species, and even of the higher development of man himself, must not be excluded from thought.

From these various considerations it would appear, that the bare assertion that "the former changes of the earth made known to us by geology resemble in kind and degree those now in daily progress," does not cover the whole ground of a scientific inquiry into the method of Creation.

Without doubt, the establishment of a geological principle or law must primarily depend on the exhaustion of every known force. No scientific study can be carried on, unless the elements are calculated upon as having behaved in the past after the same fashion as they behave in the present. Identity in *the kind of action* exercised by natural forces at every epoch, constitutes the basis of geological reasoning. Geology cannot exist as a science at all, unless we confine ourselves to known forces, and admit that these known forces have always obeyed the laws which now regulate their conduct. But the refusal either to invent new forces for the explanation of past phenomena, or to attribute to known forces powers of which man has had no experience, must not be pressed beyond its strictest meaning.

While any special agent, *given time*, may be capable of doing a certain amount of work, it does not follow

that its action may not have been accelerated by the circumstances under which it has operated. The amount of lateral pressure at the present day, for example, can be no measure of what was accomplished by lateral pressure during the cooling of the globe. The earth cannot be treated as eternal—without beginning and with no prospect of an end. The introduction of a force now known may have taken place at a specific point of time. Man himself, the most powerful agent as a modifier of physical circumstances that has ever existed, is a comparatively new comer into the world.

The agencies now operating may so act and react upon each other as at last to produce results entirely different from any that are either now visible, or will be visible for a few million of years to come. The relationship of the earth to the solar system is so intimate that the changes which are being worked out through space must touch its ultimate destiny.

The fact that the deposition of certain strata *could* be accomplished by known forces, cannot preclude the geologist from asking how known forces would have operated in any condition in which the earth may have existed from a nebulous film to a heated ball, and from a heated ball to the fit abode of animal and vegetable life.

The doctrine of Uniformity can not be held to justify the inference that geological changes have merely consisted of a constant sorting and resorting of the old materials. It must not be concluded that each successive epoch has merely constituted a chapter in the history of precisely the same kind of world as that in which we live, a few plants and animals having died out, and other species having been substituted. Such a proposition would be open to Sir W. Thompson's famous criticism that it is the doctrine of perpetual motion.

What may legitimately be admitted is this:—So far as

observed and measurable forces are capable of producing geological phenomena, they must not be forsaken for the sake of purely speculative equivalents; although the mind must never be closed to changes which must have marked, and, doubtless, will continue to mark, the history of the earth alike from cosmical causes and causes connected with its own construction.

If the beat of the rain and the touch of the air, frost and the motion of waters can excavate valleys and wear away mountains, and if it is impossible to discriminate between the certain results of these agencies and the past phenomena under examination, we must be content to believe that valleys have been so excavated and mountains so worn away. If common-place agencies, such as ocean-currents, winds, clouds, and aqueous vapours, united with ascertained variations in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, are sufficient (as Dr. Croll contends) to account for the accumulation of ice which occurred in temperate regions during the glacial epoch and its subsequent disappearance, no mere theory must be summoned from "the vasty deep" of space. If any existing creatures possess the generic marks which ally them with fossil forms, by these organic relationships their development must be traced.

Imaginary causes must not be sought to account for the history of rock masses, the distribution of sea and land, the connection between the species and genera of extinct and living creatures, before the range of known forces has been accurately measured. But when this has been done, scientific imagination must play its part in geology as in all other sciences; classifying isolated facts under such hypotheses as it may frame, and thus preparing the way for future discoveries.

One thing is certain—the method of creation involves something more than the constant repetition of the same phenomena. It may be that the creative energy which has

evolved so vast a series of organisms as that which stretches from the Laurentian to the Human period, may so act upon the brain of man himself, that a million years hence there may be as striking a contrast between the intellectual capacity and social organisation of our race as it now is and then may be, as there is at this hour between a body of professors at a great university and a tribe of savages.

In the same way as seeds may be concealed in the soil for centuries, awaiting favourable conditions ; as the common foxglove will spring up when the trees of a wood have been cut down, in places where it has never been known before ; and the deadly nightshade suddenly appears in churchyards as the soil is disturbed and human bodies pass away, ashes to ashes and dust to dust—so may it be with the nature we possess. As mortal generations pass, powers now hidden may be revealed. The invariability of natural laws does not involve monotonous uniformity in the method of creation.

The earth, as it now is, is the last result of the play of forces which have never ceased to bring forth "some new thing."

The only report the man of science can bring from any spot on which he may choose to plant his feet, is that of the seer who bare record "in the isle that is called Patmos"—
"I saw a new heaven and a new earth ; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away."

HENRY W. CROSSKEY.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE name of William Lloyd Garrison is entitled to a place in the foremost rank of illustrious Americans, not alone because of his earnest and successful labours, but on account of his blameless and remarkable character. Few men have been privileged, as he was, to yield his mind with all its faculties, and his heart with its truest emotions, to a great cause, and then to pursue his efforts for its advancement, until he witnessed its complete triumph, and was able to rejoice, during a few years of serene enjoyment, in the blessings which it brought to millions of his fellow-creatures. No great wrong of our time has been so sternly maintained as that of American Slavery. Four millions of human beings were owned as goods and chattels by those who claimed to be regarded as respectable and religious people; and, save in a few instances—so few, indeed, that one recounts the number with a blush of shame and indignation—this claim was acknowledged without question. Southern slaveholders were members of Christian churches, and many of them held high office and rank in the respective communions to which they belonged. Some of them were ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and large numbers of them laboured, in close association with their Northern brethren, zealously and strenuously for the evangelisation of the heathen. The distinguished American orator, Mr. Wendell Phillips, turning for a moment to young men, when delivering an address at Garrison's funeral, said, "It is not

given to you to remember with any vividness the blackness of the darkness of ignorance and indifference which then brooded over what was called the moral and religious element of the American people." At the time which we have indicated, only a Christian man or woman here and there in the United States dreamt of questioning for an instant the righteousness of Slavery. The slaves were not only held in bondage, and compelled to toil through hopeless lives for the benefit of their white-skinned owners, but they were kept in a state of abject ignorance, subject to the unrestrained passions of their masters, and bought and sold as if there never flashed across the mind of a single white person in the great Republic, the thought, that upon the brow of the slave there yet rested the royal stamp and seal of God. It is not possible to extenuate the conduct of professedly Christian slaveowners by offering the excuse that these people had come into their hands under such difficult circumstances, and in such large numbers, as to render it well-nigh impossible to accord to them the freedom of human beings, save by gradual processes and at some hoped-for, though distant, period. Slavery was defended without any apparent qualms of conscience; indeed, we may say that to a very great extent it was hardly deemed requisite to defend it at all. Its existence appeared a matter of simple necessity; and until a few brave men and women raised their voices in earnest protest and fiery indignation, nobody thought of even apologising for an institution which had come to be regarded as a settled condition of society in the United States. Mr. Wendell Phillips says, "No man or Church proposed, much less set on foot, any plan or movement for its abolition. Each and all seemed confounded and disheartened at the complexity of the problem and the vast work. There was the most entire ignorance and apathy on the slave question. If men knew of the existence of

slavery, it was only as a part of picturesque Virginia life. No one preached, no one talked, no one wrote about it." He claims for Garrison that he "began, inspired, and largely controlled the movement which put an end to negro slavery in the United States."

There was not a shadow of what can be called public opinion on the subject of Slavery in America in the year 1805, when William Lloyd Garrison was born at Newburyport, Mass., on the 10th of December, in a house which still stands, in close proximity to a church, under whose pulpit rest the remains of George Whitefield. The story of his "Life and Times" has just been told, in a volume recently published, by an old friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. Oliver Johnson, with an Introduction by Mr. Whittier. This admirable book furnishes us with the main portion of the facts of Mr. Garrison's life and work. His father was a sea-captain from New Brunswick, and is spoken of as a man of some literary ability and ambition. His mother had a deep and earnest fear of God, which was evidently roused to an intense height in connection with the religious services of some itinerating Baptists. Her parents had brought her up in attendance upon the Established Church, for they were respectable adherents to the religious and loyal customs of the times, both in Church and State. But at eighteen years of age, this bright-hearted girl, who had hitherto mingled in the gaieties of her station, felt the upheavings of a new life, and connected herself bravely with the sect whose preaching she had been led to attend. These itinerating Baptists were very much like Ranters, and their practices were utterly foreign to the sentiments of her parents. When she proposed to unite herself to them in the public ordinance of baptism, their indignation knew no bounds, and the doors of home were closed against her. Her uncle received her into his house, and she remained under his care until

her marriage with Mr. Garrison, the sea-captain of whom we have spoken. From such a mother, William Lloyd, her second son, received influences of precious and immortal value. She inspired in his young breast a vision of the eternal God, and a reverence for His righteousness, which mingled in the very core of his being, and was never disturbed throughout the labours and vicissitudes of a long life. The father became intemperate, and at an early period, Garrison's mother was left with a family of helpless little children, to struggle with many cares. While seeking to earn her living as a sick nurse, she found it necessary to put her boys out at a very tender age, that they might relieve her burden. William Lloyd was apprenticed when only nine years of age to a shoemaker; but he was removed from this uncongenial occupation to a cabinet-maker's. Later still, he found the work which suited his tastes at the printing-office of a Mr. Allen, the editor of the *Newburyport Herald*. To this paper, while in his "teens," he made frequent and acceptable contributions; and he wrote also anonymously for a Boston journal—his political articles being thought so much of as to be attributed to one of the most eminent citizens of Massachusetts. When his apprenticeship ended, he edited a new paper, called the *Free Press*, in his native place; which, while distinguished for its high moral tone, Mr. Johnson observes, "proved unremunerative, as such papers generally do." Then he was heard of as the editor of the *National Philanthropist*, in Boston, in the years 1827-28. The object of this journal was to advocate total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. Some time in 1828, he went to the town of Bennington, Vermont, to establish a paper for the support of Mr. John Quincy Adams for the Presidency. This paper was called the *Journal of the Times*. He had already made the acquaintance of one of those remarkable pioneers of reform, to whom it is often given to stir within the breasts

of abler men than themselves those impulses which become the mightiest forces in the regeneration of society. This man was Benjamin Lundy, a Quaker, who came to Boston while Garrison was living there, for the purpose of exciting an interest in the minds of the people on the question of slavery. Lundy issued, at irregular intervals, a print called the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. He was an itinerating printer and social reformer, who spent the greater part of his time in "travelling from place to place, procuring subscribers to his paper, and endeavouring to excite an interest in his subject by conversation and lecturing. In some instances he carried the head-rules, column-rules, and subscription-book of his paper with him, and when he came to a town where he found a printing-office he would stop long enough to print and mail a number of the *Genius*. He travelled for the most part on foot, carrying a heavy pack." This man's soul had been fired with an intense and unspeakable hatred to Slavery, by what he had seen in his boyhood of the wrongs and miseries from which the poor wretches suffered when going down the Ohio on their way to the far South. Garrison's Vermont paper had reached him as an exchange, and he longed to lay firm hold upon the young champion of liberty, and if possible secure him as a coadjutor in the special work upon which he was employing his life. "After making the journey to Boston by stage, he walked, staff in hand and pack on back, in the winter snow, all the long and weary way from that city to Bennington. The meeting of these two men, in the shadow of the Green Mountains, 'whose winds were ever the swift messengers of freedom,' may be regarded as the beginning of a movement which was destined under God to work the overthrow of American Slavery." "In this fresh mountain spring originated the moral influences which, feeble at the first, became at length too mighty to be resisted." Garrison agreed to join Lundy in Baltimore;

and in the autumn of 1829 he took the principal charge of Lundy's paper, which was now enlarged, and published weekly. It was indeed a holy compact; never did two men more honestly and bravely address themselves to a high and difficult task. Two such men, bound together with such convictions and sentiments as those which throbbed within their breasts, received the fulfilment of that great promise which the Redeemer of mankind gave to His disciples for the encouragement of their faith, when two or three should meet together in His name. And no great wrong, though it throw its black shadow even across half a world, should reckon upon long continuance and security, when two spirits as true and as courageous as those of Garrison and Lundy sound the trumpet of its doom.

Lundy was in favour of gradual emancipation, and had his mind directed to schemes of colonisation for the slaves. Garrison had come to see, that "Slavery was either right or wrong in principle as well as in practice; that if it was right even for an hour, it might be so for a century or to the end of time; but that if it was wrong, there was no excuse for its continuance for a day or even an hour." From the moment that the young reformer saw with his clear vision the deep unrighteousness of the thing, he gave his whole soul unreservedly to unceasing toil for its extirpation.

Owing to the vigour of Garrison's management of the paper and his uncompromising assertion of immediate abolitionism, the *Genius of Universal Emancipation* soon became intolerable to the people of Baltimore and that part of the country generally. "The slave power entrenched in Church and State began to growl like a wild beast at bay. The air was thick with fierce denunciations of 'that mad-cap Garrison,' and men in places of power and influence began to look each other in the face, and ask whereunto this new crusade against Slavery would grow if some means of crushing it out were not speedily found." The means

were found, as they thought, in a short time. A Mr. Francis Todd, of Newburyport (Garrison's own native town), owned a vessel which traded between Baltimore and New Orleans, and which at this time took a cargo of eighty slaves from the former to the latter place. The heroic young editor denounced the transaction with all the might of an indignant protest. The law of America was against foreign slave-trade, holding it to be piracy. Garrison would not allow that the domestic trade was one whit better. The owner of the vessel brought a charge against him for libel, which was sustained, of course, and Garrison was fined a sum of fifty dollars and costs of court. He was too poor to pay, and of necessity went to gaol. It is believed that if riches had been his portion rather than poverty, he would not have paid the fine. The South exulted in the punishment, and, with few exceptions, the North said it was what he deserved. One Boston paper, however, published some sonnets which he wrote in his cell, and a few enthusiastic young spirits regarded him as a martyr in the cause of liberty and truth. Amongst the number was John Greenleaf Whittier, then hardly known beyond the town or State in which he was working as the editor of the *New England Review*, which was published at Hartford. Garrison, at Newburyport in earlier days, when he edited the *Free Press*, had inserted in his little paper some of Whittier's poems. Mr. Whittier wrote to the celebrated Henry Clay, of Kentucky, begging him to pay Garrison's fine, and thus open the gaol-door to the "guiltless prisoner." The statesman was evidently inclined to accede to this request, but meanwhile another friend stepped forward—Mr. Arthur Tappan, a prosperous New York merchant, and a warm friend of freedom, who had been a reader of Lundy and Garrison's paper; he paid the fine and bill of costs, and once more the "fanatic" was at his work.

Circumstances rendered it desirable that Garrison should pursue a course independently of his friend Lundy. He hoped at first to issue a weekly paper from Washington, to be called the *Liberator*. He had no capital wherewith to commence the enterprise. He visited Philadelphia, New York, Newhaven, Boston, and other towns, and finally resolved to publish the *Liberator* at Boston. He found that the North was absolutely disinclined to disturb Slavery in the South. His own words, when referring to the tour which he had taken, were: "I found contempt more bitter, opposition more active, detraction more relentless, prejudice more stubborn, and apathy more frozen in the free States (and particularly in New England) than among slave-owners themselves." He made his appeal for help in the great work to which he had consecrated his life, to two famous Boston clergymen—Dr. Lyman Beecher and Dr. Channing. Dr. Beecher told him that his zeal was commendable, but that he was misguided. Said he: "If you will give up your fanatical notions, and be guided by us (the clergy), we will make you the Wilberforce of America." For all that discouragement met him on every path, his resolve was taken, and the *Liberator* was published on the first day of 1831. Its motto was, "Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind." It was a small weekly folio, of only four pages, and was issued from an office which was afterwards spoken of as an "obscure hole." Garrison was editor, printer, and publisher, with the help of one associate. They announced "their determination to publish their paper as long as they could do so by living on bread and water, and so they made their bed on the office floor, and lived for a year or more on such food as they could procure at a neighbouring bakery." Mr. Oliver Johnson testifies, "More than once did I partake with them of their humble fare; Mr. Garrison doing the honours of the table with a grace worthy of a richer feast, and a cheerfulness that nothing could dis-

turb." He describes the office thus: "The dingy walls, the small window bespattered with printer's ink, the press standing in one corner, the composing stands opposite, the long editorial and mailing-table covered with newspapers, the bed of the editor and publisher on the floor—all these make a picture never to be forgotten." The present American Minister at the Court of St. James's has thus referred to it in some lines which will not be forgotten:—

"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearn'd young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean,—
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

"Help came but slowly; surely no man yet
Put lever to the heavy world with less;
What need of help? He knew how types were set;
He had a dauntless spirit, and a press."

That little print, the *Liberator*, did not mince matters from first to last. It lifted up a testimony which an age of indifference and compromise sorely needed: Garrison spoke out with all the boldness of a man who had made up his mind, and would not, to save his life, modify one earnest plea for the oppressed and the helpless. "I will be," he said, "as harsh as truth, as uncompromising as justice. . . . I am in earnest; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I WILL BE HEARD."

The *Liberator*, it soon became evident, was not to be treated with greater mildness than Garrison's former paper in Baltimore. The Vigilance Association of Columbia, S.C., composed, according to the *Charleston Mercury*, of "gentlemen of the first respectability," on the 4th of October, 1831, offered a reward of 1,500 dollars for "the apprehension, and prosecution to conviction, of any white person who might be detected in distributing or circulating the *Liberator*, or any other publications of a seditious character." The authorities of Georgetown, D.C., enacted

a law making it penal for any free person of colour to take from the Post-office "the paper published in Boston called the *Liberator*." In Oriel, N.C., a grand jury found a true bill against the editor and the publisher, evidently in the hope of finding a way to bring them into that State for trial; but in the State of Georgia more still was done. A law was passed ordering 5,000 dollars "to be paid by the Government to any person or persons, arresting and bringing to trial, under the laws of the State, and prosecuting to conviction, the editor or publisher of the *Liberator*, or any other person, who shall utter, publish, or circulate the said paper in Georgia." None who have ever known anything of the noble man who was the object of this preposterous malignity can fail to be thrilled with emotion as they read Garrison's grand response to this threat: "Know this, ye patrons of kidnappers, that we despise your threats as much as we deplore your infatuation; nay, more: know that a hundred men stand ready to fill our place as soon as it is made vacant by violence. The *Liberator* shall yet live—live to warn you of your danger—live to plead for the perishing slaves—live to hail the day of universal emancipation. For every hair of our head which you touch, there shall spring up an assertor of the rights of your bondsmen, and an upbraider of your crimes." Who that remembers the circumstance, that the *Liberator* witnessed the end of American Slavery, and that its editor lived long enough to know for many years the results which followed its abolition, fails to perceive that he was a prophet as well as a great leader? When one of the most powerful newspapers of the time denounced him, and sought to connect his influence with the cruelties and horrors of a certain insurrection, saying, "We know nothing of the man [Garrison]; we desire not to have him unlawfully dealt with; we can even conceive of his motive being good in his own opinion, but it is the motive of a man who cuts the throats of your

wife and children,"—Mr. Garrison replied, "I appeal to God, whom I fear and serve, and to its patrons, in proof that the real and only purpose of the *Liberator* is to prevent rebellion by the application of those preservative principles which breathe peace on earth, goodwill to men. . . I look to posterity for a good reputation."

That is a sad chapter in the life and times of Garrison which records the persecution to which the brave Reformer was subjected on account of his alleged Heterodoxy—we should rather say Infidelity, for he was frequently charged with being an infidel. We have seen that his mother was an Evangelical Christian of the most Orthodox type. Her son, it is evident, through all the years of his early manhood—that is, throughout the period of his first struggles in the Anti-Slavery cause—maintained an adherence to the religious principles in which he had been brought up. He was a hearer of Dr. Lyman Beecher's at Boston, and tried to win the support of his Orthodox Christian friends for the cause which he had espoused. It is not denied that, when he found Orthodox Christian ministers warmly defending Slavery, and as warmly denouncing its opponents, quoting freely from the Bible in its defence, and giving their support to an institution which he regarded with the profoundest indignation of a human soul, he began to examine the Scriptures with a different feeling, and came to somewhat different conclusions with regard to some subjects. His biographer testifies, "To the very last the Bible was to him the Book of books, and he found in its pages the truths on which his soul was fed, and which were his chief reliance in the great struggle with Slavery. His writings and speeches from first to last throb with quotations of the most striking appositeness and power from that Book. Above any minister of the Gospel whom I have ever known, he was indeed mighty in the Scriptures, and thousands have confessed that, before hearing him, they were not half aware of

the quickening and inspiring power of the volume around which so many of the most sacred associations of the Christian world have clustered." One frets and wearies at the memory of what men and women have said and done to cast suspicion upon the religious beliefs of their fellows who have dared to think or speak in a different manner from themselves. It is pitiful and shameful. Mr. Phillips remarks, "It was no flippant bigot, but Harriet Beecher Stowe, who, in 1852, asked Mr. Garrison, 'Are you a Christian?' What more is needed," adds Mr. Phillips, "to demonstrate how stone-blind were then the best American thought and religion; how absolutely they were shut up to insist on always calling 'evil good, and good evil,' 'putting darkness for light, and light for darkness,' and insolently refusing to *test* things by the Master's touchstone, 'their fruits'?"

The Anti-Slavery movement knew nothing of distinctions of sect or party. The test of membership stood in no case connected with a man's religious opinions. Mr. Garrison was found fault with for inserting in the *Liberator* articles which discussed certain questions and subjects about which great differences of opinion were constantly arising; questions, that is, having no relation to Slavery, but to social matters, like the Rights of Woman; or religious subjects, such as the duty of Non-resistance, the proper observance of Sunday, and some theological points. The space devoted to such subjects was very small; but he was blamed for admitting them into its columns. He evidently revealed some of his liberal religious opinions, and gave the apologists for Slavery some excuse for fault-finding. It does appear to us that probably rather more subjects than were either suitable or profitable may have been mixed up in the literary publications of the Anti-Slavery cause at that time. Certain it is, that the Rev. Amos A. Phelps, a confessedly earnest and true-hearted friend

of the cause, resigned his place as one of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Society, alleging as his reason for that step, that "the Society is no longer an Anti-Slavery Society simply, but in its action a Woman's Rights, Non-Government Anti-Slavery Society." It was thought that a Society of which Garrison was not the head and front, might bring a considerable accession of Orthodox Abolitionists; and so the Massachusetts *Abolition* Society was organised in Boston, in May, 1839. Garrison held on his way, and was at his post long after this new Society had ceased to exist. It will be clear to the apprehension of most people, that although at times there may have been some impropriety in mixing up other social movements, as well as a few theological questions, with the Anti-Slavery struggle, either in the columns of the *Liberator* or elsewhere, the objection to Garrison on the score of his religious opinions was a mere excuse for not enlisting beneath the standard of the Anti-Slavery cause. It was easy to hurl the epithet "infidel" at a man whose cogent reasonings could not be answered, and whose earnest protests against Slavery came with a scathing effect upon the consciences of men. It was enough to make a man of Garrison's type turn with indignation upon the religious organisations of his day, when it was almost impossible to find in Boston a clergyman of any standing who would so much as consent to open an Anti-Slavery meeting with prayer. We have it upon the best authority, that Methodists and Baptists, Episcopalians and Unitarians, and even the Quakers, barred their doors against Anti-Slavery lecturers and agents; and "Dr. Channing's mild rebukes of Slavery and Slaveholding, drawn from him only after years of pleading and appeal on the part of Samuel J. May and other Abolitionists, brought down the bitter wrath of the congregation upon his head, many of the members refusing all further intercourse with him socially, and even refusing

to recognise him in the street." The American Board of Foreign Missions, which was seeking to excite in the heart of the nation a deep interest in the heathen world—and succeeded in this object—looked with deadly hostility upon the Anti-Slavery movement from the start.

It is impossible for us in these pages to recall, ever so briefly, the history of the several steps in the Anti-Slavery movement, which are associated with Mr. Garrison's career. The first Anti-Slavery Society was founded in January, 1832. It was called the New England Anti-Slavery Society. The first meeting was held in a school-room, under the African Baptist Church, in Boston; and as the little company broke up, and were going forth to encounter a pitiless storm, in the dense darkness of that January night, Garrison impressively remarked, "We have met to-night in this obscure school-house; our numbers are few, and our influence limited, but mark my prediction: Faneuil Hall shall ere long echo with the principles which we have set forth. We shall shake the nation by their mighty power."

The foes with whom Garrison and the uncompromising Abolitionists had to deal were manifold. Among the most powerful, and certainly the most troublesome, we may indicate those whose material interests were bound up in the system, and those who were in favour of African Colonisation and gradual Emancipation. There were many sharp passages of arms with the latter class. It would be interesting to take note of some of the incidents of that painful struggle in which Garrison took so conspicuous a part. We can only pause for a moment, to look at him as he came to England in 1833, for the purpose of securing the sympathy of our most distinguished Anti-Slavery leaders, and to seek to correct the impressions which had been made in this country by an agent of the American Colonisation Society. While he was in this land, Wilber-

force died. Garrison attended his funeral in Westminster Abbey. He spoke in Exeter Hall, and otherwise produced a strong impression in favour of the cause which he came to serve. He made the acquaintance of Mr. George Thompson, then in the full tide of his fame as a speaker, and obtained from him a promise to visit the United States. The circumstances of Mr. Thompson's visit form a startlingly interesting episode in the history of those stirring times. It was while he was in the States that the sympathisers of Slavery in Boston did their utmost, in a very serious riot, to upset the cause. Garrison ran a narrow risk of his life; and George Thompson, though not immediately connected with the riot, shortly afterwards returned to England. In 1840 a division came about in the ranks of the foremost Anti-Slavery workers. We have little interest on this side of the Atlantic in making more than a passing reference to the causes and circumstances of this division, which led to the formation of the American and *Foreign* Anti-Slavery Society. It is apparent that the division stood related to the great differences of opinion which had arisen in respect to the position of women in the constitution of the old Society and in the public advocacy of the cause. A number of Mr. Garrison's old friends joined the new Society, but the separation between himself and them was more nominal than real, and therefore did not become permanent. Undoubtedly it had, however, much to do, in the minds of many of its promoters, with Garrison's alleged heresies; for it was believed that "it was actually his design to wage war upon the most sacred institutions of society." This new organisation, which was formed, as we have seen, in 1840, only lasted thirteen years. The old Society held on its way until Slavery had ceased to be. The great leader continued to exert an unrivalled influence upon the movement, although, as the years wore on, many others came forward to lend a helping hand. Mr.

Oliver Johnson bears a handsome tribute to the eminent services which were rendered to the cause by Mr. Theodore Parker. He remarks :—"He did not accept the Garrisonian view of the constitution, but on every other point he was in close affinity with us. He loved to speak from our platform, and never once declined to do so if it was in his power to answer our summons. He was at home there, and set a very high value upon the influence of the Garrisonian movement. He knew that the discussions of our platform contributed mightily to the formation of that sound public sentiment without which no measures in opposition to Slavery could be effected. In his own pulpit he never failed to improve an opportunity to bring the question of Slavery before his hearers. His name was a terror to the ecclesiastical and political trimmers of his time, but a star of hope to the oppressed, especially to fugitive slaves, harried by official kidnappers, and in danger of being seized under the shadows of Faneuil Hall, or of the steeples of numberless fashionable churches, and doomed once more to wear the chain and feel the lash of Slavery. The brave words spoken by him were a part of the very soul of the time, and his name will be reverently cherished when the moral dwarfs of the Boston pulpit, Orthodox and Liberal, who droned over their creeds and formalities while the nation was sinking into the embrace of the Slave Power, will be remembered no more." We do not wish to forget, that another well-known name was mixed up very early with the Anti-Slavery cause. On Sunday evening, May 29, 1831, the *Rev.* Ralph Waldo Emerson, then pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston, opened his pulpit for the delivery of an Anti-Slavery sermon by the *Rev.* Samuel J. May. Of Mr. Whittier it is impossible to speak in too high terms of gratitude and praise, in review of his great services. His poems were effectual protests as well as touching and earnest pleadings on the

slave's behalf. Nor should we forget Mr. James Russell Lowell, whose pen was a mighty instrument of power in the same cause in the days gone by.

Mr. Garrison, in 1843, raised in the *Liberator*, the question whether it was not the duty of the people of the Free States, on account of the inherent weakness of those provisions of the Constitution which related to Slavery, to dissolve their political relations with the South. Ten years before, he had written in the Declaration of Sentiments, issued by the Anti-Slavery Convention at Philadelphia, the words:—"This relation to Slavery is criminal and full of danger; it must be broken up." But he had not apparently felt the full force of his own uncompromising conclusions. Dr. Channing had also said: "No blessings of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures." The circumstances of after years brought a result in a different manner from that which was deemed likely. "The mutinous Rebellion changed all the conditions of the problem, and worked out the deliverance of the North as well as of the slaves by a process which no one had contemplated."

Mr. Garrison's second visit to England, in 1840, when he came as a delegate to the London Anti-Slavery Conference, is very notable, because the female delegates who had come over from America were excluded from taking part in the Conference. He, and certain other delegates, refused to take their seats, and simply became spectators of the proceedings. In 1846 he came again to England, the main purpose of this visit being to seek to induce the Free Church of Scotland to return the money which had been collected in its aid among the slave-holders in the South. Although public feeling was greatly excited upon the subject, the money was retained. In 1867 he came again, connecting with this a visit to Paris, and much pleasant intercourse with old and new friends. This visit was specially memo-

nable, because of a great public breakfast held in his honour at St. James's Hall, London, on June 20th of that year, when Mr. John Bright occupied the chair, and a number of distinguished speakers took part in the proceedings. Garrison was at his best. The Duke of Argyll referred to him as having been at one time on a stormy sea in a one-oared boat. Garrison himself used these memorable words: "I must here disclaim, with all sincerity of soul, any special praise for anything that I have done. I have simply tried to maintain the integrity of my soul before God, and to do my duty. I have refused to go with the multitude to do evil. I have endeavoured to save my country from ruin. I have sought to liberate such as were held captive in the house of bondage; but all this I ought to have done." Referring to the remarkable overthrow of slavery, he said: "Seemingly, no system of iniquity was ever more strongly entrenched, or more sure and absolute in its sway, than that of American Slavery. Yet it has perished—

" In the earthquake God has spoken,
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken."

So it has been, so it is, so it ever will be, throughout the earth, in every conflict for the right." He was in England once more in 1877, but although he mingled in many circumstances that were of the most gratifying social kind, he had not the same strength as formerly; and two years later, while visiting his only daughter in New York, where he had gone specially to obtain the best medical care, he passed away somewhat suddenly, on Saturday night, May the 24th, 1879. The hymns which he had learnt in his own childhood were sung to him in his dying hours by his children. They were such as are the best known to those who were trained in Evangelical homes fifty years ago. On the following Wednesday after-

noon the funeral took place in the neighbourhood of Boston. The pall-bearers included two coloured men and six of his old friends. The Rev. Samuel May conducted the devotional exercises, and a quartette of coloured singers sang the hymns beginning—"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve," "Ye tribes of Adam, join," and "Arise, my soul, and stretch thy wings." Wendell Phillips, whose eloquence had attained a lofty height in its earliest efforts on the Anti-Slavery platform, delivered an address as a friend of between forty and fifty years. The coloured singers sang one more song at the grave; and as the last rays of the setting sun fell across it, the old veterans and the new recruits in freedom's never-dying cause took a last look into the chamber of the dead, and many hearts gained new impulses for the struggle which yet remains.

Mr. Phillips remarked, in the address which he gave at the funeral, that the grandest name beside Garrison's in the America of our times is that of John Brown.

Brown stood on the platform that Garrison built, and Mrs. Stowe herself charmed an audience that he gathered for her, with words which he inspired, from a heart that he kindled. Sitting at his feet were leaders born of the *Liberator*, the guides of public sentiment. I know whereof I affirm. It was often a pleasant boast of Charles Sumner that he read the *Liberator* two years before I did; and among the great men who followed his lead and held up his hands in Massachusetts, where is the intellect, where is the heart that does not trace to this printer-boy the first pulse that bade him serve the slave? For myself, no words can adequately tell the measureless debt I owe him, the moral and intellectual life he opened to me. I feel like the old Greek who, taught himself by Socrates, called his own scholars "the disciples of Socrates."

Mr. Phillips affirms that the true root of Garrison's influence was *character*. And this he holds in combination with the belief that, as an intellectual awakening and moral discipline, the forty years of the Anti-Slavery agitation has

only three parallels in history—the age of Vane and Cromwell, Luther's Reformation, and the establishment of Christianity.

Taking as earnest a review as we can of the life of this remarkable man, we must express the opinion that, looked at together—man and movement—history furnishes hardly a parallel to the combined power and fitness of work and worker. Never was reformer more honest, brave, and disinterested. He quailed before no foes, however invincible they might appear; he had but one clear purpose, from the moment of consecration to the hour when death drew him away from the field of conflict; and he never enriched himself out of the cause which he served with patient and persistent energy to the last. If America had produced no other men of action besides Washington and Garrison, she would have gained the right to place these men amongst the very greatest of the race. Garrison is one of those men who have shown forth the living power of that religion which holds the Bible as the charter of human liberty and the source of our divinest hopes. He gained his influence over men through the appeal which he made to their consciences as believers in that Book. He was a *moral* reformer to the end, and during many years of the struggle left such of his friends as were inclined, to wage the battle in the political arena. As for him, his arguments, his inspiration, and his encouragement were drawn from sources to which the politician might, or might not choose to repair. That single-hearted, intrepid, clear-eyed printer's boy, fastening his heart upon high enterprises, looks, to our mind, far greater than a Hannibal or a Wellington; and only those who have been the greatest benefactors of the poor, the weary, and the sad, have a right to be mentioned beside him when the story of his brave life is recalled for the instruction and encouragement of mankind.

WILLIAM DORLING.

THE MIRACLES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

II.

IN a former article I endeavoured to illustrate the process by which miraculous narratives may grow out of *bonâ fide* records of natural events, and also to show by internal evidence and historical analogy that this process might be traced with great probability in the New Testament.

It is the purpose of the present article to indicate other processes, by which miraculous stories may have been grafted upon the historical traditions of the New Testament without resting, even indirectly, upon the records of events that actually took place.

(i.)

There can be little doubt that the early Christians were often inclined to regard the so-called Messianic passages of the Old Testament as actual authorities for the life of Jesus. Believing that all the Messianic predictions had been fulfilled by the Messiah, they were naturally led to ascribe to Jesus any action which this pre-established theory required. If they supposed the Scriptures to have definitely asserted that the Messiah would do or suffer such and such things, they would feel that they had the best possible authority for saying that Jesus actually did or actually suffered them.

The Gospel of Matthew in particular is rich in illus-

trations of this tendency. We can see that the Old Testament precedents were continually before the eyes of its writers, and the result is sometimes almost grotesque. For instance, an ancient writer (Zechariah ix. 9) had spoken of the ideal King of the future as coming to Jerusalem in peaceful and lowly guise, riding upon an ass. The writer of Matthew was very naturally reminded of this passage (which may possibly have been in the thoughts of Jesus himself) by the joyous entry into Jerusalem just before the cleansing of the Temple. Accordingly, he appears to have supposed that the prediction of the prophet must have been precisely fulfilled by Jesus, and that the words of Zechariah were a perfectly trustworthy authority for the details of the actual event. Now Zechariah, in accordance with the well-known practice of Hebrew poets and orators, had repeated his description of the beast on which the King was to ride, in two parallel lines. "Lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, a she-ass's child," where the "and" is simply equivalent to "yea!" But the first evangelist, misunderstanding the expression, represents Jesus as actually riding into Jerusalem upon *two* beasts—an ass and her colt. (Matthew xxi. 17, where the Greek text has "upon them" for "thereon.")

Trifling as this circumstance is in itself, it will serve to illustrate the use which the Evangelist made of the Old Testament as an authority for the life of Jesus. In this instance the result has only been an incongruous detail in an undoubtedly trustworthy narrative; but there are other cases in which we are justified in suspecting that a whole series of events has been created by the Evangelist, or by the popular tradition he recorded, on no other foundation than misunderstood texts of the ancient Scriptures. Thus the second chapter of Matthew speaks of a wholesale massacre, of which we find no notice in the historians, and connects with it a series of events, including the

"flight to Egypt," which it is difficult to accept as historical; but the writer himself indicates clearly enough the basis upon which he reared this part of his narrative by quoting three texts from the Old Testament. "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, [not] small amongst the families of Judah! out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel" (Micah v. 2). "A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not" (Jeremiah xxxi. 15). "I called my son out of Egypt" (Hosea xi. 1). These texts he understood to mean—first, that the Messiah was to be born in Bethlehem; second, that a number of children would perish in connection with his birth; third, that he would himself, on some great occasion, come out of Egypt. It is needless to point out what the texts really meant, or how the Evangelist came to misunderstand them so completely. The fact that is important to us at present is the evidence given by this story that the Old Testament was regarded as an authority for the details of the life of Jesus.

If we admit this principle, we shall see at once how strong the tendency would be to ascribe to Jesus miracles analogous to those performed by the Old Testament heroes, together with the fulfilment of such Messianic predictions as that of Isaiah xxxv. 5, 6—"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing."

It is hazardous to apply this theory to special cases, though some scholars have done so freely. But we can hardly fail to trace the influence of the very text just cited in such passages as Matthew xv. 30, 31; xxi. 14—"And great multitudes came unto him, having with them lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and he healed them. Insomuch that

the multitude wondered when they saw dumb men speaking, maimed ones restored, lame walking, and blind seeing; and they glorified the God of Israel." "And the blind and lame came to him in the Temple, and he healed them." The vague character of these passages forcibly suggests some such origin as we are discussing; and, when once current, these general statements might themselves become the basis upon which more detailed and circumstantial narratives were reared.

Old Testament precedent is likewise supposed by many scholars to have had a marked influence in producing such narratives as those in which Jesus restores a dead son to his widowed mother, like Elijah (compare Luke vii. 11—16 with 1 Kings xvii. 17—24), or miraculously feeds his followers, like Moses.

We must decline, however, to push the application of this principle into details, and must be content with merely indicating its probable influence.

(ii.)

Another factor in the production of miraculous stories may be traced in the misapprehension of metaphorical language, of which we have some striking instances in the New Testament writings.

The constant use of poetical and metaphorical language in the Old Testament, the frequency of parables and metaphors in the mouth of Jesus himself, and the love of historical allegories universally characteristic of Eastern nations, might all help to facilitate the transition from a mere metaphor or parable to a miraculous narrative.

In one remarkable instance this process can be almost demonstrated. "To be born of the Spirit" or "of the Holy Spirit" is a simple and transparent metaphor. A man is "born of the Spirit" when he is "spiritual," when he feels that he is a child of God. Jesus, then, might well

be said to have been "born of the Spirit." It was straining the metaphor rather harder than our modern usage would allow when the Christians went on from this to say that "the Spirit was the father of Jesus." The expression, however, was still purely metaphorical, as is shown by the curious fact that "the Gospel according to the Hebrews" called the Holy Spirit the *mother* of Jesus, because the Hebrew word for "Spirit" was feminine. After a time, however, the metaphorical origin and meaning of the expression was lost sight of. "The Holy Spirit was the father of Jesus" came to be interpreted literally. It was therefore supposed that Jesus had no earthly father at all, and the strange stories that open our Gospels of Matthew and Luke came into existence accordingly.

With this example before our eyes we can hardly doubt that the account of the Holy Spirit descending upon Jesus at his baptism rose in a similar manner out of a misinterpreted metaphor.

Again, the account of Jesus walking upon the waves and calling Peter to come out and meet him, of Peter's terror, of his beginning to sink as soon as his heart failed, and of his being supported by the hand of Jesus, strikes us almost irresistibly as a parable setting forth the power of faith, and contrasting the unshaken firmness of Jesus in the midst of every storm with the fluctuating courage of his loved disciple, Peter.

We are tempted, however, to go much further in interpreting the miraculous stories of the Gospels as petrified metaphors and allegories.

Let us suppose, for instance, that when Jesus still retained some hope that the piety of his countrymen might be regenerated, and that Israel might yet be a holy people, he uttered the parable of the fig-tree, preserved in Luke (Luke xiii. 6—9), in which he compared his people, and especially their leaders, to a barren tree, represented his

own attempts to reform them as the last efforts of the vine-dresser to make the tree fruitful, and declared that, if they were still obdurate, they could no longer be suffered to cumber the ground. Let us further suppose that when he had come into contact with the leaders of Jewish orthodoxy in Jerusalem, and had become convinced of the hopelessness of all attempts to convert them, he pronounced the doom of the "barren fig-tree" of Jewish piety, and sorrowfully declared that "no man would eat fruit of it any more." What would then be more natural than that, while the meaning of the words was still fresh in men's minds, the disciples should say that Jesus "cursed the barren fig-tree" when he had entered Jerusalem, and that the misinterpreted metaphor should give rise later on to the story that now appears in Matthew (xxi. 18—20) and Mark (xi. 12—14, 20—21)?

Nor have we yet exhausted the possible applications of this principle of interpretation.

Attention has been called already to a passage in Isaiah in which highly-coloured expressions are so employed that we can hardly tell whether the writer intended to be understood literally or not, or whether he himself drew any sharp line between the physical and the moral phenomena of the glorious future. There are many other passages in the Old Testament in which physical language is undoubtedly applied to moral phenomena. Thus Jeremiah cries in his anguish, "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" And Isaiah, in the well-known passage that stands at the beginning of his prophecies, says that Israel's "whole head is sick, and his whole heart faint." In either case it is a moral and not a physical malady that is intended.

Now we meet in the New Testament, and in the mouth of Jesus himself, with a precisely similar use of physical

imagery in dealing with moral phenomena. Jesus compares himself to the "physician," and the publicans and sinners amongst whom he worked to "sick men" (Matthew ix. 12; Mark ii. 17; Luke v. 31); and if he could describe his work as "healing the sick," might not both he and others likewise speak of it as "cleansing the leprous," as "giving sight to the (spiritually) blind," or even as "raising the (morally) dead"? How easily this last expression might occur is exemplified by the words which Jesus himself puts into the mouth of the returning prodigal's father, "he was dead, and is alive again."

Now, if we are ever justified in accepting such expressions in a metaphorical sense, we are tempted to suppose that they were so used by Jesus in his celebrated answer to John's disciples. Here the ground is very uncertain, and we must not pretend that we are in a position to prove what we cannot really do more than suggest; but we may observe that the absence of the definite article in the original Greek gives a vagueness to the passage decidedly favourable to the metaphorical interpretation: "Blind men see again, and lame men walk, lepers are cleansed, and deaf men hear, dead men are raised up, and poor men have the Gospel preached to them" (Matthew xi. 5). It has often been noticed that no account has been given by Matthew of any dead person being raised to life in special connection with John's embassy, and, indeed, that no miracles of healing immediately precede the declaration. All this, together with the easy transition from "blind" and "dead" to "poor," strongly favours the allegorical interpretation of the words. Moreover, Luke, who certainly understood these expressions literally, appears to have felt the necessity of supporting them by some explicit statement. Accordingly, he gives the story of the raising of the young man of Nain as the immediate cause of John's embassy, and inserts between the question of John's dis-

ciples and the answer of Jesus the words, "And in that same hour he cured many of their infirmities and plagues and of evil spirits; and unto them that were blind he gave sight" (Luke vii. 11—23). If we were at liberty to assume that the passage as given in Matthew is meant to be taken allegorically, we should then be made witnesses of the actual transition in Luke from the metaphor to the miraculous narrative. But the assumption in question would be a rash one, and we cannot safely go any further than to say that such a transition *might* take place. "The scales have fallen from blind eyes, and deaf ears have been unstopped," might easily be said of moral blindness and deafness, and might as easily be understood as recording miraculous cures.

This "symbolical" interpretation of the miracles is in great favour at present with many of the liberal theologians of the Continent, who apply it even to the details of the stories of miraculous healings. Thus, when Jesus is said to "touch" a "leper," the meaning is that he "freely associated with" the "sinners" whom he was trying to "heal," in the moral sense. Such interpretations, however, appear to me to rest on a misapprehension of the nature of both symbolic and legendary narratives. Even in a parable we must not expect the details always to be significant; and when a parable or metaphor has passed through several revisions at the hands of those who have overlooked its real nature, and have accepted it as an historical fact, it would be most unsafe to regard the details as part of the original symbolic element of the story and attempt to recover their primitive significance. The most we can say is that metaphorical expressions about "giving sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf" may very likely lie at the heart of many of the stories of miracles, and that the comparison of such words as "he was dead and is alive again," in the parable (Luke xv. 32),

with such as "the maiden is not dead but sleepeth," in the miraculous narrative (Matthew ix. 24), appears to indicate a possible line of transition from metaphor to miracle.

(iii.)

Very closely allied to the "symbolical" is what may be termed the "polemical" origin of miraculous narratives. It is impossible to do justice to the consideration of this subject without entering upon the whole question of the principles of Biblical criticism—a question which the present writer hopes to see dealt with in an early number of this *Review* by far abler hands than his own. A very brief indication, in which much will have to be taken for granted, must suffice meanwhile.

It is generally acknowledged amongst critics that the formation of the New Testament literature has been very powerfully influenced by the controversy between the Jewish and Gentile Christians, the followers of Peter and the followers of Paul, which tore the early Church. The points upon which this controversy turned were the significance of the old Mosaic dispensation for those who had accepted the faith of Christ, the terms upon which Gentiles could be admitted into the Church, the relation of Law to Gospel, and of Works to Faith, with other questions of minor importance. Now, it is easy to trace in many books of the New Testament a very definite dogmatic position with regard to all these questions. Thus the Book of Revelation is violently Jewish and anti-Pauline; the Epistle of James directly combats the doctrine of justification by faith; the Gospel of Matthew insists on the lasting validity of the Mosaic dispensation, and asserts the privileges of the Jews; whereas the Gospel of Luke is generally characterised by Pauline tendencies, and is adverse to the Jews. The Book of Acts is pervaded by an obvious desire to smooth away the differences between the two schools, and hold the

balance evenly between the Pauline and the Petrine teachings.

The divergent or opposing "tendencies" of the several writers must always be kept in mind by the student of the New Testament, who desires to form a sound judgment as to the value of any special statement which he meets with in this or that writing. For instance, we find that the same saying of Jesus is differently reported in Matthew and Luke, and that the same events are differently recorded by Paul and by the author of Acts, and that in either case the variation is such as we might expect from the "tendency" of the authors.

It is impossible to defend these positions in the present article, but it is necessary to lay them down in order that our readers may be able to understand what is meant by a miraculous narrative having a "polemical" origin.

Let us take a single instance. In Luke (xvii. 11—19) we are told that Jesus healed ten lepers, and that one only came and thanked him, that one being a Samaritan. Now, the story reads very much like a parable, intended to illustrate the superior spiritual capacity of the Samaritans as compared with the Jews. It seems to have been a frequent practice with the Israelite teachers themselves for many centuries to enforce the lessons they wished to teach by inventing stories about Moses, representing him as having said or done certain things in the wilderness to serve as a precedent for after ages. Similar allegorical stories are frequently told of other great men, and both Jewish and Arabic literature appear to be full of stories about Abraham, David, and Solomon, in many of which a moral or controversial "tendency" is quite unmistakable.

Now, it seems to be the fact that the early Christians of different schools were likewise in the habit of attributing words and deeds to their Master, and making use of his name for allegorical and dogmatic purposes, in a way

that answers very closely to the practices we have mentioned.

The writer of Luke is very favourably disposed to the Samaritans, and is often hostile towards the Jews, and it is easy to suppose that just as Jesus himself invented a story in which he introduced a heartless priest and Levite and a good Samaritan, so the Evangelist or some one else from whom he derived his traditions, invented a story in which he introduced Jesus himself together with nine ungrateful Jews and one grateful Samaritan.

But the consideration of these controversial narratives is far too closely connected with the general criticism of the New Testament to be capable of satisfactory treatment by itself, and it has only been for the sake of completeness that it has been touched on here.

We have now enumerated a variety of causes which may have contributed towards the formation of the miraculous element of the New Testament narratives. In some cases the miraculous stories may rest upon the authentic records of eye-witnesses; even in others they may preserve characteristic sayings of the Master, or reflect the true spirit of his life and teaching. In yet other cases they may represent attempts on the part of early disciples to recover and set forth the latent teaching of Jesus upon questions which had not been definitely framed during his lifetime. And, finally, some of them may be mere echoes of Old Testament stories, or even the free creations of a wonderful imagination.

Nothing is further from our intention than to stimulate our readers to set about analysing the miraculous stories of the New Testament, and referring each of them to one of the categories we have given. Such a task should only be

undertaken after long and careful preparation, and its results must even then be regarded as purely tentative in the great majority of cases.

On the other hand, the general principles that may be supposed to have regulated the growth of miraculous narratives in the New Testament are so simple as to be readily grasped, and it has been the object of these articles to set them forth and illustrate them.

As we read the first three Gospels (to confine our concluding remarks to them) we receive an irresistible impression of reality and authenticity as far as the central personality, the central teachings, and the central events are concerned. Certain details, however, both of word and deed, strike us as inconsistent with the conception thus formed, and practically drop away from our idea of Jesus. In thus allowing the stronger impressions to exclude the weaker, we are not consciously guided by any definite principles of criticism, and neither reject everything that we find in connection with miraculous stories, nor accept everything that has come down to us unencumbered by supernatural surroundings. We simply allow the narrative, as it stands, to produce its own impressions, and then allow whatever details are out of harmony with those impressions to remain in a kind of suspended state, not definitely rejected perhaps, but not practically assimilated so as to form a part of the actual picture we have made to ourselves of Jesus. We are aware that, in any case, this rough-and-ready process can lay no claim to certainty in detail, and that no such amateur criticism can venture to insist upon its special conclusions unless confirmed by the results of methodical and scholarly study. But it would be an infinite relief to know that, in the main, the Gospel narratives themselves will furnish us with the general standard of truth by which the details must be tried.

But, then, if we are not prepared to accept miraculous

stories as true, the questions rise, "Ought we not to make the presence or absence of miracle our supreme test of truth? Ought we not to reject every impression that is derived from miraculous stories as unhistorical? And if so, have we anything substantial left?" I have tried to show that these questions need not disturb us, since the central historical facts may have so moulded and dominated even the miraculous outgrowths of tradition as still to be recognisable through them.

In conducting that spontaneous criticism and sifting of the historical from the unhistorical, which no intelligent reader of the Bible can help performing, consciously or unconsciously, we are not bound to reject every conception that is based on the record of a miracle, and we are justified in laying greater stress upon the intrinsic quality of a saying or a trait of character than upon the connection in which it occurs.

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

PRAYER IN THE NAME OF CHRIST.

A DISCUSSION.

DE gustibus non disputandum is a rule which should not be broken without grave cause. Unless some point of high principle be involved, in a matter of mere sentiment it is always in better taste to leave the sentiment alone. Not without due hesitation, not without a very high appreciation of the moral and spiritual standpoint of Mr. Picton as exhibited in his essay in the first number of this *Review*, entitled "In the Name of Christ," I have felt it incumbent on me to dispute some of his positions, and to present a wholly different aspect of the practice in question.

Mr. Picton's avowed aim is to defend the traditional form of prayer in the name of Christ; but in order to do this he has found himself compelled to adopt at least two circuitous routes. In the first place, he puts an entirely new meaning on the phrase "in the name of Christ," and then elaborately vindicates and praises a practice which no really devout soul could possibly object to, which all religious hearts have long recognised as the proper spirit in offering prayer to God at all. For using the phrases "through Jesus Christ our Lord" and "for Jesus Christ's sake" in our prayers, he furnishes no defence whatever, but only an apology; and this apology is equally applicable to all other forms of intercession which have become anywhere established, to the invocation of saints and to the prayers offered by devout Catholics in the name of the Virgin Mary.

And it may be said at once that if this were all, if every traditional form be deemed sacred from criticism on account of the spiritual emotions and associations bound up with its use, then all objection must be silenced, and all forms alike retained and revered, all change and progress would become impossible, and the endeavour to bring into harmony new and higher religious thought with its outward expression would never be made at all.

Still the most "advanced"* thinkers would exceed their just liberty by attempting to interfere, except by the mildest remonstrance, with any of their brethren for continuing to use forms which they deemed superstitious or obsolete. If Mr. Picton finds it more congenial to his taste, more helpful in his prayers, to use the name of Christ, those of us who pride ourselves on our freedom from the habit should of all men be the most backward to urge him to give it up. Nothing is more sacred than our individual right to commune with our Heavenly Father as we please. There is a *sanctum sanctorum* in every heart where only God and the soul can meet, and far be it from us to profane it by a rude intrusion. It is only when we are appealed to for our assent and consent to a practice dear to another that we may, without exceeding our liberties, criticise the grounds on which the practice is urged, and state freely the grounds on which we object to it.

The first point in Mr. Picton's essay which arouses our opposition is the endeavour to fix a new meaning on the words "in the name of Christ." This practice of retaining language hitherto conveying a definite and universal signification, and, at the same time, using it in a sense wholly foreign and heretofore unknown, cannot be condemned too strongly. No doubt Mr. Picton sins in goodly company;

* In some respects this is a detestable epithet, implying conceit of an abominable kind. I use it here, however, only for convenience, as it will be readily understood to apply to that class of persons who have gone further than others in a particular direction of heresy.

but the companionship only aggravates the mischief and perpetuates the strife. The arch-culprit of our times in this matter of stealing and appropriating language was the late Rev. F. Denison Maurice, who spirited away one after another of the essential dogmas of Christianity, while he continued to use and to repeat with greater emphasis the very words which were chosen to express and define them. The vice has spread far and near, and it is to be deeply deplored that so clear-headed and powerful a thinker and writer as J. Allanson Picton could not resist the contagion.

In defiance of all history, and in the teeth of the Christian Churches and sects, he says: "The phrase 'for the sake of Christ' does not signify that this sacred name is to open to us the door of the Divine audience-chamber, and to be an introduction, without which we could not gain the ear of God."

Does *not* signify? Ask every Church and sect in Christendom, except the Unitarians (to whom the very name of Christian is denied), and they will tell us that the phrase "for the sake of Christ" does signify this, and has never yet stood for anything else. They will go on to tell us how Christ himself urged his disciples to pray in his name. "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." "I am the door." "If any man enter not in by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." "We own you not," the Churches will all say to us, "because you do *not* pray in the name of Christ and for his sake." Hopeless, endless confusion and strife have ever followed upon the use of terms in an ambiguous sense. The history of ecclesiastical warfare is a history of war about words; and in most cases the disputants only fought because one side used the same words in a sense different from that held by the other. And so it will be now with the phrase "in the name of Christ," or "for

Christ's sake." Fresh controversies will grow out of the new and non-natural sense which Mr. Picton (following the example of a few predecessors) has put upon the words; and all in vain, so far as reconciliation with the old Churches is concerned. They will resent even more than ever this attempt to appropriate their exclusive privilege, to utter the sound of their *shibboleth* while the true meaning of it is denied.

And now we may ask, What is the new sense which Mr. Picton attaches to the phrase? He says that he and others "feel nearest to God when we can approach God in the spirit of Christ; and the *name* of Christ represents here to us the *spirit* of Christ. When we pray in the name of Christ, we mean that we strive to approach the Heavenly Father just as he did, who was pre-eminently called the 'Son of God.'" This is, indeed, remarkable, for if we try "to approach God just as Christ did," the one thing more necessary than another for true likeness would be to pray without reference to any other name at all. If we are to pray just as Jesus did, we shall find it simply impossible to pray in the name of Christ. We find in the recorded prayers of Jesus, not one in which he makes any allusion whatever to another name besides that of the Father upon whom he calls. As an example for us, as a model in prayer for our imitation, he *ought* to have prayed in the name of his blessed and spotless mother, or in the name of some psalmist or prophet of Israel (whose prayers and communion with God are the highest models the world has ever seen). I say he ought to have prayed in the name of some one else, if he wished us to adopt any form of intercession or to pray to the Father in his name. But this he did not do; therefore, if we strive to approach the Father just as he did, we shall certainly not use his name in our prayers. Mr. Picton must, I think, find a better reason than this for *departing* from the example of Jesus himself.

It remains now to state briefly the grounds on which we object to pray "in the name of Christ."

First and foremost stands the fact that praying in the name of Christ has been for centuries the universal practice of Christendom, and has always had but one meaning, has always involved the belief in specific dogmas which I do not imagine Mr. Picton holds any more than I do. These dogmas are—the Trinity; the true Godhead of Jesus; the Atonement by his sufferings and death to reconcile us to God, or—as it is still expressed in the Articles of Religion—"to reconcile the Father to us;" the constant presence of Jesus at the right hand of God, where "he ever liveth to make intercession for us;" and lastly, the belief that unless we pray in the name of Christ as our Mediator, God will not accept our prayers.

With more or less minute variations of detail, this has been the universal signification of the doctrine of the mediation of Christ and the corresponding practice of praying in his name. When Unitarianism first arose, and even long after the Deity of Jesus and the Atonement were abandoned, the belief in his superhuman nature and his mediatorial functions survived, and the idea of renouncing this belief was not even dreamed of. We do not wonder, then, at the survival of the practice of praying in the name of Christ, nor even at the continued use of the orthodox formula in Baptism and the celebration of the Lord's Supper. We have no stones to cast at those who adhere to these forms because they continue to believe in the doctrines therein symbolised. But for those of us who have entirely abandoned all idea of the superhuman nature or functions of Jesus, it would be absurd, it would be hypocritical, it would be outrageous, to use forms of prayer from which every trace of the original meaning had been obliterated. We have arrived at such a blissful consciousness of our Father's love for us as to make the very mention of media-

tion painful. The atmosphere of perfect peace and reconciliation with Him is one in which the idea of intercession could not live. It is even distressing to be reminded of the melancholy want of faith in His love which first gave rise to a cry for a Mediator. Our repugnance to pray in the name of Christ is, therefore, not merely intellectual, but also emotional. It has not only sprung from a clearer perception of God's relation to us, but from our hearts' rapture in finding in Him all that we can possibly need or desire.

Our repugnance might possibly not be so strong if all Christendom were, like Mr. Picton, to repudiate the notion of "intercession," and to explain away the phrase "in the name of Christ," till it stood only for the spirit of true Sonship to the Father. But, at present, the Christian world is further than ever from any such sensible reform. To-day, more than at any former period in the history of the Christian Church, Jesus is cherished and worshipped, adored and loved, as man's only Redeemer and Lord. Never before was the Father so darkly eclipsed by the Son, or the Son so exalted in the affections of the orthodox world. I do not accuse all who would pray in the name of Christ of insincerity, much less such a man as J. Allanson Picton; but I deliberately charge many unorthodox persons with a tendency to yield to the pressure of social opinion, and to endeavour to recover a *status* forfeited through heresy by a not quite straightforward profession of homage to Christ. The passionate claim to be called Christians, the continued practice of certain orthodox forms, especially the mention of the name of Christ in prayer, are too often found in connection with an earnest desire to escape the social stigma which attaches to independent religious thought. And at such a time, under such circumstances, it would seem almost criminal to palliate, much more to recommend, the practice of praying in the name of Christ.

Can this practice render men's prayers any more acceptable to the Father? And if not, what object can there be for adopting it? In all honesty, it must be said that the only object apparent in many cases is to make their prayers more acceptable to the *congregation*.

We conclude by calling to remembrance the native tendency of the human mind to fall into idolatry, to worship and love the creature more than the Creator, to cling to any embodiment of the beauties of human virtue rather than to the unseen hand of the living God.

CHARLES VOYSEY.

[Some additional points in Mr. Voysey's argument have been unavoidably omitted through want of space.—Ed.]

IT is perhaps due to the readers of this *Review*, and to myself also, to state that an accidental circumstance, which need not be more particularly specified, led the Editor to invite me to say a few words in reply to Mr. Picton's article on prayer "In the Name of Christ," a task which I have undertaken with diffidence, and which I certainly should not have undertaken without invitation. This explanatory word will, I trust, be sufficient to clear me of seeming presumption.

Mr. Voysey has stated, it seems to me with a great deal of force, the grounds of his objection to the views of Mr. Picton. It may be convenient, therefore, that I should briefly indicate the difference between Mr. Voysey's view of the matter under discussion and my own. Mr. Voysey approaches the subject from the standpoint of one who holds the opinion that "the traditional practice existing everywhere in the Christian Church, of offering prayer to God in the name of Jesus Christ," is based on misconception and falsehood. I approach it from the standpoint of one who believes that the traditional practice is based

on profound and most significant truth. Mr. Voysey says in effect, "It is unjustifiable to use language in prayer which conveys the impression that you believe in superstitions and errors which you have rejected." I would say, "It is unjustifiable to use language in prayer which conveys the idea that you maintain your faith in truths which you have abandoned." The difference, of course, is an extremely important one; but the main objection to the position occupied by Mr. Picton is the same. Mr. Voysey feels that it is "distressing to be reminded of the melancholy want of faith in" God's "love which first gave rise to a cry for a Mediator," and that "the atmosphere of perfect peace and reconciliation with" God "is one in which the idea of intercession could not live." To myself, on the other hand, it seems that such statements are utterly at variance with the facts of human history, the necessities of human nature, and the experiences of human life. I regard the mediatorship of Christ as the supreme manifestation of God's love and mercy to mankind—the agency by which He enables us to realise what He is and how near He is to every one of us as a Father and a Friend, instead of being, as we might have thought, afar off, enthroned in awful and inaccessible splendour, and indifferent, if not hostile, to us in our weal and in our woe. Still, from the very opposite side of the theological field, I can unite in protesting against the use of language in prayer which, according to all ordinary methods of judgment, seems to be quite inconsistent with candour and simplicity, and I go the entire length with Mr. Voysey when he says, "But for those of us who have entirely abandoned all idea of the super-human nature or functions of Jesus, it would be absurd, it would be hypocritical, it would be outrageous, to use forms of prayer from which every trace of the original meaning had been obliterated."

This may be bluntly and strongly put, but I do not understand Mr. Voysey to wish, and certainly I do not myself

wish, to fasten upon Mr. Picton a charge of doing what is directly and in his case "absurd," "hypocritical," or "outrageous." Nevertheless, in a discussion of this sort it is useless to bandy compliments, and I am free to say that Mr. Voysey's uncomplimentary adjectives appear to me most fitly to describe the course which he supposes to be taken, and which Mr. Picton has defended in these pages.

Mr. Picton wishes to retain the traditional form of prayer "in the name of Christ," while elaborately explaining away and rejecting the traditional meaning attached to it. The real question at issue, then, is a very simple one. It is not whether prayer "in the name of Christ" is right, or on what grounds it is right; it is not whether the doctrine of the mediatorship of Christ is true or false; it is not whether in private devotion our thoughts may profitably recur to certain truths concerning Christ which are helpful as indicative of the true attitude of the soul in prayer. Mr. Picton does not discuss these questions. The question is, whether it is wise and whether it is honest to use language in prayer intended as an aid to the devotion of others, which will convey to others an impression distinctly different from our own meaning. Mr. Picton admits that adherence to the practice of offering prayer in Christ's name, in the sense in which he explains it, is certain to be misunderstood. His essay could not have been written except on the assumption that such misapprehension was not only possible but inevitable; and so fully does Mr. Picton expect that misapprehension to be persistent, that, at the conclusion of his argument, he is reduced to saying, "If people misunderstand me, I cannot help it. All that I can do is to explain myself to the best of my power." Plainly, whether Mr. Picton can "help it" or not, nothing but the very strongest grounds can justify him in making use of words in a way which ordinary people would naturally describe as saying one thing and meaning another. I fail to see that such grounds are presented in the essay under consideration.

Mr. Picton's first appeal is to "instinct." He supposes somebody saying to him: "Your ideas are often rational, and we can follow these with sympathy; but your devotions appear to have no basis in reason. You are in the habit of making very large concessions to the requirements of progressive knowledge, but when you bow your heads in worship you seem to ignore them altogether." Mr. Picton acknowledges that the objection is "plausible"; to me it seems to be fatal, nor does Mr. Picton's method of disposing of it remove this impression. Instinct, we are told, prompts us to do a great many things which we cannot adequately explain, and among savage tribes and animals we find creatures acting upon instincts, related to facts of the nature of which neither the savage nor the animal has any consciousness whatever. Truly, this analogy seems to me both far-fetched and inadequate. No doubt, as Mr. Picton says, a large part of human conduct "cannot be theoretically based upon proved and definite knowledge," and has "grown up, we know not how, through the working of the innumerable influences involved in the conditions of life under which the human race must live;" but what has all that to do with the matter in hand? The question is not whether our "instinct" teaches us to pray in the name of Christ, although we cannot understand or do not know the facts upon which that instinct rests. If the question of instinct were involved at all, what we should have to ask would be something like this: If our instinct prompts us to pray in the name of Christ, and our reason teaches us that such a method of appeal is of no value, shall we obey instinct at the sacrifice of reason, or shall we follow reason and sacrifice instinct? Shall we conclude that instinct is wrong, or that our reasoning is wrong? Most men would feel that they would have to choose between the two conclusions. It requires the courage and ingenuity of Mr. Picton to accept them both. And even in this case it is clear that there is a vast difference between the creature

which acts on instinct, knowing nothing of facts and reasons, and the creature who acts on instinct, *in spite of* facts and reasons. But, indeed, it seems to me that all this talk about instinct and reason in this particular instance is beside the mark. It is *not* instinct which teaches us that when we offer prayer "through Jesus Christ our Lord," "in the name of Christ," and "for Christ's sake," we are acting in accordance with the teachings of Jesus Christ about His own relations to God and to ourselves, and in accordance with the doctrines of the apostles. Whether the doctrine of the mediatorship of Christ be true or false, it is certain—and it is implicitly admitted by Mr. Picton—that the traditional formula in prayer is intended to refer to it; the formula is taken as an expression of faith in that doctrine; it is commonly understood to mean that an appeal is made by the petitioner to "the merits of Jesus Christ" as the one medium of the approach of the human spirit to the Divine Father. This being so, Mr. Picton deliberately uses the formula, while he rejects its meaning. He uses terms which, in the simplest way, point to truths which he denies; which contradict his own reasonings and teachings; which must mislead at the very least nine-tenths of those who listen to him; and then he reminds us, by way of explanation, that our instincts prompt us to do many things which we don't understand!

Mr. Picton next proceeds to show that the retention of forms the meaning of which has been abandoned, is more logical than their disuse. "True rationality," he tells us, "will observe not merely the progress of disintegration amongst religious traditions, but also the persistency of *feeling* amidst that disintegration." True rationality takes account of the religious affections, and of the fact taught by experience that "it is very difficult to separate these religious affections from sacred symbols around which they have gathered themselves." No doubt there is truth in this; but it would be easy so to press it as to construct an

argument from it for the retention of idols by converted heathens, while it might certainly be used—as, indeed, it has been—to bar the way to all proposals for the revision of the Prayer Book. But with reference to the case in hand, if “the progress of disintegration amongst religious traditions” goes on at such a rate that religious feeling demands that the old forms shall be preserved intact, after the soul is gone out of them, one can only hope, in the interests of common truth and honesty, that the disintegration will not go much further. This is to introduce the reign of sentimentalism into the sphere of religion with a vengeance. We have been startled before now by finding that the man who reads the Athanasian Creed with so much devoutness and solemnity, privately rejects its most salient articles. We have almost gasped when we have heard a man solemnly declare his belief in Baptismal regeneration with one breath, and in another quarter-of-an-hour substantially deny the doctrine *in toto*. But in these cases we have fallen back upon the larger rationalistic processes, which take account of establishment, and legal terms of subscription, and common social understanding, and much besides. But I, for one, must confess myself staggered when I find, from the pen of a Nonconformist minister, a course of argument which, if I had been able to adopt it some years ago, would have thrown down every difficulty which kept me out of the Establishment. If “true rationality” permits its adherents to juggle with words in this way—to use, as the expression of deepest and most sacred feeling, language which, when submitted to the test of reason and to the light of truth, must be pronounced a “disintegrated tradition”—I almost wonder, as one wondered concerning the Roman augurs, that they do not laugh when they meet one another.

Finally, Mr. Pierson explains, with much beauty of sentiment and expression, what he means when he offers prayer in the Name of Christ. He means that he offers it, or

desires to offer it, in the Spirit of Christ—to pray with something of the strength and humility, the inspiration and the resignation with which Christ prayed. I have no criticism to offer on this head, except in the form of this question, “Why, then, do not you say what you mean?” Mr. Picton’s interpretation is not that which will be given by his hearers. What possible satisfaction can there be to the religious instinct, to the religious affections, or to anything but an utterly morbid sentiment, in the employment of phraseology which will inevitably occasion misunderstanding and confusion?

While writing this I have been forcibly struck with the reflection that in no subject, except theology, would it be possible to hold such a discussion as that which Mr. Picton’s words have occasioned. In every other realm of knowledge and inquiry it would be assumed, as an axiom in morals, that it was a duty to employ the words most exactly fitted to express what was intended. Alas! in theological confession and discussion, the concealment of the meaning seems often to have been the object of the preacher and the controversialist. The looseness, shiftiness, and vagueness of the language of the pulpit have become a stock subject of contemptuous sarcasm. Only the other day, in a leading article in the principal daily newspaper, I noted the remark: “Among the virtues of the clergy, precision in the use of language cannot be enumerated.” The reproach is only too well deserved, but it ought to sting with shame those to whom it applies. It was once commonly supposed that one part of the mission of Rationalism was to free theology from this reproach. Religion was to be spoken of in terms which would enable us to recognise its reality and its meaning; old fossilised phrases were to be flung away, and the living truth was to be disimprisoned from the conventionalities, and crudenesses, and cant of the unenlightened ages. Rationalism was believed to be too bold sometimes,

too hasty, too destructive,—but, at least, it was presumed to be candid, outspoken, fearless. It had this cardinal virtue, that it could and would express itself intelligibly and truly. But we have fallen upon a day when Rationalism seems to have lost its frank and fearless mien, to have turned coward and traitor, and to be disposed to hide itself under unsuspicious-looking phrases, to put on a mask of orthodox verbiage, to clothe itself in well-worn garments of conventional respectability,—and, when challenged with its deceit, to explain that all this was only a concession to the demands of the religious instincts and affections, and that the rationalistic convictions were unchanged, although for the moment out of sight. So much the worse for Rationalism,—and, it may be, for Religion also.

THOMAS STEPHENSON.

THE present writer would be well content to leave the discussion raised by Mr. Picton in the hands of Mr. Voysey and Mr. Stephenson. On the ground which these two occupy in common he is heartily at one with them. Mr. Picton has, indeed, given such hostages to integrity that his honesty of purpose stands above all suspicion; and any error into which he may have fallen is unquestionably an error of intellectual judgment only. Yet it appears to me that he has formed a serious misjudgment, which may, in its effects, do more than mere intellectual injury.

My reasons for this view are identical with those so forcibly expressed by the two writers who have preceded me, and they will doubtless be met in a manner which, to such readers as incline to agree with him, will appear satisfactory, in the rejoinder of Mr. Picton. But it may possibly be said that Mr. Voysey, who is well known not to hold the highest opinion even of the character of Jesus—witness his recent patronage of Reimarus—and Mr.

Stephenson, whose Christology is substantially that of the general creed of Christendom, are both, though for opposite reasons, disqualified from really entering into Mr. Picton's views with the understanding that can only come of sympathy. It may be said that, if either of these regarded Jesus of Nazareth in just the light in which Mr. Picton regards him, he would more readily fall in with the use of a hallowed phraseology in prayer after Mr. Picton's fashion. Accordingly, it may be useful that one who shares Mr. Picton's view of Christ should endorse his critics' view of his plea for prayer in Christ's name, and, without going over again the ground that they have covered, should add yet another point or two to their criticisms.

For my part, I am altogether at one with Mr. Picton in his rejection of the traditional Christology. Jesus is to me emphatically Son of Man, and Son of God only as we all are children of the Father. The whole structure of the orthodox theology, even as held by the enlightened and the liberal, therefore falls altogether away from my mind; and I hold myself at most perfect liberty critically to examine the character of Jesus as a man. Thus I stand with Mr. Picton over against Mr. Stephenson. On the other hand, the more I possess myself of the principles of a scientific criticism of the Gospels, and the more I read myself into the spirit of Christ's life and word, the more I am amazed at the marvellous strength, beauty, and proportion of the personality of the mighty Nazarene. He seems to me to surpass incomparably in grandeur and loveliness of character every saint or hero known to me in history; and I feel personal gratitude, love, and reverence towards him which it would be difficult for me to describe in exaggerated language. Here, then, I stand with Mr. Picton over against Mr. Voysey.

Yet I can by no means stand beside Mr. Picton in his plea for the retention of the ancient phraseology in prayer.

I am with Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Voysey in condemning him.

First, for the reasons that they have stated. Loose employment of language in prayer seems to me worse than such use of it in commercial transactions or in courts of law. I say this not against poetic expression in prayer; for poetic expression often figures forth the sublime truth which the mind struggles to utter, as no other mode of expression could. I say it not against symbols in the words of prayer; but against symbols which do not really symbolise the thing you mean, but something else which you do not mean, but only seem to mean.

Secondly—though *longo intervallo*—I must separate myself from Mr. Picton, because the practice he recommends seems to me to deaden men's hearts against a lively appreciation of Jesus. These phrases inevitably become formal, if not on the lips of the minister, at any rate in the ears of nine-tenths of the congregation. Men who earnestly and vividly appreciate the part of Jesus in the spiritual training of the race and of their own manhood, may well be moved to make reference to him sometimes when they approach the Father whom he has so much taught them to know; but such reference must be fresh and free. So far as this tone of allusion can be caught and fettered in liturgical forms, it has been done by a great living master of devotional speech in those services which are enriched with phraseology such as the examples here reverently culled:—"O Thou whose eye is over all the children of men, and who has called them, by thy Prince of Peace, into a kingdom not of this world; send forth his spirit speedily into the dark places of our guilt and woe, and arm it with the piercing power of thy grace." "Visit us with the wrestlings of thy Spirit: and lay on us the cross, if we may but grow into the holiness of Christ." "In all things, draw us to the mind of Christ, that thy

lost image may be traced again, and thou mayst own us at one with him and thee." "Take us out of our own keeping, and win our souls to the sanctity and simplicity of Christ: and, day by day, may we die unto ourselves and live unto thee."

These phrases cannot fall without meaning on any listening ear, nor can they, without perversity, be misconstrued. Yet even they are not without danger. For men living in holiest communion with the Father may not at all seasons feel with equal strength the reality of their debt to Christ; and there is peril in habituating the lips to introduce his name into prayer without reference to the question, whether at the moment it has power to stir the affections, or may not rather even impede the rush of the heart to God.

Two things, it seems to me, would at this day save and redeem the world. The first is absolute intellectual sincerity in every utterance connected with religion. This principle my predecessors in this discussion have charged Mr. Picton with violating. The second is the realisation in our own lives of the spirit of the man, Jesus. This, I believe, Mr. Picton's use of conventional ecclesiastical phrases is calculated to hinder. Those phrases are to almost all men either meaningless, or else redolent of the theology of Augustine, of Calvin, or of Wesley; and Mr. Picton cannot redeem them.

I will only add that Mr. Picton's indiscriminate way of citing the fourth Gospel along with the Synoptics seems to belong to the same habit of intellectual haziness, not in inner thought, but in expression, which reconciles him to use, in heterodoxy, the language of rigid orthodoxy; and, further, that I differ from him on any point with regret, since I not only heartily admire his career as a public man, but am deeply indebted to him for the enrichment of my own political and philosophical thought.

A.

NOTES IN REJOINDER.

I HAD no idea of raising a theological discussion by the paper criticised above. The truth is, it was the substance of a sermon preached in the ordinary course to my late congregation at St. Thomas's Square. Somewhat against my own judgment, the earnest solicitation of a few friends, differing very widely both from me and from each other in opinion, led me to leave it at the disposal of the Editor of the *Modern Review*, and he, in the exercise of his discretion, inserted it. Of course I do not give its history as a reason why it should not be criticised. But after reading the remarks of Mr. Voysey and Mr. Stephenson, I feel that some passages of my paper stand in need of this explanation, and should have been altered to adapt them to their new position. In talking to hearers with whom he is familiar, a man naturally gets into the habit of assuming a mutual understanding, which cannot be expected in writing for a magazine.

For instance, Mr. Voysey finds me guilty of saying, "in defiance of all history, and in the teeth of the Christian Churches and sects," that "the phrase 'for the sake of Christ' does not signify that this sacred name is to open to us the door of the Divine audience chamber, &c." Now, here there was an unfortunate misprint, or rather error in transcription, for which no one but myself is to blame. On referring to the original report of the shorthand writer from

which the paper was abbreviated, I find that the above words referred to the phrase "*in the name of Christ*," not "*for the sake of Christ*." Had the correct words stood in the extract, perhaps Mr. Voysey's language would have been milder; but still, as the scope of his criticism shows, he would not wholly have acquitted me. The friends, however, who first heard that sentence did not for a moment imagine I was denying, "*in the teeth of all history and of the Christian Churches and sects*," the existence of the objectionable interpretation I was deprecating. They knew I meant that such an interpretation was not the original one, and, moreover, was not ours in worship.

But Mr. Voysey, if I understand him aright, thinks that this objectionable interpretation *was* the original one. He says that "*praying in the name of Christ has been for centuries the universal practice of Christendom, and has *always* had but one meaning,*" viz., the "*specific dogmas*" mentioned. I did not know that the antiquity of those dogmas was quite so great as is implied in the word I have italicised. I fail to find them myself in the Synoptic Gospels, at least in the form given them by the creeds. And some, who have too hastily condemned my friend's sceptical spirit, will be glad to learn that he gives to the dogmas of "*the Trinity, the true Godhead of Jesus, and his Atonement . . . 'to reconcile the Father to us,'*" an age equal to that of the practice of prayer in the name of Christ. My own view, both in the sermon and the article, was rather different. A smattering of Hebrew, though grown rather dim in these latter days, had suggested to me that the disciples had a Jewish fondness for a frequent use of the word "*name*," a habit which doubtless their Master shared as well. They understood him when he spoke of giving a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, or receiving a little child in the Master's name. And when, conscious of the immortal power of

his spirit, he said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," I cannot imagine his hearers at the time importing more into the phrase "in my name" than sympathy and conformity and a sense of moral authority for ever overshadowing them. I find it difficult to suppose that the "specific dogmas" of "the Trinity and the true Godhead of Jesus," and such like, had dawned upon them at that time, or indeed on any one else. Nor do I see why, when the Master's name was associated with their prayers, these tremendous dogmas should be suddenly intruded. Now, I have a love for that old discipleship. It is far distant across the ages; yet not so distant but that the attraction is very strong. So far as it is possible to join it in spirit, I wish to do so. And one rule of discipleship, said to have been given by St. Paul, appears to me a very sensible and fruitful one: "Whatsoever ye do in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God and the Father by him" (Col. iii. 17). The immediate context would suggest that there was no thought here of "specific dogmas," but of charity and peace, and pure gladness such as the memory of Christ inspired. I find this apostolic rule a good one, and as prayer is one of the things I do "in word"—not often enough, perhaps, but still when the breath of it blows—I venture to take advice which was given before the specific dogmas were mature, and had been practised before they were dreamt of.

My unfeigned sympathy with Mr. Voysey's earnestness of spirit, even when it is felt in my condemnation, would have suggested a much longer examination of his objections; but both space and time are against it. Yet, before passing on, I venture to suggest that one reason of our difference arises from Mr. Voysey's greater confidence as to the possibility of conceiving the supreme Object of worship. My own feel-

ing is, that both now and through all coming ages, we can only approximate to such a conception, by unspeakable glimpses of the ultimate Unity, now through scientific generalisations, and now through moral inspirations, which give a glad sense of merging self in the Eternal One, or, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has put it, of "an infinite dying." It is the sense of such inspirations coming from Christ, and not, I beg to assure Mr. Voysey, any vain hope of "recovering a *status* forfeited through heresy," which leads me to take the position I hold on this question.

If, however, any such fond expectation had beguiled me, Mr. Stephenson's friendly candour would certainly be sharp enough to pierce through the illusion. He differs from my other critic in regard to everything, except the necessity for making short work of the claim to use early or primitive Christian phrases apart from the imported theology of later creeds. In reply to this, I have already said all for which opportunity serves. But he makes a point of my acknowledgment that "misapprehension was not only possible, but inevitable." Yet surely it must be conceded that we cannot always escape such a risk. Suppose the dilemma to be this,—that the use of a phrase leads to one sort of misapprehension, and its disuse to another, manifestly *some* sort of misapprehension must be faced. In deciding which it is to be, the best course is to allow one fear to balance the other, and act according to conscience. Now, that is precisely the case of myself and not a few others in regard to the use of much primitive Christian language. It is undoubtedly sometimes misunderstood, though we do our best to guard against such a result. But, on the other hand, a forced abstinence from language rising naturally to the lips would ensure a much wider misunderstanding; for, whatever Mr. Stephenson may think, there is no feeling in our souls so keen, and quick with life, and strong in motive-power as our allegiance to the spirit of Christ. The one

danger of misapprehension balances or over-balances the other, and the only safe course is to obey the dictates of the heart.

With the best intentions, Mr. Stephenson has scarcely done me justice in his criticism of my reference to "instinct." It was only a passing reference to an extreme illustration of the fact that a very large part of conduct depends on innumerable influences difficult to define, though most real. I did not argue that "instinct" was a sufficient reason for prayer in the name of Christ, but that in discussing the general question of continuity in religious forms we should bear in mind the fact that many excellent reasons for conservatism may be difficult to trace or define. But when Mr. Stephenson goes on to press the dilemma of sacrificing either reason or instinct, he seems to me to ignore the whole of the article from p. 79 to the end. For the purpose of those pages is to show why I regard the use of the phrase as eminently reasonable. I can quite understand that my critic can see no force in the argument. But at least he ought not to represent me as "deliberately using the formula, while I reject its meaning." I reject a meaning imported into it very early, though not in primitive times. But I give it a meaning that seems to me better, and certainly nearer to the spirit of the Synoptic tradition.

When, however, I explain that what I mean by prayer in the name of Christ may be otherwise expressed as prayer in the spirit of Christ, Mr. Stephenson thinks it right to ask, "Why, then, do not you say what you mean?" I *do* say what I mean; but if I am not asking too much, I prefer saying it in my own way. The phrase, "in the name of Christ," is not precisely synonymous with the phrase "in the spirit of Christ," though the one may well be used to throw light on the other. I may have laid myself open to misapprehension on this point through a neglect to indicate

what, in my view, the one word implies more than the other. Certainly to a reader of the Bible the words, "the name of Christ," are more suggestive of the outwardly manifested character, the events and the attitude of soul they pourtray, than even "the spirit of Christ."

A third and anonymous critic adds a concluding word, judicial in tone, and kindly conceived, but the points he raises would require more space than is at my command, for their treatment. I am just as much against "loose" expressions in prayer as he is, if by that is meant expressions careless through indifference. But fervour of feeling may be allowed some latitude, and the "poetic" forms conceded will cover all I want. If my third critic supposes that I would make the use of the phrase a matter of course or of prescription, he has misunderstood me. Not so. I only protest against its prohibition to those who take it without the extra beliefs, generally, but illegitimately, imported into it.

In conclusion, I cannot help regretting that it has been thought necessary in criticising a devotional meditation, to uplift the voice of prophetic warning against the signing of creeds in a non-natural sense, or "the looseness, shiftiness, and vagueness of the language of the pulpit." The writer of these words has no interest to serve but those of truth as he sees it. Time was when sacrifices, not without their pain and permanent loss, were demanded from him as the condition of independence. But they are gone by. And if he urges the importance of continuity in Church development and religious life, it is not because his "rationalism" has "turned coward and traitor," but because, if there is a living impulse in his soul, it is a consciousness of Christ's spirit as the power of God unto salvation. And if any disciple of the Lord scornfully denies to me the right to pray sincerely "in the name of Christ," I may venture to remind him of a certain gospel word. A son of thunder

once " answered and said, Master, we saw one casting out devils *in thy name*, and we forbad him, because he followeth not with us. And Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not ; for he that is not against us is for us."

J. ALLANSON PICTON.

SYNESIUS OF CYRENE.—I.

THE name of Synesius is not unfamiliar to the student either of the Alexandrian philosophy, or of the Christian Church, at the beginning of the fifth century. It is overshadowed, indeed, by much greater ones, and the part Synesius played, whether as a Neo-Platonic philosopher or as a Christian Bishop, was not important enough to entitle him to a conspicuous place in the annals of the Schools, or of the Church. The particular points in his history and character which are generally mentioned are, however, of a kind to enlist our personal interest, and to make us desire to know more of what he was and what he did; and we fortunately have the materials, from his own hand, for drawing a distinct and authentic portrait. He scarcely wrote anything without making some characteristic self-disclosures; and his Letters especially, of which there are over a hundred and fifty, are full of illustrations, both of the man and of the times in which he lived. It was from these Letters that Canon Kingsley derived, in large measure, the life-like sketch of Synesius which forms such an effective chapter in his *Hypatia*; and many of the readers of that vivid and picturesque romance must have wished for an opportunity of making a nearer acquaintance with the "Squire Bishop" so attractively depicted there.

They would find, however, that there is no English work which gives any adequate account of his life and writings. Such studies have been made with great thoroughness of

learned research by Dr. Volkmann in Germany, and by M. Druon in France. There is also a French translation (so-called) of the Letters alone. The copious notes appended to it are valuable, from the amount of illustrative and explanatory matter they contain; but the rendering of the Letters is rather a smart paraphrase than a translation, and we have a great deal more of M. Lapatz than of the author. Copious materials and references for a biography have been collected by Le Nain de Tillemont in that monument of learned industry, the *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire Ecclésiastique des Six Premiers Siècles*. To these works, in addition to the original writings, we would refer those who may be induced to study for themselves the life and times of Synesius. We propose to consider chiefly the personal characteristics of the man, and to dwell on some phases of his mental history; not going much into the subject of his philosophical or religious opinions, or attempting any detailed account of his writings, but selecting from the latter some passages which may illustrate the genius of the writer, or serve as specimens of the kind of interest they possess in relation to the state of things in the Empire and in the Church at the beginning of the fifth century.

Synesius was born some few years after the middle of the fourth century, at Cyrene, the mother town of the ancient Greek colony on the northern coasts of Libya, which had become, under the Roman empire, the province of Cyrenaica or Pentapolis. He was of good family, and inherited something more than a competency; and he pleased himself by tracing his descent from the original Dorian settlers of about a thousand years back, calling Sparta his country, and pointing to the ancient tombs near the city as the monuments of his ancestors. He congratulated himself that from his boyhood he had enjoyed "those divine

blessings, leisure and a life at ease." His bent was, from the first, for study, especially for that of philosophy; and the earliest fact of interest in his history is that he went to Alexandria, and there became a pupil of Hypatia.

Alexandria had for a long time been the chief seat of learning, and the refuge and home of philosophy; while the great and famous school of Athens was degenerating into an arena for personal rivalries and windy rhetorical displays, where sophists and pedagogues lay in wait to take pupils by force, and kept them by intimidation or by bribes. Those who would be initiated into the *arcana* of the only philosophy which had any life and promise in it, must go to the newer Athens beyond the sea; and, at the time of which we are speaking, it was the lecture-room of Hypatia in the Museum that was the chief resort of the ardent youths who were discovering in philosophy new charms and attractions. Synesius, however, did not merely help to swell the crowd of *dilettante* sages who, we may not uncharitably suppose, were drawn to the Museum in considerable numbers as much by the fascination of the fair philosopher herself, as by the desire to lift up the intellectual particle of their nature nearer to the source and absolute principle of Being, and who paid a more intelligible worship to the inspired priestess than to the ineffable deity in whose shrine she ministered.

Synesius became a devoted and enthusiastic disciple, and was honoured with the confidence and friendship of his mistress in philosophy. After leaving Alexandria he kept up a correspondence with Hypatia; and he always wrote and spoke of her with an affection and reverence which was, if possible, more warmly expressed after he had been made a Christian Bishop, than in the days when he was the more light-hearted heathen Philosopher. In a letter addressed to her, which may, not improbably, be one of the very latest in date of all that have been preserved, when he was in

deep grief at the loss of his only remaining child, and, as he said, misfortune had come upon him like a torrent that had broken its bounds, and the sweetness of life was gone, he expressed a pathetic hope that she still remembered him with interest, calling her his Mother, Sister, and Teacher. And in another letter, which must have been written somewhere about the same time, greeting her and sending greetings to those who are still so supremely happy as to have her companionship, he says:—

I have, for a long time past, been reproaching you for not thinking me worth writing to; and now I see that I am lost sight of by you all. I do not complain of it; but surely I am suffering under as many misfortunes as could well befall a man. If I could only have heard from you and have known how you were—that you were altogether happier than I, and that a better fortune had attended you—half my burden of trouble would have been removed, and I should have found my happiness in you. But now this fresh bitterness has been added. I am deprived of my children and my friends, and of every one's goodwill; and, worst of all, your truly divine soul is alienated from me, when I had hoped that it would have remained faithful to me to the last, superior both to the spite of my evil genius and to the floods of fate.

It is touching enough to see the Bishop appealing in his deep trouble and despondency to the friend who had initiated him into the mysteries of philosophy. It may remain undetermined by what course, and to what degree, Synesius became a Christian theologian, and how far he relinquished or modified his Neo-Platonic theosophy in favour of the dogmas of clerical orthodoxy; but his new faith, if, as we may judge, it was lacking in force and clear definition, was happily of that tolerant and humane sort which would not suffer any slight to be cast on the friendships and the interests of his earlier days.

At Alexandria, Synesius entered with zeal on the usual course of study, and became proficient in rhetoric, geometry,

astronomy, and so on. He is never tired of sounding the praises of divine Philosophy as the queen of all the sciences, and insisting on contemplation and abstraction from earthly things, as the only way of attaining to the height of all possible good and happiness. He does not disdain, however, to mention with some satisfaction his skill in writing in different styles, according to the rules of rhetoric; and, remembering his astronomy when, in the retirement of his country house, he perused the heavens and pondered on the inscrutable divine Being, the movements of whose will they shadowed forth, he says, very prettily, that the stars seem to look down with kindness on the only one whom they behold watching them with an intelligent eye.

If Synesius had but given some account of his life at Alexandria, and especially if he had drawn for us, with his lively and graphic pen, an authentic portrait of Hypatia, at home or in her lecture-room, it would indeed have been a gift for posterity, seeing what a romantic interest attaches to her name. But though he disappoints us in this, he does something to bring us, as it were, into a little nearer contact with the fair enthusiast of whom, personally, we know so little. We get an impression of one who not only could kindle a genuine enthusiasm for that philosophy which had absorbed into itself the last remnants of cultured heathen piety before it also vanished from the scene, but who had the power of winning the high regard and personal friendship of good and true men. Beyond this, we do not learn much about her from Synesius. We do not even know for certain whether he lived to hear of her horrible murder. All traces of his own history cease about two years before Peter the reader and his gang of monks hunted her down, dragged her from the altar to which she clung for protection, and tore her limb from limb. In one of his latest letters, written probably about the year 413, Synesius writes as one overwhelmed by the calami-

ties of his country and by his private griefs, and with no strength left in him. It is natural to infer, from his own subsequent silence, and from the entire absence of any further information about him, that he did not long survive; and so we may hope that he was spared the supreme horror of knowing that his adorable friend, between whom and himself there had existed such an enduring and gracious bond of affectionate reverence, had been tortured and assassinated in the name of that God whose servant he had become.

If the living voice of philosophy was to be heard in Alexandria alone, Synesius did not forget that all its most venerable traditions were connected with Athens; and he was not the man to be satisfied without making a pilgrimage thither. In two lively letters to his brother he describes his visit, his expectations, and his disenchantment. He says "it will be a blessing not to have to knock under to those who have been there, and who, after all, are mortals like ourselves, and don't know any more than we do about Aristotle and Plato, though they go about amongst us as if they were demi-gods among demi-asses." A little later he writes:—

I hope I may get as much good from Athens as you wish. I feel as if I had grown more than a hand's breadth wiser, with the breadth of a finger added. And I have the opportunity of giving you, from the spot, a specimen of the divine wisdom in question. For am I not writing from Anagyrus? And I have been to Sphettus, and Thrius, and Kephisia, and Phalerum. May the wretched pilot who brought me here come to a bad end! There is nothing venerable now about Athens, except the names of its famous localities. And as the skin of the victim that has been consumed remains to show what the animal was, so, now that Philosophy has taken her departure, it is left for the traveller to wonder at the Academy, and the Porch 'adorned' [with its frescoes] forsooth! which gave its name to the philosophy of Chrysippus; now no longer 'adorned,' for the proconsul carried away the panels painted by the skilful hand of Polygnotus of Thasos. Now, in our days, it is Egypt that nourishes the seeds

[of philosophy] which she has received from Hypatia. As to Athens, it was once the home of wise men; but, in the present state of things, it is the dealers in honey who magnify it. And so [there is] even that couple of learned Plutarchians who get together the young men in their lecture-rooms, not by the fame of their discourses, but by jars from Hymettus.*

Having finished his novitiate, Synesius went home to Cyrene, to a life which seemed not unlikely to afford him every opportunity of indulging in intellectual dreams, and exercising his mind on those sacred mysteries of philosophy to which he so often refers with devout enthusiasm. He was, however, a country gentleman, a genial companion and hospitable neighbour, as well as a philosopher. He had a pleasant little estate down in the south of the province, and when he retired to its rural shades, it was not simply for leisure to contemplate the stars, and to ponder on the insoluble problems of being. He thoroughly entered into

* The exact purport of this concluding sentence (independently of a difficulty in its logical construction) is by no means certain. Perhaps the "Plutarchians" [another reading is "Plutarchian sophists"] were a couple of sophists, or professional teachers, who claimed to be followers of the famous Plutarch of Chæroneæ; or they may have been, as Volkmann thinks, Plutarch of Athens and his ally, Syrianus. But, whoever they were, what does Synesius mean by what he says about the jars from Hymettus? Does he seriously assert that there were well-known teachers of philosophy at Athens who actually bribed their pupils with pots of honey? We find in Eunapius a curious account of the rhetorical triumph of the sophist Proæresius over his rivals; and we are told that the latter succeeded in enticing away some of his disciples by providing sumptuous banquets, with smart young women as waitresses! Compared with this gross substitute for the feast of reason, a jar of honey gathered from the thymy slopes of Hymettus might seem a fit offering at the shrine of Philosophy, symbolical of the sweetness of her words, and reminding us of the pretty story of the bees who settled on the lips of the baby Plato. If, however, we are unwilling to believe in even this comparatively innocent bribe, we may perhaps be satisfied with the small residuum of meaning which will be left if we adopt Volkmann's rather far-fetched suggestion, that Synesius would only say that if a few young people did not come to Athens on account of its other attractions, Plutarch would be without any hearers. Another solution of the difficulty is that the teachers in question attracted an audience by the honey-sweetness of mere rhetoric, rather than by rational instruction. The turn of the sentence, however, seems hardly to allow us to take it in this sense.

the pleasures of life in the open air, amidst country scenes and occupations. He writes to his brother of the attractions of the spot, where he can lie in the shade of the trees or wander from grove to grove, or cross the brook that flows hard by—"How sweet is the breeze that softly moves the branches, and the varied songs of the birds, the tints of the flowers, the copses, the meadows! On one hand are the works of the husbandman, on the other the gifts of nature, and everything is fresh and fragrant." With all his intellectual efforts to ascend to the ineffable principle of existence, and to free his soul, by contemplation, from the bonds and defilements of matter, he had no compunctions against indulging his taste for sport and manly exercises, and he loved his horses and dogs only less than his books and his dreams.

He lived like a generous, open-hearted man of sense and culture; tolerably careless, he tells us, of his affairs, so that his patrimony presently diminished, and the only thing that went on prospering and increasing was his library. His slaves, who came to him with the rest of his inheritance, were educated and well cared for, being treated by him, indeed, almost as if they were his equals; and they, in their turn, regarded him "rather as a chief under whom they had chosen to serve, than as a master set over them by the law." In course of time he appears to have presented most of them with their freedom, or, as he puts it, they had become his fellow-citizens. Many other bright touches might be added to the attractive picture, for which Synesius has given us so many hints and details in his letters and elsewhere.

If the beginning and end of the philosopher's existence were contemplation and abstraction of mind from all mundane cares, with wholesome intervals of refreshment and recreation, then it must be said of Synesius that his lines had not fallen in altogether pleasant places. The patriot in

him continually got the better of the abstract philosopher ; and the actual calamities of his country sadly interfered with his ideal of the high intellectual life. He saw his native land, which had once been one of the most smiling and fruitful provinces of the empire, sinking deeper and deeper into misfortune. It had long lost what military and political advantage there had been in its dependence on the central government ; such soldiers as the empire could still command being urgently needed at home to keep back a little longer the mighty rush of free, strong manhood which was surging forward from the North, and would soon fling itself against the gates of Constantinople and of Rome. But, while the empire had thus withdrawn its protecting hand from its more distant dependencies, it still had a hand to grasp and despoil, and this had been laid heavily on Pentapolis. The ill-starred people were the natural prey of any præfect who came over with the usual licence to plunder and harry them. When a short breathing time was enjoyed under some more humane or more indifferent governor, who, by a happy chance, might now and then be appointed, they were too much crippled and disheartened to recover much ground ; and they were losing all heart, and growing more and more helpless to repel the attacks of the nomad tribes from beyond the border, who were venturing on continually bolder incursions, laying waste the fields, attacking and plundering the villages, and making the name of Ausurians, or Macetes, a terror everywhere. And now, to add to all their ordinary calamities and burdens, the unfortunate inhabitants seemed to have the very forces of nature arrayed against them. There had been inclement seasons and failing harvests ; swarms of locusts had made havoc with the crops, and earthquakes had shaken down the villages.

In view of this accumulation of disasters, Synesius, who, by this time, would appear to have become a man of mark

in the province, accepted the charge laid upon him by his fellow-citizens, of representing to the Emperor in person the straits to which they were reduced, and praying for reinforcements against the enemy, and for some relief from the taxes and exactions which were so ruinous.

It will be remembered that the empire had recently been divided between the two sons of Theodosius: Honorius, a lad of eleven, taking the Western portion, and counting himself happy when he was allowed to devote himself to the breeding and taming of poultry in the palace of the Cæsars; while his brother Arcadius, a more odious and noxious youth of nineteen, held his court at Constantinople, wasting his manhood in debasing pleasures, and in cowardly seclusion from all the duties of kingship. In the division of the empire, Pentapolis had gone with the provinces of the East, and it was accordingly to Constantinople that Synesius had to go in fulfilment of his mission. It appears that he was not without friends at court; but for three weary years he had to wait and hang about the palace, till at last he was admitted to an audience, and had the privilege of addressing Arcadius, and offering him the customary golden crown, or, as he put it, of crowning his head with gold, and his soul with philosophy.

The latter part of his functions he exercised in a way which must have been rather surprising to the Emperor and his courtiers. The oration was certainly a remarkable one if it was actually delivered in the form in which we find it amongst the works of Synesius. Perhaps considerable allowance may have to be made for the author's later improvements on what he had the opportunity of saying at the time. He referred, however, with much satisfaction, afterwards, to the unprecedented freedom with which he had addressed the Emperor; and it is quite in keeping with all we know of him, that he should have assumed the character of Mentor to Arcadius, and, speaking in the name

of philosophy, should care very little what offence he might give, or how hopelessly his fine sentiments and excellent advice might be wasted on the mean and weak soul to whom they were addressed. Synesius was not one to miss such a splendid chance of saving, not his own country only, but half the world, by winning over its ruler to the cause of philosophy and virtue!

The Address in question, "Concerning Kingship," is well worth reading, both for the fine, manly spirit which breathes through it, and for the many picturesque details and significant hints it gives of the state of things in the Eastern empire at that critical time. The worthy philosopher wastes on deaf ears a great deal of sage counsel and wholesome sentiment, even imagining to himself the possibility of bringing a blush to the cheek of his royal hearer—"that colour which has promise of the virtue that comes of repentance." The King, to be worthy of this title, must have something of what is meant by the name when it is applied to God. Now the attribute which all men agree in ascribing to God is goodness. Imitate God in spreading benefits everywhere, and we shall mean what we say when we call you "Great King." Synesius then goes on to draw a picture of a true King, the general purport of which is that he should be everything which Arcadius is not. He takes him to task for shunning the society of brave men, and associating himself with "men of small brains and narrow minds; base counterfeits whom nature sinned in coining." He insists on the danger to the State of giving so much into the hands of the barbarians, and draws a lively picture of the rude Goths (Scythians, he calls them) putting on the senatorial robes, and taking the foremost places beside the president, while those who ought to be there are humbly seated behind. "And, no sooner is the sitting over, than they are in their sheepskins again, and they make game of the tebenna [toga] in which, they say,

they would have no chance of being able to draw a sword."

I am astonished at our stupidity. In every family that is at all well to do, there is the Scythian slave; the butler, the baker, the water-carrier, are Scythians. And the attendants who carry on their shoulders those low folding chairs for their masters to sit down upon in the streets are all Scythians—a race long marked out for servitude, and admirably fitted to be slaves to the Romans. But that our servants in private, and our rulers in public, should both be of this same fair-haired race, with their long locks in Eubæan fashion, is a strange thing, and a most paradoxical one. And if this is not what is called an enigma, I know not what is.

It is pleasant to picture to ourselves this bold young provincial, standing up unawed by the pomp and circumstance of a court of more than Oriental luxury and display, and calmly *lecturing* the Emperor on his duties, and rebuking him for his vices, instead of approaching him as a suppliant, with the usual phrases of servile adulation. We are glad to gather that he succeeded, to some extent, in the immediate object of his mission, securing at least some temporary relief for Pentapolis.

From the time of his return, Synesius seems never to have been long free from the burden of his country's misfortunes. The worthy disciple of Hypatia, who so strenuously maintained that it was beneath the dignity of philosophy to meddle with secular matters, or to intervene in public affairs, except, as the gods did, in great and exceptional emergencies, was the leading spirit in devising and laboriously carrying out measures of defence against the enemy. He would seem to have been always delighted to do any one a good turn; and was ready for a gallop across country in pursuit of some chance marauders, or for an organised resistance of a more serious invasion. Of an expedition of the former kind, evidently undertaken in high spirits, and remembered with infinite amusement, we have

a very entertaining account in one of his letters. If any of our readers should think it is not grave enough for these pages, we must ask them to pardon the levity, and to believe that, without furnishing some such specimen of the genuine fun in which the philosopher not unfrequently indulged, we should give a very one-sided impression of his character.

It had been reported that the enemy from over the border were making one of their frequent raids into the country; and a company of horsemen was got together to go in pursuit. The expedition was joined by a certain John, a great braggart and bully in time of peace; but while they were scouring the country in search of the enemy, it was found that he had disappeared.

He had broken his leg, and it had had to be cut off; he had had an attack of asthma; or some other serious disaster had befallen him. These reports kept coming in from various quarters, but none of those who brought them could tell where John was to be found. In the middle of their story they wept, and bewailed the calamity that had come at such an inopportune moment. "It was just now that that brave spirit and those hands of his were wanted! What deeds he would have done! What would not have happened!" And, to finish up, "Oh, what ill luck!" said every one of them, as he beat his hands together, and disappeared from the scene.

When, after four or five days, it is found that the enemy are still out of reach, John reappears, and makes no end of disturbance.

He says he has come from ever so far away, from I know not where. He had been summoned to the rescue in some distant part, and the mere rumour that John was there had routed the enemy in dismay. After having made all safe, he had hurried to the fresh scene of danger. He is ready to meet the fellows any moment; only his presence must be kept a secret, and his name must not get abroad. Straightway he throws everything into confusion; and, taking the place of captain, he promises he will teach us in no time the way to conquer; and he begins shouting out at random the words of command, "Deploy into line! form close column! wheel to the right! form square!"

Presently they meet four peasants crying out at the top of their voices, and running at full speed towards them.

And before they had time to tell us that the enemy were upon them, we saw some poor-looking creatures in the shape of men, on horseback, who showed plainly that Hunger was the general they served under. As soon as they saw us, and before they were within fighting distance, they threw themselves off their horses, as their custom is, and prepared for the combat. I thought the best thing we could do was to follow their example, as it was no place for horses. But the noble fellow [John] said he was not going to break the rules of the cavalry, and should certainly fight on horseback. And what does he do but sharply tighten his curb, and wheel round and gallop off as hard as he could go, spurring his horse till it was covered with blood, letting the reins loose, using the whip freely, and shouting to his steed to make it go. It is hard to say which one admired most—the horse, for the style in which he went up hill and down dale, through the thicket and over the plain, clearing the mounds, or taking a flying leap over the ditches; or the rider, for the way he sat his horse, and kept his seat through it all. It was a sight to see, both for us and for the enemy; and the latter would have been delighted to see as many as you like of the same sort.

In the sequel it appears that Synesius and his little troop, on the one side, and the half-dozen or so of hungry freebooters on the other, after looking at one another for some time at a safe distance, moved off in opposite directions, taking care to go at a leisurely pace, lest either should seem to be running away! Finally, John is discovered hiding in a cave, like a field mouse in its hole—"a very safe place for this discreet man; I will not be so rude as to say this cowardly one, though that is the right word."

This bit of pleasantry may be taken as evidence of Synesius' appreciation of the ridiculous, and his ability to tell a good story. Several of his letters are written in the same easy and entertaining style; and we feel that if, in some ways, he was a bit of a pedant, delighted to show that he had not forgotten his rhetoric and the art of putting

things, so that his style sometimes reminds us not a little of what would once have been called "letters of a gentleman of quality," he was always the genial, simple-hearted man, with warm feelings and a fine humane spirit, one who would have been a pleasant companion and a staunch friend.

Before going on to more serious matters, we may allow ourselves a brief reference to the letter in which, with characteristic humour, he gives a long and detailed description of his adventures on a disastrous voyage homeward from the port of Alexandria. The passengers were crowded into a small vessel, the crew of which were, more than half of them, Jews, "a perfidious race, who would have considered it an act of piety to be the death of as many Greeks as possible." The rest were common labourers, who had never handled an oar. Amaranthus, the skipper, himself a Jew, was over head and ears in debt, and did not care for his life. A storm presently arose, and got worse and worse towards the evening of the day which the Jews call the Preparation; but the moment the skipper, who was steering, reckoned that the sun had set, he let go the helm, and prostrated himself on deck. "Our life hung, as they say, on a thread. But what can you expect if you have a doctor of the law (*νομοδιδάσκαλος*) for a pilot? We entreated him to save the ship, but he went on reading his book (*τὸ βιβλίον*, i.e., as we should say, 'his Bible'). At midnight, however, he went back to the helm, of his own accord—'For now,' says he, 'the Law permits it, as our life is in danger.'" In the midst of all the groaning and weeping and appeals to heaven which this announcement excites, Amaranthus alone is quite cheerful, for he is delighted at the prospect of cheating his creditors—by getting drowned. Synesius declares that, for his own part, the only thing that troubled him was that verse in Homer, where Ajax is said to have *perished* when he drank the salt wave, whereas, in the case of every one else who dies, the

word is not "perished," but "departed to Hades." But then he remembers a sum of money which he had borrowed, and he feels that he should be so ashamed of his unpaid debt in another world, that, after all, it would be better that he should perish, body and soul!

It is chiefly in the earlier letters, written in the more sunny years of his life, that we meet with these ebullitions of pure gaiety of heart. Later in life Synesius had cares enough, home sorrows, and public anxieties and burdens, to make his heart heavy; and some of his letters are as serious, and occasionally as sad and pathetic, as the others are lively. A frequent topic is the arduous labour he had to undertake in organising and assisting in the military defence of the country against the inroads of the hostile tribes who were threatening to overrun it. He complains bitterly of the want of soldiers, and the apathy of the Government, and the supineness of the people themselves. We have a vivid picture of the internal state of a neglected province in those last evil days of the ruined empire; and we are filled with genuine admiration for the energetic patriotism of the man who let the claims of his country's misfortunes encroach more and more on that leisure which he had deemed the most desirable thing in life. When he might have been at his books, or up in the clouds, he is posting archers to defend the springs and water-courses, or making engines of war to plant on the walls of the city. He asks a friend who is fond of making presents, not to send him any article of luxury, but something that will be useful for war, such as bows and arrows. He is writing, he says, almost on horse-back, for he is busy forming into companies what men he can get together, and appointing their officers, hoping that when they are on the march they will induce other recruits to join them. "What!" he exclaims, "shall we see these miserable fellows ready to die rather than give up their plunder; and shall not we expose our lives in defence of our

country, our temples, our laws, and the possessions we have enjoyed so long? We should not be men! For myself, I must go out again, as I am, and try what these men are made of that they are so daring, and that they presume even to mock at Romans. For, as the saying is, a camel, even a mangy one, will bear the loads of many asses."

Reverting now to the chronological order of events in the life of Synesius, we find him, in the year 402, or thereabouts, at Alexandria, where he stayed a couple of years, and was brought under influences which must have had an important part in determining his subsequent career. It was probably at this time that he was first thrown much into the society of men of weight and position in the Christian Church; and he became intimately acquainted with Theophilus of Alexandria, that notorious leader of the Church Militant, whose unscrupulous, overbearing, uncharitable temper, and bigotry which had not always even the excuse of sincerity, might have seemed as unlike the character of Synesius as well could be. Yet, strangely enough, Synesius always expressed the greatest reverence for him and confidence in his judgment. He wrote to him, and spoke of him, with even something like personal affection; and he, in his turn, must have been regarded by Theophilus with an unusually amiable feeling. The relations which subsisted, then and afterwards, between these two men were certainly remarkable, and were, on the whole, creditable to the good sense of the one, and the charitable and tolerant spirit of the other.

At Alexandria, Synesius was married, receiving his wife, he said, from God, and the laws, and the sacred hand of Theophilus. There is nothing to show that he had as yet made any profession of Christianity. The utmost that we can say is that his experiences, first at Constantinople, which must count for something, and now at Alexandria, marked an early stage of that gradual approach towards

a distinctly Christian position, which we shall have occasion to consider immediately. As to his wife, however, we can hardly doubt that she was a Christian. Theophilus might not be unwilling to strain a point if he saw the probability of ultimately gaining an important convert by marrying one of his flock to an open-minded Hellenic philosopher and leading citizen of Cyrene, but he certainly could have had nothing to do with a marriage both parties to which were outside the pale of the Church.

Whether the gradual conversion of Synesius was due in any considerable degree to the influence of his wife can only be a matter of conjecture. It is likely enough ; but we have no means of tracing either the manner or the date of any acknowledged change of faith. He appears, indeed, after he had once become a servant of the Church, to have identified himself more and more completely with ecclesiastical doctrine and politics. But so far as we should judge merely from a comparison between the writings which, from internal evidence, may be assigned respectively to the earlier and to the later periods of his mental history, the change, whenever it took place, was in large measure a change in form and outward attitude, rather than in any essential conviction. For himself, he was a decidedly better Christian, to begin with, than many of his orthodox and priestly neighbours, of whom he gives no pleasing picture in the course of some of the reports which, when he became Metropolitan of Pentapolis, he had to send in to his chief at Alexandria ; and, to the last, he was more familiar with his Homer and Hesiod, and with the teachings of Hypatia and the philosophers whose writings she expounded, than with the Scriptures of either the Old or the New Testament. It would appear, however, that he had not, at any time, been in an attitude of hostility to Christianity ; and he may be said to have occupied a sort of neutral philosophic ground, living in the seclusion of his own thoughts,

cherishing his own ideal of the intellectual life, and looking with a tolerant eye on all those cruder forms of belief, whether heathen or Christian, which were suited to the uninitiated multitude.

The old mythologies had long ceased to have any hold on the mind of the empire. An edict of Theodosius, in 390, A.D., had finally closed the temples of the ancient worship, and heathenism rapidly declined into the "paganism" of the *pagi*, or country districts, where the rude villagers and dwellers in the distant corners of the empire evaded, for a time, the penalties of the law, and were beyond the reach of the influences alike of Hellenic culture and of Christian faith. With this disappearance of heathenism as an accredited form of belief and worship, to be observed by the multitude, and interpreted in an allegorical or mystical sense by philosophers and cultivated thinkers, the outward link between philosophy and the old Hellenic religion was gone. And now that Christianity had taken the place of the dead faith, and had been definitely established as the religion of the State and the only lawful form of popular worship, it was natural that a religious-minded philosopher, like Synesius, should be led to look on Christianity, with its attendant mythology and legend, and its deeper mysteries, in somewhat the same light as that in which he had regarded those of the Græco-Roman and the Egyptian Pantheon. Without experiencing any violent change, he would be brought into contact with higher influences and initiated into holier mysteries, so as to become a Christian more by development, as it were, than by conversion. Moreover, it is, of course, to be remembered that, in the East especially, the Alexandrian philosophy had by this time done much, directly and indirectly, to shape Christian theology into a form in which a disciple of Plotinus, or of Hypatia, would find less than he might have expected that would cause any shock to his religious prepos-

sions. We may well believe that Synesius was only one among many who, whatever their later experiences may have been, came over to Christianity by almost insensible degrees of change. For a time they would be connected with the Church just as much, and just as little, as they had previously been with the faith of the multitude who had once worshipped in the temples of the gods, and who now went to the new State-Church, and did homage to the new mysteries. The chief difference would be not so much in any distinct change of intelligent religious belief, as in the practical experience of deeper and more searching spiritual influences at work beneath the surface, and guidance into higher and holier ways of life.

The only specimens we have of the teachings of Synesius in his character of a Christian theologian are nothing more than a couple of fragments of Homilies; and they have no particular interest, except as showing that he had had time to acquire some of the usual clerical methods of using Scripture for edification. Among his writings, however, there are ten Hymns, some of them of considerable length and elaboration; and to these Hymns, written as they were at different periods in his career, we naturally look for some landmarks of his religious history. It is a curiously significant fact, however, that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to say of some of them whether they were written under the influence of purely Neo-Platonic or of Christian ideas. About the earliest and the latest there is no doubt; but others belong to that intermediate stage of almost unconscious transition of which we have spoken. And even when we compare the purely philosophical odes with those in which the ideas of Christian theology distinctly appear, we should infer that but few of the special articles of Church doctrine had been grafted up to that time on the philosophical speculations concerning the nature and manifestations of God, and the origin and destiny of man. It was

easy to assign to Christ the functions of the Demiurgus, or of Intelligence descending into the world of matter, a divine birth of the ineffable Father. A doctrine of Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity, would find its place as naturally in a Neo-Platonic ode as in a Christian one. The chief difference is that in the later hymns we have less of purely abstract speculation, entangling us in the intricate meshes of a confused and not very intelligible theosophy; and there is a more direct association of the mysteries of the divine nature and the workings of the divine power with Jesus, as the glorified Son of God. He is not only a birth from the ineffable Father, corresponding to the second hypostasis of the Trinity of Neo-Platonism, but is the Son of the Virgin of Solyma; and the poet sings of the star and the gifts of myrrh and gold and incense. And as Synesius naturally finds in the legends of the nativity a representation of the descent of the creative intellect (*νοῦς*) into this lower world, so also he celebrates in his verse the descent into the underworld, the freeing of the souls held in bondage, and the triumphant return of the divine Son to the primal source of being. Even with these notions of Christian theology, there is, however, a curious blending of images from the old mythology. At the entry into Tartarus, "Hades the ancient-born shuddered, and the devouring dog shrank back from the threshold." And when the captive souls were led forth—

" Then Æther, father of sweet sounds,
Struck music from his seven-stringed lyre,
Mingling triumphant harmonies.
Herald of day, bright Lucifer,
And golden Hesperus, the star
Of Cytherea, shone in smiles.
Selene filled her crescent light
At streams of fire, and led the way.
And Titan his far-shining locks
Beneath those mystic footsteps spread.

He recognised the Son of God,
The all-creative mind divine,
The source eternal of his fires."

The Hymns of Synesius afford a curious study, as an attempt to embody in a poetical form the most abstract speculations on the ultimate principles of being. Probably few readers of them would share the enthusiasm with which Mrs. Browning, in her Essay on the Greek Christian Poets, speaks of them as having a wonderful rapture and ecstasy, and as being so beautiful that Paris should be here to choose among them. There are passages, indeed, which show a real lyric skill; and we may recognise a certain intellectual fervour which glows through the thin tissue of abstract conceptions. Sometimes, too, the enthusiast who has tired the wing of his imagination by soaring into such a rarefied atmosphere, comes down to earth, and lets us overhear some few pathetic words of his own human cares and hopes and longings. Mrs. Browning, in the charmingly characteristic sketch of Synesius to which we have just referred, represents him expressly as a *Christian* poet, with a *leaning* to the later Platonism. We should rather say that he is the poet of the later Platonism, with a leaning to Christianity, or with a tendency to find more and more distinctly in the Christian tradition the counterpart of his Platonic conceptions.

Not only the Hymns, but all the extant writings of Synesius, with the exception of the later Letters, a couple of brief fragments of Homilies, and a vigorous piece of declamation against Andronicus (one of the worst of the tyrants under whom the province had groaned), date from the time before he was made a Bishop (409 A.D.). The most important of the longer works is a sort of allegory, or romance "with a purpose," entitled, "The Egyptian; or Concerning Providence." Under the guise of a history of Osiris and Typhon, the author contrasts the working of the good and

evil principles in the government of a State ; picturing, to some extent, the actual course of events in the empire. The treatise "On Providence" is introduced in the form of a discourse delivered to Osiris by his father, and may, of course, be taken to embody the philosopher's own opinions. He represents to himself various orders of intermediate intelligences, or secondary gods, between the absolute One and the world of man ; and to certain of these is committed the control and support of the created universe. Their noblest function, however, is that of contemplation of the Supreme, not action on the material world below. They set in motion the course of things in this lower world, and then dwell apart in the heights, deputing the management of human affairs to those souls which are most akin to themselves. Those who are thus commissioned to act as the servants of Providence are not to call the gods to come down and help them, but must elevate themselves towards the gods. At stated periods, when the forces originally imparted are nearly spent, these gods come again to renew them ; and if there is danger of the utter ruin of a State they will intervene, to restore order, and prevent a catastrophe. But, except at such appointed times, and in such emergencies, they do not interfere in the affairs of men. "Providence is not like the mother of the new-born babe, who has to take care to ward off everything that would hurt it, because it is as yet immature, and has no power to protect itself ; but is like the mother who, when she has brought up her boy, and given him his arms, tells him to use them in his own defence in the hour of danger."

In his "Dion," Synesius, beginning with an estimate of the character and writings of Dion Chrysostom, goes on to consider the relations between philosophy and other branches of human knowledge, contrasts the methods and aims of the sophist and of the philosopher, and discusses

the place of arts and letters in the culture of the mind. This dissertation especially abounds in those references to his own tastes and pursuits, and his own personal history, which are so pleasant to meet with.

There is also the curious treatise "On Dreams," which, in a letter to Hypatia (submitting it to her for criticism, together with the "Dion"), he describes as having been written under the direction of God Himself, and finished all in a single night, or rather in the remnant of a night. "There are two or three passages in it in which I seemed to be some one else among my auditors. And even now when I go through its pages a strange feeling comes over me, and a divine voice, as the poets say, sounds about me." In the essay itself, he treats of the imagination, and the doctrine of correspondences in the universe, and justifies the practice of divination by dreams. At the same time, he discredits the arbitrary and conventional rules for their interpretation, and gravely recommends that every one should observe what has actually followed on each particular dream with a view to establishing the *data* of a true science of divination.

We must not omit to mention a piece of rather laboured humour, on which our author plumed himself not a little. It was written in emulation of Dion Chrysostom's "Praise of Hair," as a kind of rhetorical exercise, showing that he could make out an equally good case in the "Praise of Baldness."

Our study of the life and character of Synesius, and our glance at his literary work, has now brought us down to the time of his call to the episcopal chair, as head of the Church in his native province. In a second and concluding paper, we shall further have to relate how he received this call, and how he acquitted himself of the task which had been imposed upon him.

R. CROMPTON JONES.

TO AN AGNOSTIC.

WHAT! Hast thou never felt His presence,—known
That He was near thee,—when in the still night
Innumerable stars looked down on thee
Through the unfathomed blue : when the hushed air
Stirred not the branches of the listening trees
Heavy with blossom, and the dewy flowers
Moved not a leaf in the soft darkness, till
Earth seemed to hear a coming footstep ; when
Space brooded over thee with strange vast wings
Of wonder?—

In the cool dim light
That follows after sunset, when the far
Horizon of the infinite is bright
With pure pale radiance, and the ether quick
With swift pulsations, tremulous, passionate—
In such a moment hast not thou too known
A little of His meaning?—Even as
Two friends who look each other in the eyes
Before they part, in that one look learn more
Each of the other than in all the hours
Of spoken thought.

Amid the blaze of noon,
When heaven leans earthward, and the silent sea,—
The sea of gold,—lies waiting for His feet,
Or glimmers opalescent underneath
The shadowy clouds ; has not thy spirit leaped,

Like some caged creature prisoned from the sun,
 Who through his narrow window feels a ray
 Of summer greet him, and in ecstasy
 Of longing beats against the bars, that hold
 Him still a captive, thinking so to soar
 Into the light and warmth and splendour?—Oh,
 Hast thou not felt that could thy soul's clear eyes
 But pierce the flesh, thou wouldst behold Him, live
 Thy life out in that moment, and then die
 Of that great rapture?—

Plucking a sweet rose,
 Was it to thee mere colour, circling lines,
 And delicate aroma?—Yet unless
 It bodied forth some lovely thought of God,
 One ripple in the endless tide of love
 Creative; wherefore should it move in thee
 So subtle a delight?—

Has music then
 No message for thee from the invisible?—
 Is melody mere scientific sound
 Made rhythmic?—Hast thou never felt therein
 A greatness other than thyself, that caught
 Thy half-despairing thought into its sweet
 Magnificence of conflict, till it rose
 On quivering wings into the wordless joy
 Of a diviner possibility?—
 Or, if thine ear be deaf, and thy tired eyes
 A little blind, yet when some noble deed
 Made the world echo, didst thou hear no voice
 Greater than man's?—

Hast thou then never loved,
 Or sinned, or suffered?—Oh, unhappy man!
 In the uplifted gaze of struggling crowds
 Who yearn for something higher than they reach,
 And, dogged by sorrow, poverty, and death,

Still seek the unseen good, surely sometimes
Thou hast been stirred to kinship with thy race,
And known thy brethren in the sons of God
The Father?—Hast thou never met
In moments of supreme and awful grief
The Man of Sorrows?—Knowing not His name,
Hast thou not leaned upon His circling arms
And felt His Godhead?—Hast thou never found
In Him sublime compassion that could stoop
To save thee from thyself?—

If thou hast not,

This wondrous universe to thee must be
A lonely graveyard, soulless, animal,
A ghastly counterfeit of fair and grand
Imaginations.

Yet have courage : thou

Art seeking Him who wrestles with thee. Strive
With Him till He has told His name, and thou
Hast won a blessing!—Though the night endure
A dreary lifetime, when the morning breaks
What will the night be in the dawning joy
Of light ineffable?—

Then wilt thou see

The gathered harvest of those toiling years
When the Immortal overshadowed thee,
And thou, being mortal, couldst not yet see God.
At last, beholding Him, thou wilt behold
Life's inmost meaning, love's deep mystery,
And all eternity will be thine own !

ANNIE MATHESON.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS CONCERNING PSALM 51.

MOST people believe the traditional preamble to this Psalm, which attributes it to David. Yet the two last verses seem distinctly to contradict this ancient theory. They stand thus—

18. "Do good in thy good pleasure to Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19. "Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness. Then shall they offer bullocks upon thy altar."

The obvious inferences from v. 18 are—(1) that Zion was unprosperous when the Psalmist wrote; (2) that the walls of Jerusalem were not standing. This requires us to believe that the writer lived later than Nebuchadnezzar, and before the walls were rebuilt. Jerusalem was captured from the Jebusites in the former half of David's reign; and the language of v. 18 is every way inapplicable to David's time. Also, from v. 19 we must infer that there was *no* sacrificing of bullocks on the altar at the time when the psalm was composed.

The phrase, "Thy *Holy* Spirit" (under correction, I add) seems to belong to an age of Hebrew composition decidedly later than David: one might say, probably as late as Jeremiah. Moreover, there is not a single word, either royal or military, which could suggest that a king was the composer. On the other hand, from verse

18. "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee"—

we might rather conjecture that the writer was a professional religious teacher, who had disused such teaching.

The allusions to bloodguiltiness in v. 14, and to grievous unnamed sin in the first four verses, are apt to carry interpreters into a precipitate inference that the atrocious murder of Uriah imputed to David in the received narrative is here implied. But the moment we concede that the psalm was written in the era,

to which the two last verses guide us, a natural interpretation of bloodguiltiness arises. It is evident that by Nebuchadnezzar's violent effort to destroy Jewish nationality, robbery and murder were let loose through the land. Indeed, the echo of this rings through very many psalms. Evidently it is possible that some priests took up arms to defend themselves and their families, if they could escape from the Chaldean bands. Religious teachers could not continue their functions. Some may have been implicated in deadly conflicts, and in such case have committed, through panic or mistake, deeds of slaughter, which a tender conscience might afterwards condemn, and confess to God as crime. Such a calamitous conjuncture of events easily plunges noble-hearted and good men into deeds which in retrospect cannot justify themselves to earnest self-examination; nor is it at all wonderful, if one in whose character a tender piety dominated should in such circumstances condemn himself of bloodguiltiness.

Such an interpretation satisfies me, and makes the psalm much pleasanter than if the writer were really guilty of such a tissue of mean and awful crime as the books impute to David. I may briefly add that I believe in David's adultery; I believe also that Uriah fell in battle very opportunely, but without any guilt of David or Joab.

According to the received tale, David sent a note to Joab by the hand of Uriah (2 Sam. xi. 14), commanding him to set Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire from him, that he might be smitten of the enemy and die. Joab is said to have obeyed literally; Uriah was slain with some other brave men, and the whole affair passed over smoothly with David.

We all read and believe this from childhood, and therefore are very slow to see difficulties and objections. Three successive editions of my own book, "*The Hebrew Monarchy*," passed under my eye, without my suspecting any error in the tale, but at last I saw it in new connections.

It will be remembered that Joab, nephew to David, was captain of the host sorely against David's will. Abner, who had been captain under Ishbosheth, son of Saul, had come over to the interests of David, and virtually made him king of all Israel. But Joab, dreading that Abner would rise above him, treacherously assassinated him. David did not dare to punish Joab, but vented his indignation in a solemn public curse, and wept over Abner's grave. Joab presently, by his eminent bravery in the

capture of Jerusalem from the Jebusites, established himself as chief captain firmly against David (1 Chron. xi. 6). He had won his position by his own bold right hand, and, as his later assassination of his cousin Amasai showed, was not likely to be too dutiful to the uncle who had so bitterly cursed him to the people. It was a marvellous imprudence in David, if he put himself into his nephew's power. Joab had only to read out to the army David's letter, and he could at once have put David off the throne. Universal insurrection would have been the natural and almost necessary result with men who found that bravery in a soldier was treacherously used by the king as a means of murder. But if Joab had no desire of revenge and no hope of personal exaltation by scornfully exposing David, still the task given him was most arduous; for he had to instruct brave men to expose themselves to probable death from the bow-shots of an enemy under cover, and at this risk to make themselves accomplices in vile treachery by obeying instructions to abandon Uriah, and save themselves if they could. Men brave enough to take the post of the most valiant were not likely to conspire in perfidy so base: devotion to comrades is a ruling passion in the Forlorn Hope. It would be with the utmost risk to his own popularity and safety that Joab picked out those to whom the secret should be told. He must further have known how hard it is to make sure upon whose body arrows shall fall. Uriah might have come away safe, while the traitors who designed to abandon him fell under the wall. Therefore, on every ground, Joab was likely to refuse so dangerous and uncertain a mode of despatching a warrior esteemed by his comrades. These difficulties press so severely, that, before giving belief, we surely need to know in what century the tale was *first* written and published; but on this point we are necessarily ignorant. The narrative in its present form cannot claim to be earlier than Ezra, though the outlines of it may have been written during David's own life. If Uriah were slain *very opportunely* for the king, those who looked back on events would be prone to attribute it to his machination; and if out of this grew the detailed story about Joab's management, it would only be like many other fictions which pass themselves off as history, especially under a despotic rule. Where violent deeds can be done by secret order, a despot who has been guilty of one crime is easily suspected of more, and no suggestion against him, where a crime would be convenient, encounters incredulity. These

reasons seem to me sufficient to justify disbelief of a tale so very improbable as is here imputed. F. W. NEWMAN.

IN a paper full of suggestion, entitled "Idealism without an Ideal," in the January number of the *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, Professor Rauwenhoff, of Leyden, discusses the present condition of liberal thought in Holland. Starting from the position that the ideal is the ruling principle of human history, he traces, in something of a desponding spirit, the decay of such a principle in our own day. To go back in memory to the year 1848 is to pass into another world. The "life and stir" in politics, in material enterprise, in intellectual work, have ceased. We have no longer that well-defined scope which our fathers had, that ideal which is equally the end and the beginning of serious impulse. In the paper before us Dr. Rauwenhoff's inquiry is limited to the causes of the loss in the department of religion. Why has the religious ideal fled from our modern society? His answer is, first, that the critical work of the generation has been obscured by a misunderstanding. Its results, affecting the character and the credit of the New Testament, seemed to strike out a new point of departure in religious history; while, in truth, they merely closed an old era. They were destructive in the sense that they left the Christian ideal no longer practicable. They furnished no basis for the creation of a new ideal. It is this that the present generation has to discover; and this forms Dr. Rauwenhoff's second position. Metaphysics are to be excluded: for the dogmatic system of Christianity rests on an obsolete theory of man and society; nothing can adapt it to the requirements of modern thought. Thirdly—and this follows at once from the last argument—the advantage of the Church has ceased with the denial of its necessity. Since the notion of a Church as possessing a spiritual monopoly has been abandoned, the reason for its existence also disappears. The bond of the community, whether or not organised for religious purposes, will supply all that is required for the altered conditions. Recent events, Dr. Rauwenhoff explains, have shown that the Dutch Reformed Church is incapable of creating a reform from within its own body. Religion is sacrificed to the Church, and one or the other must succumb. Dr. Rauwenhoff's postscript, in its hopeful tenour, shows that the view here expressed represents but one side of the problem. Eros, he says, in Plato's phrase, is the child as well of Poros as

of Penia, of Riches and Poverty; and Faith, which is the Christian rendering of Eros, must never lose sight of the riches implied in grasping, however poorly, some part of the ideal.

In the same journal, Dr. H. P. Berlage discusses a set of emendations in the New Testament, put forth by Professor S. A. Naber in the *Mnemosyne* so far back as 1877, but probably unknown to most English readers. The brilliancy of some of these criticisms will immediately attract notice; but space will not allow of our following Dr. Berlage into his examination—commonly with favourable result—of their necessity and importance. We can only recite a few examples. In Gal. ii. 11, Dr. Naber redistributes the words *κατὰ πρόσωπον αὐτῷ ἀντέστην διὰ κατεγνωσμένος ἦν*, so as to read *ὅτι κατέγνωμεν ὅς ἦν.—Κατὰ πάντα ὡς δεισιδαιμονεστέρους ὑμᾶς θεωρῶ* (Acts xvii. 22) is changed on philological grounds into *κατὰ πάντα καὶ πανταχῶς δεισιδαιμονεστέρους κ. τ. λ.*, and a doubtful construction is avoided. Of greater general interest is the suggestion that in the crucial passage, Phil. ii. 6, *οὐχ ἄρπαγμόν ἡγήσατο τὸ εἶναι ἴσα τῷ θεῷ*, we should correct *οὐχὶ πρᾶγμα ἡγήσατο κ. τ. λ.* (The nouns are confused in the text of the Platonic Epistles, vii. p. 335b). In Acts xvi. 13, *ἐξήλθομεν ἔξω τῆς πόλης παρὰ ποταμόν, οὐ ἐνομιζομεν προσευχὴ εἶναι*, the impossible reading of Cod. Vat. (commonly changed into *ἐνομιζέτο*) is taken as pointing to an original *προσευχὴν προσεχὴ εἶναι*.—Rev. vii. 1, Cod. Alex. *ἵνα μὴ πνέῃ ἄνεμος μήτε ἐπὶ θαλάσσης μήτε ἐπὶ δένδρου*, the last word may have been *ἀνύδρου*.—Acts xiv. 13. *Ταύρους καὶ στέμματα*, archæology requires *πέμματα*. Hitherto, conjecture has been too much deprecated in the New Testament; and the example of Bentley has seemed too rash to claim many followers. But Professor Naber proves that there is room for emendation, and that there is also a way of filling it alike free from precipitancy and wantonness.

Every judgment of Professor Kuenen in critical matters demands and receives respectful attention. It is therefore to be observed that in the March number of the *Tijdschrift*, he declares himself convinced by renewed study, and by Professor Merx's recent work on the Book of Joel, that the prophet wrote not earlier than about 430 B.C. We hope that a hint of his (p. 225) may be construed as a promise of a fuller exposition than is contained in the brief notice he gives of Dr. Merx's book.

B. LANE POOLE.

IT was an auspicious day for Liberal Christianity in Prussia when Professor Pfeiderer left the comparative seclusion of Jena, and entered the theological faculty of Berlin. The reactionary Old Lutheran party had brought theology into such evil repute, that its entire exclusion from the University *curriculum* was freely discussed. There was, in consequence, the most urgent need for the presence in the capital of a courageous and able representative of the progressive school, and Dr. Falk's *régime* made such an appointment possible. In Dr. Pfeiderer the Liberals found a leader after their own heart, and their high expectations of his work and influence have been not only fulfilled, but even far exceeded. More especially within the last three years, during which the embittered feeling of the so-called Byzantine faction has vented itself in successive attacks on the members of the *Protestanten Verein*, he has wielded the weapons of debate with consummate skill and resource, and set an example of Christian courtesy and magnanimity, which few of his antagonists have followed. His masterly work on the "Philosophy of Religion," issued about two years ago, has also shown with what spiritual insight and wealth of learning he can deal with the intricate theological problems of the time. But his invaluable services, not merely to Germany, but to Christendom, have brought him more abuse than gratitude from the religious and political organs of Conservatism in Prussia. His activity as a speaker and writer, in defence of the principles of the *Protestanten Verein*, has perhaps tended more than all else to bring down this avalanche of ill-feeling on his head. And partly in self-defence, and also with a view to popular enlightenment, he has published a series of five lectures, delivered under the auspices of the *Verein*, and a sermon preached at the *Protestantentag* in Hildesheim. These form a tastefully printed volume of about a hundred and fifty pages, under an appropriate title,* which indicates that the author's aim is to bring about a better understanding of religious subjects. The book, being thus issued amid ecclesiastical contention, has all the interest attaching to a manifesto dated from the field of battle. But its clear and thorough treatment of some of the most prominent religious questions of the day, and its entire freedom from all controversial *animus* will render it of permanent value to educated English readers.

* Zur religiösen Verständigung. Von Dr. Otto Pfeiderer. Berlin: A. Haack; 1879.

In an interesting preface the author alludes with delicacy and pathos to the present ecclesiastical troubles in Germany, and deeply deplores the unfortunate causes through which the sanctuary of religion—*das stille Heiligthum*—has been violated, and converted into an arena of party strife. A touching undertone of sadness runs through these introductory pages, showing how keenly he feels the abrupt and painful contrast between ideal Christianity and its sorry counterfeit proclaimed by the followers of the hierarchical faction. But, notwithstanding this tinge of melancholy, the author maintains his characteristic resoluteness and courage, and his firm faith in pure religion as a resistless and paramount power. The first lecture, on "The Development of Protestant Theology since Schleiermacher," depicts the gradual decline of the fresh religious enthusiasm which marked the era of the War of Independence, and the rise of the critical-historical and speculative schools, in place of the effete Rationalism of Paulus. The changes of belief respecting the personality and work of Christ are described in fullest detail, but all the chief currents of contemporary religious thought are more or less distinctly traced. Those who have studied Dr. Pfleiderer's "Paulinism" will need no analysis of the second lecture, which bears the title, "Paul and the Christian Church." The essence of that exhaustive work is here condensed into twenty-five pages, and popularised in the highest and best sense of the term. That on "Redemption and Redeemer" comes next in natural sequence, tracing the ideas of sacrifice and salvation from primitive polytheism down to their full development in the theology of Anselm and the Protestant divines. The last few pages of this lecture, portraying the opinions held on this subject by the greatest German thinkers since the time of Lessing, will be admired for their singular beauty of style, as well as for their deeply interesting contents. The fourth and fifth of the series are on "Christianity and Natural Science," and "Christianity and Humanity," their aim being to show that the spirit of pure Christianity is in perfect accord with our highest knowledge, and that true religion helps us toward the full harmony of life in all its relations. The sermon which closes the volume deals with the great problem, how to revivify the Gospel of Christ that it may clear away the many sore evils in modern society, and purify the lives of the fallen, and gladden the hearts of the depressed.

A. CHALMERS.

SOME OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

THE latest instalment of M. Reuss's great work on the Bible includes the Song of Songs * and the first volume of the "Sacred History and the Law," or the Pentateuch and Joshua.† The second title appended to the little volume on the Canticles, "Collection of Erotic Poems," sufficiently indicates the view of the accomplished commentator, who adds to his translation an admirable introductory survey of the critical labours of his predecessors. Not the least interesting part of this is a series of tables exhibiting the varying conceptions of the distribution of the text among a set of *dramatis personæ*, which the last century of study has called forth. These are all abandoned by M. Reuss, who regards the book as consisting of a number of detached pieces, in which the poet speaks throughout alone.—Far more important as a contribution to the true understanding of the Old Testament is the discussion of the composition of the Pentateuch, to which the first half of the larger volume is devoted. This likewise opens with a careful history of the criticism of the Mosaic books, from which it becomes apparent that M. Reuss ranges himself with the school of Graf and Kuenen. The last paragraph contains a warmly appreciative notice of Dr. Colenso's labours, which is the more satisfactory because they have certainly not met in Germany with the recognition they deserve. The investigation into the structure of the Pentateuch is divided into two parts. First comes the criticism of its form, including the appearance of parallel narratives of the same events, the combination of different stories into one account, the plurality of legislative codes, and the usage of the divine names. This is followed by the examination of the historical data, on which the real stress of the argument falls. With easy step the author passes through the vast accumulation of details, finding a secure historical basis in the production of the code contained in Deuteronomy under Josiah. This leads to a search for the laws and traditions already recognised in that work, and emphasises the wide divergence between the Deuteronomic and the Levitical legislation. The connecting link between the two latter is discovered in Ezekiel, and the composition of the Book of Origins is carried down through the time of the exile to the

* Le Cantique des Cantiques, dit de Salomon. Recueil des Poésies Erotiques.

† L'Histoire Sainte et la Loi. Paris ; 1879.

days of Ezra. The general result is that the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua fall into three well-defined groups—(1) The Sacred History and a small number of legislative enactments, the work of the “Jehovist”; (2) Deuteronomy, including a large portion of Joshua; and (3) the “Grundschrift,” or the Elohist narrative of Genesis and the Levitical legislation. It was this last which was promulgated in Jerusalem under Ezra and Nehemiah; but the final redaction was still delayed. Not yet was the new code combined with the existing documents. It needed the labours of the century between Nehemiah and Alexander the Great to arrange and adapt the law for public worship, and the history as a national monument. The tradition of the Great Synagogue preserves in a perverted form the remembrance of these literary labours, but the circumstances under which the books were disposed in their existing order it is beyond the power of criticism to retrace. Many minor points must necessarily remain unnoticed in an essay which sums up such extensive inquiries with a brevity so charming; the traces of a Deuteronomic redaction of the Sacred History do not receive sufficient attention; and the writer has not faced the problems suggested by the Assyrian discoveries. The absence of any reference to these in the commentary on the opening chapters of Genesis is in the highest degree surprising, and very much diminishes their value. The discussion of the deluge narrative commences thus:—“The history of the deluge is not a myth pure and simple, like those which we have seen in the preceding chapters. It is very probable that there is at the basis of this narrative a reminiscence, a tradition resting on an actual fact.” Readers of Mr. George Smith’s books will be tempted to smile at this simplicity. The patriarchal traditions are treated as historical myths, concealing beneath them the primitive relations of tribes and nations. They have assumed their present form under the prophetic spirit developed during the monarchy, which delighted to credit the heroes of antiquity with the full religious consciousness of later times.

It is to be regretted that M. Reuss has not taken any account of the method of interpretation of which Goldziher has given such brilliant and startling specimens. It is becoming more and more clear that the apostles of solar mythology will have to be seriously met. The first part of a treatise on the Origin of Monotheism, by Dr. Popper,* is occupied with a criticism of the

* *Der Ursprung des Monotheismus.* Berlin; 1879.

patriarchal history of Genesis, by way of introduction to the history of revelation. There is some reason to expect that Dr. Popper's slow rate of procedure will prevent his ever arriving at his goal. Nearly twenty years ago he published an essay on the accounts of the Tabernacle in the book of Exodus. He then intimated that he had in hand a larger work on fundamental questions of religion to which this minute critical investigation was to lead the way. His present treatise takes him a step further. Adopting the same general views of the composition of the Pentateuch as M. Reuss—and this new adhesion from Germany must be noted—Dr. Popper examines the traditions gathered round the names of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abram is the "heaven-father," and Sarah is the "queen of night"; Isaac is identified with the Persian Zohak, and the way is thus opened into Aryan mythology, from which the name *Azhi dahaka* ("the biting snake") has been transformed, with the loss of its original meaning, into the Hebrew Isaac; while Jacob is the conquering light-god. It is a pity that so wide a range of reading as this volume exhibits should produce nothing better than an ill-assorted mass of parallels and etymologies of which it is difficult to say which is the more preposterous. What can be more unreasonable than to insist on finding a mythic significance in each detail of stories which have gone through a long process of adaptation to the familiar scenes and usages of ordinary life? Dr. Popper compares the incident at the well, when Rebecca draws water for Eliezer and his camels, with Indra milking his cloud-cow by means of the lightning, Rebecca being the "fruitful earth," Eliezer of Damascus the "lightning-fire"; and finally, the ten camels, the ten serpents which grew out of Zohak's shoulders! It would be easy to produce plenty more instances of the same kind. Dr. Popper has no mercy upon Grill and Schultz; he cannot be said to deserve much himself. His learning is no curb upon his audacity, which is the more free from restraint because he makes no attempt to explain the actual genesis of the patriarchal narratives out of the mythic imports with which he invests them. The philological combinations are equally adventurous. The name Lot is connected with the Greek *λήθη* and the Latin *latere*; with the Chaldee *lôt* (to curse), *lahat* (flame, perhaps lightning), *lehat* (to burn), and the Latin *lutum* (mud); and further, with the *lotus* of the Nile, and, by the addition of the Egyptian article *pe*, with the names of the city *Pelusium*, and of the Greek deity *Pluto*. We are reminded by an old fellow-pupil

of the late Professor Key, of an etymology with which he used to amuse his class. It had been proposed, so he gravely assured us, to derive the Latin *lepus* (hare) from the French article *le*, and *puss*!

Turning to the treatise on the prophecy of Joel, by Dr. Adalbert Merx, of Heidelberg,* we are once more on the solid ground of rigid philological exactness, even in the presence of divergent historical estimates. The date of Joel has been fixed at widely separated eras. The older critics regarded it as the earliest production of prophetic literature; but successive inquirers have slowly brought it down from this high range of antiquity and transferred it from the ninth century to the fifth. Among these—Hilgenfeld, Seinecke, Duhm, and Oort—Dr. Merx now takes his place. His plea is founded on the absence of any circumstances specially characteristic of the monarchy, while the stress laid on fasting and ritual is not in harmony with the unquestioned teachings of the eighth century; on the signs of the writer's acquaintance with the utterances of his prophetic predecessors; and on the allusions (iv. [A. V. iii.] 1, 2, 17) to the dispersion of the people and the partition of the land, which imply more than the overthrow of the northern kingdom, and are only fully explained after the Babylonian exile. This portion of Dr. Merx's book is very weighty. His exposition, however, is destitute of the glowing sympathy with which Ewald treated the conception of the "Day of Yahveh." He attributes to the prophecy too much of artifice, and does not do justice to the power of description, the grandeur of imagination, and the loftiness of prophetic impulse, which prove—if this book be indeed a product of the new community in the restored Jerusalem—how powerfully the ancient spirit still lived and worked in the midst of conditions so unlike the ideal hopes cherished during the captivity itself. The discussion and exposition of the prophecy only occupy, however, a quarter of the whole volume. The rest is engaged with the history of the prophet's interpreters. But this is not a mere enumeration of names, or a *catena* of passages. It grows, under the hands of Dr. Merx, into a history of the principles of the interpretation of prophecy in general, illustrated by the treatment of the book of Joel. The sections devoted to Jewish exposition are especially interesting, and all who are connected with tracing the silent forces contributing to

* Die Prophetie des Joel und ihre Ausleger von den ältesten Zeiten bis zu den Reformatoren. Halle; 1879.

the development of Christian thought in the Middle Ages, will find a rich store of material in the full presentation of the influence of the "More" of Maimonides on Nicolaus of Lyra and Thomas Aquinas. Luther and Calvin close in the survey, to which it would be hard to find an equal in the whole range of expository literature.

J. E. C.

FOR Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, Germany has discharged the debt of publishing accurate, critical editions of the works, and, more or less, complete biographies of these literary heroes. Somewhat tardily, but, in the end, with true German accuracy and completeness, this debt is being paid to Herder,* who will always rank amongst the foremost men of his age and country. Contemporaneous with the issue of the first complete critical edition of Herder's works, by Bernard Suphan, appears this elaborate and exhaustive account of his career and his literary labours. Herr Haym had gained himself a name as the author of a life of Wilhelm von Humboldt, and as the historian of the "Romantic School," before he undertook this important task, and as this work proceeds it becomes abundantly evident that Herder is fortunate in his newest biographer. It is true that Herr Haym takes what some might deem a German view of the scope of a biography, for he considers it his duty to supply full analyses and careful criticisms of his author's works. But when it is remembered that Herder's fame rests upon the original work which he did in almost every department of human thought, the student of mind will feel grateful to the learned and intelligent biographer who can accurately define and estimate the discoveries of his hero. Herr Haym's book will serve as the best introduction to Herder's works, and also as the best substitute for the no small labour of reading the whole of them. At the same time, it is so arranged that the reader can omit the analysis of Herder's works and yet follow with great interest and profit the course of a noble spiritual history.

J. F. S.

THIS Memoir† is the faithful, though somewhat imperfect record of the life of one who devoted himself to the advancement of his fellow-creatures—one who, though he may

* Herder nach seinem Leben und seinen Werken dargestellt von R. Haym. Erster Band. Zweite Hälfte. Berlin; 1880.

† Memoirs of the Life and Work of Philip Pearsall Carpenter. By Russell Lant Carpenter, B.A. London: Kegan Paul and Co.; 1880.

often have been mistaken in the means he adopted to achieve them, aimed at ends the purest and the holiest.

Of Philip Carpenter's labours as a Christian minister, at Stand, truly does the editor of this volume say (p. 93):—"His influence was not to be measured by the size of his congregation. He became 'a living epistle of Christ known and read of all men' in that district. It was rare to find any one who so unreservedly strove to live out his Christian convictions, and showed their contrast with the customs of the world."

Besides his ministerial work at Warrington, his next place of settlement, he devoted much time during the week to the establishment and superintendence of an industrial school, which was conducted most successfully, and was attended by between 100 and 200 young men and boys. It was there that he established his printing-press, from which from time to time he issued innumerable tracts, leaflets, songs, and so forth, upon the themes which engaged his interest, denouncing smoking, intemperance, war, slavery, and other crying sins, in the plainest and most uncompromising language, besides printing for those of the public who chose to employ him.

His Warrington life was spent in being of use to others. "It was his pride and pleasure to gather together young men of promise, not for proselytising purposes, but in order that he might influence them for good—mentally, morally, and, I may add, physically." A more tender teacher and friend no youth could have, and the value of his instruction and friendship was all the greater that it was without money and without price.

Philip Carpenter had much prejudice to contend with among the old-fashioned Unitarians meeting at Carey Street Chapel, Warrington, on account of his erratic propensities to go into the highways and byeways and seek after the lost sheep of Christ's fold. This distressed him greatly, but in the strength of the Master's example, and at the risk of valued friendships, he followed out his practice of open-air preaching and appeal to those whom in no other way could he reach. For who would suppose that winebibbers, publicans, and sinners would intrude themselves amongst the orderly, sedate, and respectable folk of his own congregation?

Philip Carpenter had a very rough-and-ready way of speaking or writing upon the numerous evils against which it was his constant habit to inveigh both in public and in private, in season and out of season. This often had the contrary effect to that

intended. He thus often shared the fate of many enthusiasts—making many enemies where he desired to make converts to his views. But nothing daunted by scoffers, he pursued his work with the most untiring zeal and earnestness, seeking no praise from man.

Space forbids us to follow Dr. Carpenter to Canada, and trace his labours, philanthropic and scientific, on a continent where the eccentricities of his judgment and his character encountered fewer rebuffs and attracted less unsympathetic criticism than they met with in conventional England. The inscription on his monumental tablet in Warrington very truly expresses the chief characteristics of this admirable man. Surely a life such as his cannot have been lived in vain. Those lessons which he endeavoured to teach of self-sacrifice and devotion to the will of God, of a knowledge of Christ and of his love, have not been without their lasting effect upon men who knew and worked with him; and the story of his work, his thoughts, and indeed his whole life, which we have in the "Memoirs," is a valuable record of untiring, unselfish, and unobtrusive work for "the Master." He, like his sister Mary, died "in harness," and has left many behind who will more or less successfully carry on the good works he delighted in. His was not a brilliant career, nor one that will be noticed in the pages of history; but he was one of the noble army of "workers" in the cause of practical holiness and purity of living, whom to know is to love and imitate.

E. L. T.

MR. BAGEHOT'S "Studies" * are admirable illustrations of work which needs to be done in connection with political economy. Mr. Bagehot was at once a student and a practical man of business, just the very person whom we might expect to master the labours of earlier economic writers, and estimate, and, where necessary, correct and supplement them from his own professional experience. To a considerable extent, this expectation is realised in the volume before us, as it was in the weekly issue of the paper which for many years he so ably edited. His analysis of the "Demand and Supply" which determines market price, for instance, may be read with profit even after all else that has been written on the subject, especially as he does not disdain to expound the mysteries of a "corner" and "time-bargains," or the various aims and devices of "bulls and bears."

* *Economic Studies*. By Walter Bagehot. Longmans; 1880.

His researches, again, into the growth of economic phenomena are most valuable, and are rendered doubly interesting by the terse and apposite anecdotes with which they are interspersed. All this is brought to support the main position of the book, viz., that our present political economy is an abstract science, dealing with fictions of its own creation, which are sufficiently near the real condition of things as they exist in certain places and times—notably modern English business relations—to render its conclusions of practical value. This is essentially the doctrine consistently taught by Cairnes, and evidently destined to be the orthodox view, the one on behalf of which a good fight will be made against all opposition from a sociological standpoint. Bagehot also gives some sketches of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, which make us wish that he had written a critical history of economic science, showing how successive writers have gradually attained to more and more important truth, and how many an erroneous belief, still common enough among the uninitiated, was gradually eliminated by patient study and careful thinking. But, unfortunately, all we have here is fragmentary, and only the diligent and sympathetic editorship of Mr. R. H. Hutton suffices to give any appearance of unity and completeness to the work.

It is really remarkable that so little attention is paid in England to the study of the history of philosophy. The University of London does indeed nominally include the subject among those required for its M.A. degree, Branch III.; but practically it does little more than select a writer, or even one of his books, for each year; and the questions set often relate more to the details of the selected work than to its place in the great stream of philosophic thought. We have very few good works of our own on the subject, and it is to an American translation of a German history that we must turn to get anything which can fairly claim to be at once comprehensive and accurate. Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy" * possesses all the excellences we should expect from a German author; immense pains have been taken, the summaries of the various philosophies are evidently founded on the closest acquaintance with the original, the very flavour of which is often marvellously preserved; the grouping of the different schools is skilfully arranged, and the leading characteristics of each writer are hit off with a precision that will afford the greatest possible assistance to those who wish

* Hodder and Stoughton. Second edition. London; 1880.

to study these writings for themselves. This makes the work invaluable to students. It gives them the clue to what they should read and understand, and summarises what they should remember. But it does not attain to one thing which these busy times sorely need. It lacks the stamp of genius which renders one man's work an adequate substitute for the work of many other men. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" annihilated, as far as the ordinary student is concerned, a whole library of the sources from which he drew his information; and we want something similar to be done with regard to the mighty host of the obscurer names in the history of philosophy. That we have not got here. To derive full benefit from Ueberweg's history, you must go over nearly the same ground that the author himself has trodden; read his paragraphs as an introduction, then read the principal works of each philosopher, "from Thales to the present day," and then you will find our author's value in helping you to systematise and retain the knowledge you have had an opportunity of acquiring; but—life is too short and too full for this; and so we fear that the book will be far more used as a "cram" for getting up estimates of unknown works than as a help to the independent study of the great thinkers of the world. The translation is decidedly creditable, and bears favourable comparison with a good deal that has been done in this country, especially in the way in which long sentences are broken up into shorter ones, without losing the true antithesis of the original. If another edition is called for, however, there are plenty of sentences where more idiomatic English might be used, and a few where greater accuracy might be secured. An appendix gives additional information in regard to the English and Italian schools, we hope usually more correct than when James Martineau is given as Professor of Owen's College, Manchester.

Mr. William Cyphes has written a big book on "The Process of Human Experience,"* which we cannot pretend to fully notice here. Its main characteristic is the description of mental phenomena in physiological terms; the author seems to rely on internal consciousness for all his ultimate facts, but to be specially intent on showing what are, or what very possibly may be, the molecular changes and combinations which form the external counterpart of these facts. We are not hopeful of this method. Where the work is done under the strictest conditions of scientific research, as in Herbert Spencer's "Psychology," or

* Strahan and Co. London; 1880.

Dr. Carpenter's "Mental Physiology," much may be learned, no doubt, on the border land of psychology and physiology; but from Mr. Cyples' method it is difficult to see that anything can be gained, except a certain clearness of conception, especially of pictorial representation, without any adequate guarantee of correctness.

H. S. S.

IT is not often that we have to complain of the brevity of a sermon or of a treatise on philosophy, but in the case of a little book* of the latter kind, recently published anonymously, we have found the arguments so cogent, the style so clear, and the matter at issue so important, that we heartily wish that the writer had allowed himself room for the fuller treatment of his subject. His aim is to vindicate the validity of metaphysical knowledge, and to indicate the incontrovertible facts of consciousness on which that knowledge is based. The more popular of our recent English psychologists agree in regarding the mind as nothing more than a series of psychical states and activities, with no permanent personality in which these successive phases of feeling and volition inhere. If theirs be the correct account of the spirit of man, Metaphysics loses its only possible foundation, and if Metaphysics vanishes, no Theology, that is worth the name, can long maintain itself. The author of this treatise contends, with great ability, that the existence of a permanent self or spirit is not only logically demanded by the fact of knowledge and the fact of memory, but is also immediately apprehended in the consciousness of our personal causation and of our moral freedom. Professor Bain and his school tell us that they know nothing of this metaphysical Ego, and are only conscious of successive psychical states, but practically they constantly employ, and cannot help employing, language which is only intelligible on the hypothesis that an abiding mind compares its own transient sensations, and controls, by its volitional energy, the several emotional impulses of which our consciousness is the theatre. For proofs of this assertion, and for instances of the absurd and ludicrous character which Mr. Bain's utterances would assume if we were to confine him to his own theory of human nature, we confidently refer our readers to this well-reasoned volume. Having established the existence in man of a

* Personality the Beginning and End of Metaphysics, and a Necessary Assumption in all Positive Philosophy. W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London; 1879.

substance and power which is not phenomenal, the question arises whether we can discover any such substance and power behind Nature. To this great metaphysical question an affirmative answer is given, and it is urged that, while we cannot say whether matter is eternal or is created, there is good ground for concluding that physical forces are ultimately connected in some way with an intelligent and volitional Ego who is causing them all to work together for good. In connection with this part of the subject, the argument from design is examined, and it is shown that the theory of Evolution, rightly understood, does not in the least clash with this time-honoured bulwark of Theology.

C. B. U.

MR. EDWARD CLODD stands pre-eminent in success among that little group of Englishmen who strive to popularise the results of scientific research into the origins of religion. The "people" for whom he popularises include the comparatively unlettered and the child. For these he has now, for the first time, withdrawn from the wide field of comparative mythology, and concentrated his attention on the rise and culmination of Hebrew faith. In his new volume* we find that easy grace and charm of style which always characterise his pen, yet not so marked as in previous works. For Mr. Clodd has crowded his matter disastrously. His "Sketch of Jewish History" fills half the volume, and yet remains almost too meagre to be called a sketch. His "Jesus of Nazareth" is confined to a hundred and eighty pages, and the mighty personality is inevitably bereft, to some extent, of the glow and power which none could better have caught and exhibited to the reader than Mr. Clodd. Mr. Clodd refers to Kuenen and to Keim. How much more grateful should we have been to him if he had given us two companion volumes, instead of an overgrown Introduction and a Text starved and crowded out! Then he could and would have reproduced from Kuenen, with even added power of characterisation, an Isaiah aglow with the fervour of holy politics, a Jeremiah for men to weep over in his misunderstood patriotism, his rigid loyalty to his God, his final pitiful desolation. Then, too, he could and would have reproduced from Keim the growth in wisdom as in stature, in God's favour as in man's, of the marvellous being

* Jesus of Nazareth: embracing a Sketch of Jewish History to the Time of His Birth. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1880.

in whose great soul the tribal faith of Israel was wrought into religion for mankind. We hope that Mr. Clodd will throw a future edition into this more elaborate form. Each part is too good to be crushed and cramped by the other. In the meantime, we are grateful to him for his attempt to bring the higher criticism to the doors of the people and the class-rooms of the young. It is only because we so well know what he could do, that we express any discontent with what he has done.

But if Mr. Clodd allows himself no room to tell us much of Jesus of Nazareth, Mr. Capes thinks that there is very little to be told.* His inquiry into our real knowledge of God and Christ can hardly fail to disappoint. It opens in a manner to arrest the attention of the reader. Fifty years of thought have been given to the perennial problem; and there is a directness of address and a nervous force in the early paragraphs, that seem to promise power and melody in the swan-song of an earnest life. Nor is the sequel without pregnant passages. But we put down the book feeling that, after all, the line between the known and the unknown has been drawn with a wavering hand. Of God, Mr. Capes tells us, we do know that He is the Author alike of evil and of good. He sweeps aside the figment which would distinguish between the permission and the causation of God. Of His unity or plurality we can know nothing;—only that He acts *unanimously*. Concerning His “person” and His “substance” separate predications cannot be made. We can know, however, that He not only exists, but lives, and lives in us. The method of His living in us is by morality, which is not the same in all ages, but is really the unfolding of the hidden life of the Eternal “I Am.” In Jesus, Mr. Capes recognises the completion of the spiritual evolution, in the survival of the fittest in the moral order. In Paul, he finds the primal destroyer of true Christianity. “The God of love being dethroned, and the Pauline god put up in its place, the way was opened for the clever practices of priests, Jew and Gentile. Paul himself was no lover of priests. His one idea was to the effect that everybody should obey *him*” (p. 170). Did Mr. Capes ever read Paul’s opening outburst in his first letter to the Corinthians? The theistic agnosticism of this curious book is a wholesome reproof to baseless creed-mongering; but we fear it

* What Can be Certainly Known of God and of Jesus of Nazareth? An Inquiry. By J. M. Capes, M.A. London: J. Bumpus; 1880.

will not greatly help the perplexed and anxious, however bravely eager to face the truth.

An anonymous author enters on a more practical inquiry when he tries to draw for us a man after Christ's own heart.* But we cannot say that the task is more practically carried out. An earnest endeavour to describe a manhood built on pure and full Christianity is vitiated by the extravagance of the contention to which the writer commits himself. We are fully prepared to endorse the view that a vivid Christian or theistic faith will tell, not only on character, but on intellectual capacity. But we do not think it would necessarily make a man master of all the sciences. Our author, apparently a Congregational minister, thinks that a man in Christ would come to be of apostolic mould—"i.e., greater than Plato or Shakespere." The most curious part of this volume is that in which an attempt is made to analyse the genius of those two mighty writers, and to display their inferiority to the New Testament. Every leading thought in the "Republic" on the one hand, and in the "Tempest" on the other, is paralleled with a text from Gospel or Epistle; and it is maintained that by the number and volume of such thoughts alone are the intellectual pretensions of either party to be measured. There is, however, no measurement of individual against individual; each writer in the Christian Scriptures receives credit for his own great thoughts, and those of all the rest as well. For style, in "secular" writers, for arrangement, for dramatic power, no merit whatever is allowed. "A brain that could grasp the great controlling law, could easily invent a few nervous phrases to express it." Shakspeare's wondrous language is "mere clothing." But to a pregnant sentence in John or Paul every credit is given for pith and close packing. With such canons of comparison the result is easy, and Jude stands above Plato as philosopher. Concerning a not very lucid generalisation of the contents of the New Testament, we read that:—

Physical science, ethics, politics, philosophy, have their extensive generalisations; but all these, and a hundred times more, are contained in almost any one comma that separates any clause of this generalisation from the clause next following. They can all lie in the valley between any word and the word which comes next, and yet the increase of bulk they make will hardly be perceived. That one word "scaffolding" contains them a thousand times over (p. 123).

* *Ecce Christianus; or, Christ's Idea of the Christian Life. An Attempt to Ascertain the Stature and Power, Mental, Moral, Spiritual, of a Man Formed as Christ Intended.* London: Hodder and Stoughton; 1879.

From this word-and-comma praise to the metre-worship of India is but a single step.

He who desires heaven should use two Anushtubhs. There are sixty-four syllables in two Anushtubhs. . . . He who having such a knowledge uses two Anushtubhs gains a footing (in the celestial world). (Aitareya Brahmana [Haug], Bk. I. c.v. § 5.)

Our English Brahman means well, and there is much real eloquence and true contention in his book. But he has spoiled a splendid theme with preposterous exaggerations. Were such extravagances read as much in England as they have been in India, and in the despiritualised phases of Oriental devotion generally, they would be very pernicious.

MR. PAGE HOPPS always writes with a pure, clear, and flowing style. The fragrance of meadows, the song of birds, or the play of the sunlight on some quiet lake, seems always present in his books. And so, "Beside the Still Waters"* is a happy title for his meditations. A little volume full of personal religion, of that best kind which is cramped by no foregone orthodoxies, but seeks God, and finds him, in earth and sky, in little children's laughter and the calmness of old age, in human fellowship and divine solitude,—this will give half-hours of refreshing to many weary hearts.

The approach of the Channing centenary rouses in Mr. Hopps another train of thought,† and he very deftly links into one chain selected passages from the writings of the famous American preacher, to whom Whittier and Longfellow have done homage. The editor's own part is little more than to introduce each paragraph in such language, and so to arrange the whole, as to convey a clear notion of the scope and proportion of Channing's thought, and to entice the reader to further study.

THE war of political party lies outside the scope of this *Review*, not on grounds of indifference, but of division of labour. But a splendid moral courage touches us nearly, and herein lies to us the attracting point of interest in Dr. Colenso's volume.‡ It is not only in the simplicity with which the Bishop

* London: Williams and Norgate.

† The Teachings of Channing. Six Lectures. London: Williams and Norgate.

‡ Cetahwayo's Dutchman. Being the Private Journal of a White Trader in Zululand during the British Invasion. By Cornelius Vijn. Translated and Edited by the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.; 1880.

of Natal began, when already a distinguished ecclesiastic, the study of Biblical literature on the sound methods of modern science, that he has displayed the directness of his purpose and the bravery so precious in a bishop. His dogged persistence in quest of justice for Langalibalele showed Englishmen that the southern prelate could exhibit his courage and determination in fields more dangerous still to popularity. And now in his touching plea for Cetshwayo, whether or not his pen has been swayed at all by the bias of friendship, the good Whiteman proves again with what chivalry he can face the alienation from him of the Europeans among whom he lives, in order to shield a people and a monarch whom he holds to have been unjustly treated. With contumely heaped upon him by theologians for his rejection of their dogmas, and by politicians for his castigation of their policy, Bishop Colenso bids fair to stand out in the recollection of the swarthy tribes of Southern Africa as the one minister of the Church of Christ and follower of the missionary Paul who, by his own words and deeds, made them understand the love of the one, the impetuous courage of the other. A ton of blue-books cannot weigh against the pathetic force of those few words in the preface, in which the Bishop tells how before Cetshwayo, in his durance, his own Zulu name, Sobantu, is not permitted to be uttered, "as it 'excites the prisoner;'" and then adds: "Through an order from Sir G. Wolseley, however, I sent a message to say, 'Sobantu salutes Cetshwayo—he is grieved for him—he does not forget him;'" and I received this message in reply, 'Cetshwayo thanks Sobantu for his message, and is glad to learn that he does not forget him. He hopes Sobantu will speak well for him.'"

THE MODERN REVIEW.

JULY, 1880.

CRITICAL METHOD.—I.

“**C**OMME quoi Napoléon n’a jamais existé.” So runs the title of an amusing and happily illustrated little essay, which must have delighted many readers some thirty or forty years ago.* Napoleon is the sun, and his supposed history is borrowed point for point from the Hellenic conception of the Sun-god, his fortunes and his exploits. His very name—“the true Apollo”—is a sufficient proof of this. And besides, he was born on one of the islands of the Mediterranean Sea. His mother’s name, *Letitia*, is an obvious modification of Leto or Latona. He had three sisters (the three Graces), four brothers (the four Seasons), and twelve marshals in active service (the twelve signs of the Zodiac); and, not to go into further details, he began his glorious career in the East, and set in one of the islands of the Western Ocean. He is therefore a myth, and accordingly we find the year 1814 (the last of the twelve years of his supposed reign) described in official documents as the nineteenth year of Louis XVIII.

Now there are doubtless many earnest-minded men, in England as elsewhere, who would regard this little treatise

* Musée Philipon. Vol. I. pp. 57—61. The idea was suggested by Archbishop Whateley’s “Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte,” 1819.

as something more than a successful *jeu d'esprit*. To them it appears to be a life-like exposure, if not of critics in general, at any rate of the critics of the Bible, some of whose assertions they consider not a whit less absurd than the mythical explanation of Napoleon's life. When they are told of scholars who declare that the prophecies ascribed to Daniel are not his, or who deny the existence of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and dispute the claims of Moses to rank as Israel's lawgiver ; when they hear that there are men who can only discover four epistles of Paul in the New Testament, and who think the Gospel of St. John was written about the middle of the second century of the Christian era, they find it difficult to believe that the authors of such monstrous assertions can really be serious.

This uncomplimentary estimate of the Biblical criticism of the day is by no means confined to those whose pursuits and calling in life exempt them from any concern with historical investigations, for we find it openly proclaimed or tacitly assumed by Doctors of Divinity and professed theologians. Witness the summary and offhand style in which they meet the assertions of the critics with arguments that lie so obviously on the surface that one cannot understand how they can possibly suppose their adversaries to have overlooked them. Indeed, it would be curious to know what kind of conception of Biblical criticism has been formed by those who only know it from the answers of the Apologists. Fathomless scepticism and boundless caprice are doubtless the main ideas it suggests to them.

It is not pleasant for the Biblical critics to find themselves judged in this way. There are, or have been, amongst them zealous and clear-sighted labourers who deserve the same high honour that is accorded by common consent to the students of the exact sciences ; and they have just cause of complaint when put down as mere vendors of

crude and random fancies. But however annoying, or at least discouraging, such an estimate of their labours may be, it is not very surprising. Its reasons are obvious. The most important of them all, indeed, we can but touch on here. It is the close connection between the results of Biblical research and the most widely-spread religious convictions of our day. These convictions stand, or (which comes to the same thing) are supposed to stand, in the closest possible connection with a certain definite conception of Israel's history and the rise and early development of Christianity, and consequently there are many persons in whose eyes the least departure from this conception instantly assumes the character of sacrilege and unbelief, and from that moment of course it is impossible for them to consider it impartially. As long as this impression remains, the work of the Biblical critics will continue to be misunderstood ; but we may nevertheless pass over the dogmatic objection on the present occasion, inasmuch as we are at liberty to address ourselves exclusively to those who, without protesting against criticism in the name of faith, and while fully allowing its right of existence, condemn it simply for its supposed caprice and unreasonableness. Their position also is easy to understand, and is, indeed, the natural consequence of the character of the critical results themselves. These results, so far from being self-evident, appear at first glance extremely strange. The Bible is in every one's hand. The critic has no other Bible than the public. He does not profess to have any additional documents, inaccessible to the laity, nor does he profess to find anything in his Bible that the ordinary reader cannot see. It is true that here and there he improves the common translation, but this is the exception, not the rule. And yet he dares to form a conception of Israel's religious development totally different from that which, as any one may see, is set forth in the Old Testament,

and to sketch the primitive Christianity in lines which even the acutest reader cannot recognise in the New. What can this be but the merest fancy or passion for innovation?

If the critic knows the impression often produced by his labours, and is unwilling to acquiesce in the misunderstanding, it is obvious what he must do. He cannot be content with simply asserting that he goes to work in the same way as his fellow-labourers on the field of so-called profane history; for, however ready the latter may be to confirm his assertion, it is of small avail as long as historical criticism in general is an unknown land to so many. Moreover, Biblical criticism, though a branch of a great whole, is a branch with many peculiarities of its own, and though it obeys the general laws of criticism, yet it requires, for many reasons, an application of them peculiar to itself. This makes it still more incumbent on the Biblical critic to describe his method.

To describe his method! Would it not be better to display it in action? There is much to be said for this view; for it would make the study more picturesque and interesting than it can be when expounded in a set of general rules which must of necessity be more or less abstract in their character. It may be as well for once, however, to treat directly of the principles themselves, especially as this will not preclude us from giving one or more illustrative examples afterwards. But when we have described the Critical Method, must we not go on to justify it? Not at all. It will have to justify itself by its own simplicity. The only danger is that it may appear too simple, too commonplace. And this danger we must brave, for the critic is no alchemist, and he must not try to be one. Anything that has the least air of mystery is utterly out of place in his method. Auguste Comte may have been right or wrong in declaring that all philosophy is simply systematised common-sense, but, at any rate, that section of

philosophy known as Critical Method would be "condemned already" if it so much as attempted to be more.

(i.)

The very word "Method" (= *way after*) implies a goal. Method simply means the straight, or, at any rate, the right, *way* to reach some point already fixed on. What, then, is the goal of criticism?

If we were to describe it as "the knowledge of the reality," or more specially "the knowledge of the reality concerning a more or less remote past," we should hardly have any serious contradiction to fear. But perhaps it is not very clear exactly what is implied in this definition, and we may therefore throw it into another form. Criticism helps us, or is intended to help us, to *true history*. The critic is the ally of the historian, and furnishes him with the materials he must use in his work. Generally the critic and the historian are combined in the same individual, but for all that the former is the servant of the latter, and, although his work is twined inseparably into the other's, it yet remains subservient and logically antecedent to it throughout.

Now, anything that lays claim in our day to the name of "History" must comply with certain conditions that are not laid down in any written code, but which none can ignore with impunity. The mere chronicle, the bare enumeration of facts, however accurate and complete it may appear, sinks far below the dignity of history. It may be indispensable as supplying materials, but that is the highest claim it can urge. Nor is any one satisfied now-a-days with a picture of the past in which the ruling princes, with their courtiers and generals, are the actors. We have done with "*l'histoire bataille*." According to the modern conception, *the people* is the active and passive subject of history, though of course this conception allows kings and

battles the due share of attention which falls to them in connection with everything else. One more step remains. History does not fully meet the demands now made upon it unless it reproduces *life*, whether it be biography, the life of the individual, or history in the ordinary sense of the word, the life of a people. Now, it is true that a part of this national life is constituted by the events, great and small, which enter into it, and often determine its direction, and also by those material conditions with their sudden or progressive modifications upon which it is wholly or partially dependent. But these and other such external matters are not everything. *Spiritual* life and activity constitute the real life, and a true knowledge and correct representation of this must accordingly be our main concern. True biography sketches the spiritual development of its hero and the influence which he exerted upon others. History that deserves the name is always the "history of civilisation," whatever it may call itself, and of "civilisation," moreover, in that deeper sense which excludes any merely external conception and concentrates our attention upon the rise and growth of ideas, their propagation in society, and the power they exercise on life.

But we must not forget that our subject is Criticism, and not History, though a passing glance at the lofty aim to which criticism is consecrated may not have been without its value in enlisting sympathy. We shall be led back again to our proper subject if we attempt to give some account of the relations in which history stands to the reality.

The closeness of their connection is indicated by the fact that we often use one and the same word to signify them both; for "History" is used in the objective sense of "what has taken place," as well as in the subjective sense of "this or that representation of the past." But in spite of this unity of expression there is a very essential difference between "the reality" and "history" in the subjective

sense—the sense in which we shall henceforth exclusively use the term.

• In the first place, the reality is so infinitely rich and complex that we cannot dream of completely reproducing it. Even in the little circle in which we ourselves move but a very small proportion of the phenomena of life come under our notice. By far the greater part pass by completely unobserved. How much more, if instead of this narrow private circle we consider some wider field, such as the life of the people amongst whom we live! And, moreover, the history of which we are speaking is the history of the past. It is easy to see what this means, for the very moment that the reality ceases to be present, a considerable portion of it is inevitably and irreparably lost.

These losses, however, can very well be borne up to a certain point; for we must observe, in the second place, that by no means everything which belonged to the reality at a given period deserves to find a place in its history. A great master in this craft has said with truth,* “Not every event is a historical event; and in like manner it is not all knowledge of what has taken place that is historical knowledge. Historical knowledge only exists where the thing known appears important enough, not only to be observed at the moment, but to be handed down to the enduring knowledge of posterity.” The historian is in constant danger of losing sight of this distinction. He involuntarily measures the importance of his facts by the pains it has cost him to recover them, although he would at once admit in theory that the real test of whether they are worth knowing, is whether they have any bearing upon the life of the people. We must admit, however, that in deciding these points there is ample room for individual differences of conception, so that we cannot differentiate “historical facts” from “facts” in general with any great

* F. C. Baur, “Die Epochen der kirchlichen Geschichtschreibung,” S. 1.

precision. There is nothing so insignificant that it may not rise into importance under certain conditions. Sometimes a whole series of facts is put in its true light by a detail which seemed to be wholly unworthy of our notice as long as it stood alone. Such cases, however, are exceptions, and do not invalidate the rule just given.

In the third place, we must remember that history, in spite of its limitations, contains *more*, in some respects, than the reality to which it corresponds; or, rather, it contains more than those who lived in the midst of the reality itself could possibly, even under the most favourable circumstances, perceive. The collective agents in any affair naturally know more about it than any historian can ever find out, but its significance in the connection in which it occurred may be much clearer to the historian than to the agents themselves. And this is true to a far greater degree in considering what we may call the soul of history, viz., the life, especially the spiritual life, of the people. Hidden as it is from those who share it, or, at least, from the vast majority of them, that life lies open and revealed before the historian. Such, at least, is the ideal. Its realisation depends upon a number of internal and external conditions which will seldom be united. But in proportion as these conditions are favourable, and history approaches its ideal, it embraces more and more of what constitutes its peculiar privilege over the reality.

But however much we may emphasise these distinctions, the fact, of course, remains that history, as distinguished from fiction or romance, derives all its value from its agreement with the reality; and the purpose of these preliminary remarks has simply been to put us in a position to state wherein this agreement consists, and what are the limits which, by its very nature, it cannot overstep. Completeness, as already said, is absolutely unattainable, and must not be expected. Even such relative completeness as

we can attain would in many cases be rather hurtful than serviceable. Any history, when compared with the reality, must be a mere selection. The facts it takes up must, of course, be borrowed from the reality, and must have really happened in the way and with the mutual connections represented by the historian. But even when dealing with bare facts, the historian very seldom produces a mere copy. An event must be simple to the last degree if it can be taken up into a historical narrative just as it occurred. In almost all cases it will have to be greatly reduced and simplified. And why should it not? All we require is that the historian should preserve the character of the event, and bring that clearly out in his representation. But this shows us at once what an important part is played by the personality of the historian himself. What I have just called the character of an event is essentially the historian's conception of it, and is dependent not only upon the data supplied to him by the reality, but at least as much upon himself, upon the experience he brings to his task, and the singleness of his eye. Lament it as we may, the fact remains that the historian, even when perfectly impartial, and only concerned to set before us the simple facts, cannot be the mere channel through which the reality flows to us. How much greater must the influence of his own personality be when he advances to the discharge of his proper task of reproducing the soul as well as the body of the reality, and recovering the life of the past! He can but give us his own personal interpretation of the image reflected in his mind; so that almost everything depends upon his own qualifications and the constitution of his own mind. If no congeniality of spirit fits him to interpret the reality he can scarcely fail to caricature it.

But enough of these preliminary considerations. The goal is now before our eyes. How does criticism conduct us to it?

(ii.)

In the rapid sketch I have just attempted, I have gone on the assumption that the historian possesses the requisite knowledge of that portion of Universal History with which he intends to deal. Every one would admit that his first step must be to acquire this knowledge, and the question we have now to discuss is, Whence and how is he to obtain it?

And first, as to the whence. We may answer in general terms, "From the *documents*, in the widest possible acceptance of the term, that concern the period in question." We welcome State papers, monumental or other inscriptions and remains, coins, acts, charters, chronicles, histories, but we also welcome the entire literature of the period in all its branches. Any narrower conception of the historian's task would enable him to dispense with some portion of this material; but if he means to describe the life of the people, then none of its products are wholly indifferent to him, while some of them gain quite an exceptional importance.

But these documents must at once be divided into two classes. Some of them are themselves *Facts*, authentic parts and fragments of the reality we are retracing. Others are, or contain, *Accounts* of the period we are studying.

The abstract importance and soundness of this distinction can hardly be questioned. A coin, or a treaty of peace, a charter, or any other such document, stands on a completely different footing from a narrative of events, even though it come from one who has seen and heard them; and the contrast becomes far more pronounced if the author of the narrative stands at some distance from the events he records. In deciding what use to make of a *narrative* we have always to consider certain questions, of which we shall speak presently, that cannot be so much as asked concerning docu-

ments of the other class. To speak of the "credibility" of a treaty would be nonsense. But it is equally clear that the two classes of documents slide insensibly into one another, so that some care and reflection are necessary in drawing the line between them.

For instance: Let us take an Assyrian inscription, say, of King Sanherib (Sennacherib). Unquestionably this is a document of the first class. It is a *fact*. But the fact which the inscription constitutes is simply this, that the Assyrian king in such and such a year of his reign gave such and such an account of his campaigns. There is no room for refinements here. We have simply to accept this fact. But now we come to the *account* itself, let us say of the monarch's third expedition—that against Hezekiah. The observation that the Assyrian kings always win more or less brilliant victories and never suffer defeat, has roused the suspicions even of those historians who are most disposed to accept the royal narratives and are most favourably inclined to the Assyrians, and has induced them to make considerable deductions from the statements of these authentic documents, and to find a place in their own conception of what occurred for details of which the "Great King" says never a word. Whether they are right or wrong, we will not now attempt to decide. That depends upon circumstances. But they have an indisputable right to use their own judgment, even when dealing with the narrative of Sanherib himself.

Let us take a second example, supplied by the historian Von Sybel.* Amongst the documents from which the history of the London Conference of 1864 must be drawn, are the telegrams and despatches which were exchanged between the ambassadors and their Governments during the sittings, and also the historical *résumé* by the representative of Russia, Baron von Brunnow, together with the account

* Die Gesetze des Historischen Wissens (Vorträge und Aufsätze), S. 8.

by the German representatives which followed it. Now, even the telegrams and despatches contain *accounts* of the proposals of one Power and the answers of another, and to that extent they must rank with the subsequent *accounts* of the Conference. But yet the historian will do well to keep the two distinct. The despatches are integral portions of the Conference itself, and are therefore, also, part of the *facts*. The subsequent reports of the representatives bear quite another character, and each has its own special colouring. It was because they were dissatisfied with the Russian account that the Germans hastened to set their own by its side.

With this example we may couple a remark which will find abundant illustration in connection with the Bible narratives. Baron von Brunnow's historical *résumé* doubtless belongs to our second class of documents; but for all that it may, or rather must, be regarded in its turn as also a fact, for it shows us quite unmistakably how the ambassador, and consequently his Government, regarded the London Conference and its results, and wished them to be regarded by the public; and this is itself a factor in the history, broadly conceived, of this important Conference—a factor which can be recovered from the document in question quite apart from the correctness or incorrectness of its statements. Hence we see what are the conditions under which a *narrative* becomes itself one of the *facts* to be considered. It does so when, and when only, the author is himself a part of the reality which we are investigating. The "Muses" of Herodotus, for instance, constitute a fact of the history of Greece in the fifth century B.C.—the age of Herodotus himself; but what they tell us about Egypt and the Egyptian kings is far from standing on the same footing to the student of the history of ancient Egypt. If, indeed, it could be shown that the Father of History had literally reproduced in his Second Book what the priests

had told him during his visit to Egypt, the historian of Egypt would then be in possession of this *fact*: that about the middle of the fifth century the guardians of the Egyptian temples gave an inquiring stranger such and such accounts of the exploits of their kings and the origin of their monuments. This fact would then remain, quite independently of the value or worthlessness of those accounts themselves.

Now, it is obvious that the Bible narratives completely answer to these conditions. They are all of them, without exception, factors—and very important ones—of the reality which the historian of Israel and of early Christianity desires to recover. Let us suppose, for example, that the Books of Chronicles were written at Jerusalem about the year 250 B.C. Some persons put them two centuries earlier, but we will assume for the present that this important question has been decided in favour of the later date. In that case we have the following fact: that a priest, or some other subordinate minister of the second Temple, cherished those conceptions of Israel's pre-exilian history which are set forth in the Chronicles, and endeavoured to recommend them to others—holding, for instance, the low opinion of the Ten Tribes and their worship, which is implied in his omitting their history and in certain special texts (2 Chron. xi. 13—16; xiii. 4—19; xxx. 6, 7). Now, this fact would, of course, gain importance if we could show that the Chronicler's idea of Israel's past differed notably from that which had been current in earlier times, or, again, that he might fairly be regarded as the representative of the class to which he belonged. But in any case, the fact itself remains, and the historian of the third century B.C. must find room for it in his account of this period. And so with all the other historical books. Quite independently of their value as witnesses to the times *with which they deal*, they must be considered as products of the times *in which they were*

composed, and for the history of which they contribute more or less valuable materials.

Enough has now been said in illustration and qualification of the distinction I have drawn between documents which are Accounts, and documents which are Facts. The two classes of documents resemble each other in this: that they must not be blindly accepted and followed, but must be carefully weighed and estimated. It would be an insult to the reader to demonstrate the necessity of this; for who could be so innocent as to question it? There are spurious and interpolated documents enough in the world, and inaccurate, prejudiced, and fabulous narratives without number. To know this is enough to make us test every document that comes into our hands with the utmost care before we make any use of it. Here, then, the task of criticism begins, and no sooner has it begun than it confirms the soundness of the distinction we have drawn above, for we do not ask the same questions with respect to all our documents alike. In general terms the difference may be thus stated: Concerning all documents whatsoever we make investigations as to authenticity, or at least as to the time and place in which they were produced; and concerning all *narratives* or *accounts* we go on to investigate the further question of their credibility. In other and shorter words, all documents without distinction are subjected to *literary* criticism, while *narratives* or *accounts* are further subjected to *historical* criticism in the proper or narrower sense.

It now remains to describe this critical procedure itself. But as we approach the task a serious difficulty confronts us at the very threshold. Different cases are so unlike that it is impossible to lay down one and the same rule for them all. Sometimes the historian rejoices in such a wealth of original documents,—acts and agreements on the one hand and narratives composed by eye-witnesses on the other,—that he

bathes as it were in the flood, and the only danger is that he should be overwhelmed. But sometimes he must be content with comparatively scanty remains from the period he is studying, and soon discovers that some of these are open to grave suspicion. It is true that the same questions have to be asked in either case, and however widely the positions of the two historians may be separated, there is no impassable gulf between them; but it is obvious that their procedure cannot be altogether identical. Now, there is not the smallest doubt in which place the lines of the Biblical critic have fallen. In comparison with the student of mediæval, and still more of any section of modern, history, he is poor in documents to the last degree. The sources are more abundant for one year of England's history than for the century and a half of the rise of Christianity, or even for the whole fifteen centuries of Israel's national existence. Shall we, then, mindful of the limits we have traced for ourselves in this paper, proceed at once to the description of that critic who would gladly welcome more abundant materials than he can command? It would, perhaps, appear to be the simplest plan. But yet it will be better for us to begin by considering the procedure of that student who can have documents to his heart's content merely for the asking, since his position is not only more fortunate than that of the other, but to a certain extent more normal also. And in order to be quite safe, we will take our ideas of his method from one who has himself had to deal with this abundance of documentary material.* We may then return to the consideration of our own special task, with no envy or jealousy in our hearts, let us hope, but with enlightened eyes.

The historian, then, who understands his duty must begin with *literary* criticism, to which he submits all his docu-

* Von Sybel, Die Gesetze des Historischen Wissens (Vorträge und Aufsätze), S. i. seq.

ments without distinction. If they themselves claim to be the work of any special author, he examines their genuineness or authenticity, and if he cannot allow it he sets them down as spurious or forged, and goes on to inquire when, by whom, and with what purpose they were drawn up—questions which he must likewise endeavour to clear up in the case of all anonymous documents. I need hardly remind my readers that all these inquiries must be conducted with due regard to the composite character of many of the documents. Thus a historical work can seldom be treated as a single whole, but must be separated into its several portions while the various narratives it contains are traced back to their respective authors or to the sources from which they were derived ; and then the very same questions must be asked concerning these earlier witnesses or narratives, which have already been asked concerning the books in which they are now incorporated. Throughout his inquiries the critic will of course avail himself of all the accessible means for arriving at a decision, and will therefore consult any traditions or statements he can discover as to the antiquity or the authorship of his documents, and the older and more unanimous these traditions and statements turn out to be the greater the value he will attach to them. In most cases, however, he will be unable to rest implicitly on any such testimonies, and will be compelled to check them by the form and substance of the documents themselves to which they refer ; but if he finds nothing there to contradict them, still more if he finds any striking confirmation of them, he will very properly regard the examination into the origin of his documents as closed, and will not reopen it unless some fresh witness should appear, or some previously unnoticed feature in the document itself should demand a fresh investigation. On the other hand, wherever the external testimonies come into conflict with the substance and form of the document, judgment must be given for the latter and

against the former. The tradition may rest upon a misconception or even upon intentional deceit, but the document itself that lies before us cannot deceive us, and we must therefore go by what it tells us. This conflict between the external and internal indications as to the origin of a document presents itself in the most varied forms, each of which must be judged on its own merits, but the general rule we have just laid down remains unshaken. We shall return to this point presently.

The literary criticism is now complete, and it remains, in the case of the *narratives*, to apply what may be called the *historical* criticism in the narrower sense—that is to say, to investigate their credibility, or, in more general terms, their relation to the reality. And here, again, two cases present themselves. The author of the narrative is either *known* or *unknown* to the critic. We have thrown the contrast into the absolute form in which “known” and “unknown” stand opposed as “yes” and “no,” although in reality there must, of course, be innumerable intermediate degrees, so that the line between the two is often almost impossible to find. We do not altogether know even ourselves; how much less can we know a man we have never seen, and who is perhaps parted from us by hundreds of years! Nor, on the other hand, can the author of any historical narrative which we carefully study remain completely unknown to us, though we may not be able to recover his name or to say where and when he lived. The distinction is therefore relative, but still it exists and is not without its influence on the critic’s method.

Let us suppose, then, that we know the author of a narrative, the measure of his intellectual acquirements, his character, and his relation to the political or ecclesiastical parties that meet us in his narrative. All this together forms, “as it were, the medium through which the light shed by the facts reaches the eyes of the student, a medium which

in no case transmits the rays wholly undisturbed and unbroken. Our task is to make exact allowance for the disturbances and interruptions. . . ." And the task is not an impossible one, for we know, by observing ourselves and those around us, what the disturbing action of such mediums is, and we have only to apply our knowledge to the case in hand, which, in spite of all its special conditions, is still generically identical with other cases that we have come across in our own experience or in the course of our previous studies. In a word, what Von Sybel calls "testing the historians by our knowledge of their character and personality," however difficult, is not impossible, and is the only way to reach the reality as to which they bear witness.

Now let us take the case in which the historian is completely unknown to us, or, at least, so imperfectly known that we cannot tell what allowance to make for his personality in retracing the actual course of events. Are we in this case altogether helpless, and must we simply leave his narrative as we find it? Again we answer, with Von Sybel, in the negative, inasmuch as we are acquainted with the *contiguous facts*. With these we compare the narrative that lies before us, and accept it as trustworthy if, and in so far as, it fits into its surroundings. Thus criticism calculates uncertain details from the basis of what has already been determined, and does so in the faith that any error which may have been made will sooner or later be brought to light. For, "inasmuch as the continuity of things is unbroken, any incorrect conception of one fact must at once come into collision with the true view of another, and the first mistake must draw other mistakes after it, or else a breach of connection must become obvious which indicates the source from which the mistake itself has sprung."

We see at once that in either case the critic's method rests on one and the same assumption, an assumption which may be expressed once more in the words of Von Sybel:—

"The assumption with which all certainty of knowledge stands or falls is that the development of all earthly things follows absolute laws, and that they constitute together one connected whole. For, did this unity not exist, or were it subject to any infringement, we could place no reliance upon any conclusion drawn from the connection of events, and every calculation of human motives would be relegated to chance. Thus both the sources of historical knowledge would be destroyed. *The existence of the historical, as of all other sciences, extends just so far as the recognition of the reign of law.*"

We are now acquainted with what we may call the normal procedure of the critic. No one will ask for any proof of its soundness and efficiency, for it carries this proof with it, and is further recommended by its systematic regularity. This is felt especially by those who are in the habit of applying it—that is to say, by students who have chosen a department of universal history in which they can follow this normal procedure in its entirety, and without departing from it to the right hand or to the left. I have known some of these privileged individuals who have been so spoilt by the abundance of material amidst which they move, that they cannot see how one can get along at all when the supply of documents begins to be less copious. There is no history worthy of the name, they declare, except what is drawn from the pure and abundant springs of contemporary archives and narratives of eye-witnesses. Where these cannot be had, imagination has to supply their place; but it can never recover the lost reality. Such a line of argument is quite intelligible, but what is it, after all, but the rich man's wonder how on earth his poor neighbour contrives to live? The fact is, there is no choice. Human curiosity will acknowledge no limits, and may even take more interest in periods from which but few documents have survived, than in others in which we are almost over-

whelmed by their abundance. We must, therefore, boldly face our problem, and must not let our hearts fail even though we should have to "eat our bread in the sweat of our face." "A good workman," says the Dutch proverb, "can saw with the gimlet and bore with the saw." Without losing sight of the ideal method, or departing further than is absolutely necessary from the orderly and regular procedure, the critic manages to adapt himself to circumstances. We are all the more free to make this demand on him because we can show that, even when the documents flow in upon him from every quarter, he is often enough obliged to reverse the natural order of proceeding or strike into a by-path, unless he is content never to reach his destination at all. Let us see!

The questions of authenticity, antiquity, and so on, which belong to literary criticism, and ought therefore to be considered first, are often incapable of solution in the first instance. It sounds very simple to say, If you are going to write the life and history of Charles I., begin by satisfying yourself as to the origin of the *Eikon Basilike*. But how am I to satisfy myself on this point before I have made myself thoroughly acquainted with Charles I. and his times? And the necessity of departing from the theoretical order is often still more obvious in the case of a historical narrative; for while the value of such a narrative must be largely dependent upon the source from which the later historian drew it, yet, at the same time, the relation in which we believe it to stand to the realities of history must, in its turn, exercise a marked influence on our opinion as to the source from which it was probably drawn. It is only in exceptional cases that the literary criticism of the authorities can be completed without the help of the historical criticism in the narrower sense, which, nevertheless, ought theoretically to rest on its decisions.

Again, in theory the most perfect harmony exists between

the two branches of historical criticism, each of which supplements the other, while both of them lead us to one result. But is it so in practice? On the contrary, it often happens that our investigation into the character and qualifications of the witnesses would compel us to accept a fact for which they vouch, and yet the historical connection forbids us to admit it. Accordingly, we go into the whole question again, and perhaps discover a mistake on one side or the other; but it is also possible, and, indeed, far from improbable, that we may be left, after all, face to face with the unreconciled contradiction. No less frequent are the cases in which the connection of events already known gives no answer to the questions we put to it. The gap has to be filled, no doubt, and there can be but one right way of filling it; but our knowledge of the surrounding territory must be complete indeed if it enable us to indicate with certainty what this one way should be. Very often the cautious critic must end by admitting several possible solutions and declining to pronounce any judgment at all for fear of deserting the true path.

Any one who has studied the subject knows that the difficulties I have touched upon all appear in combination when we are dealing with the Bible, and are, therefore, all the harder to meet. The "Introductions," as they are called, to the Books of the Old and New Testament are constantly growing in bulk and becoming more comprehensive in matter. Is it that the scholars of this generation are so much more prolix than their predecessors? Not so. But we now see that literary criticism, the proper field of the Introductions, was formerly discharged in a far too off-hand manner. It was then thought enough to support the tradition as to the origin of the Books of the Bible with certain arguments, or to give the reasons for rejecting it; but now we take just exception at the outset to this way of stating the question, as if it were the traditions rather than

the Books themselves with which we have in the main to deal, and we further and more seriously protest against the isolation of literary criticism; for the fact is that its results are either trifling or altogether uncertain as long as it is not brought into connection with historical research in its entirety, so as to receive back in its turn the light it sheds upon other branches of the inquiry. The questions of literary criticism, in the Old and the New Testament alike, are often the most involved of all, and, therefore, the very last to find their solution. Take the Book of Daniel, for instance. It contains (chaps. ii.—vi.) accounts of Nebucad-rezar, of the fall of the Chaldee monarchy, and of Darius the Mede, which must certainly be taken into account by the historian of the sixth century B.C., if they are true. Historical criticism, therefore, demands of literary criticism whether Daniel was really the author of the Book that bears his name, and if not, who was. But the moment one begins seriously to attend to these questions, one perceives that the answer must depend in no small degree upon the estimate formed of the very narratives in question. The same phenomenon recurs when we consider the component parts of the historical Books of the Old Testament, or examine the writings of the New Testament. Take, for instance, the question which at this moment divides such men as Professor Holsten and Professor Schmidt, in spite of their general sympathy and agreement—the question of the authorship of the Epistle to the Philippians. How miserably unsatisfactory we now think the treatment of this question with which people were once content! No one who does not summon the whole history of the apostolic and post-apostolic period to his aid can give anything which even looks like a solution.

And if, when we are dealing with the Bible, literary criticism must, to a great extent, be taken out of its ideal order, the same is too often the case with historical

criticism likewise. "Testing the historians by our knowledge of their character and personality, and testing the events by their connections in time, space, and the chain of causes," is Von Sybel's formula, and it sounds equally reasonable and simple. But how slender our knowledge of this "personality" often is! The majority of the historians are not so much as known to us by name, and all the information we have concerning them is what we can pick up from their works themselves. And how wide again are the gaps in our knowledge of the chain of events! There are sometimes whole periods as to which we have nothing but a few uncertain traditions, or perhaps not even that. There are certainly other periods as to which we are more fortunate. Our prospects would be melancholy indeed if it were not so. But when all is said and done, the choice between the conflicting possibilities is often extremely hard to make.

But what is the use, it may be asked, of all these lamentations? It assuredly is not my intention to bring Biblical criticism into discredit, or to discourage those who are disposed to devote their powers to it. My only purpose is to show the necessity of modifying what we have recognised as the normal method of criticism, to suit the special circumstances. Nor can there be any doubt as to the general nature of the modifications required. If the several sections of the critic's task can not be successively and separately dealt with, then they must all be taken in hand at once and made to converge upon the common goal. The difficulties which refuse to yield to any one alone may, perhaps, surrender to a combined attack of the whole force at our disposal. "Unity is strength," is a cry which has so often justified itself in practice, that the application of the principle it involves to our special task may well recommend itself *à priori* to our serious consideration.

But before attempting to sketch this procedure, I must give an answer to a certain preliminary question; for

in default of a satisfactory attitude towards it, it will appear to many that our labours cannot but be fruitless. There is one question, they say, which must be answered before all others, and answered without the smallest ambiguity. It cannot be left waiting, for all further investigation hangs upon it. It refers to *the miracles*. Do you admit the possibility, or rather the reality, of miracles? That is the question. As long as we differ on that point it is impossible for us to agree on the method of Biblical criticism. Tell us, therefore, what you think on this cardinal point, and then we will hear you further.

I can give a very simple answer. Every one knows that this question of miracles is by no means confined to the Bible. In the criticism of Herodotus, for instance, or of Mahomet's biographers, it asserts itself as definitely, and is as important, as in the Bible. And yet there is not one of us who regards it on this wider field as really *a question* at all. All of us, without distinction, reject miracles wherever we find them—except in the history of Israel and of the establishment of Christianity. The assertion that this exception in favour of the Biblical miracles is justified by the greater weight of evidence in their favour, is so notoriously contrary to the facts as to deserve no serious refutation. The truth is that these special miracles are admitted as facts, because they are, in one way or another, intertwined with people's religious belief, whether they are supposed to furnish its foundations, or in their turn are supported by their harmony with it. Hence it is that the controversy as to the miracles will never be decided on the field of historical investigation. The real ground of their recognition as facts lies not there! Does it, then, follow that historical criticism, when appealed to on this point, must abdicate its authority, and refer the decision to faith? Can those who accept the miracles learn nothing from those who reject them, and can they, in their

turn, teach them nothing? Or is there a neutral ground on which they can meet each other, and attempt to come to an understanding? Men who are seriously in search of truth must surely desire to find such a territory, and they need not seek it in vain. Indeed, I think I can point out where it lies. Without for a moment concealing my own conviction that there is not one single miracle on record which we can accept as a fact, I would, nevertheless, place in the forefront of historical criticism the principle that *miracles are possible*. To this principle I have never been consciously untrue while pursuing the very path which has led me to the conviction I have just avowed. I shall not, therefore, reject miracles *à priori* without discussion and without distinction, but shall enter in perfect good faith, and not simply as a matter of form, upon the investigation of the credibility of even a miraculous story. With regard to every such story, we have to face this question when we have completed the preliminary investigation: "Which is more probable, that a veritable miracle lies at the basis of the miraculous story, or that it has grown up under the action of this or that well-known cause without any foundation in miraculous fact?" The staunchest believer in miracles, if he admits discussion at all and seeks to be reasonable in his faith, can hardly object to the question when put in this form. He, too, must accept the more probable of two alternatives in this, as in all other cases. Here, then, we have found the common ground we sought.

I may now return to the subject properly in hand—that is, the description of the way in which the Biblical critic has to apply the universal principles of his craft.

His method cannot be better presented than in the form of an allegory. Criticism means "the art of judging." Let us, then, picture to ourselves the functionary who derives his name from the exercise of this same art—the judge.

He is called upon to give his decision in accordance with the law ; but we will leave this part of his duty out of view for the present, and confine ourselves to his preliminary duty, that of ascertaining the facts upon which the decision must afterwards rest. Let us suppose the case to be one of extreme perplexity, involving many disputed facts, and the judge, conspicuous for his impartiality, to be exerting all his powers to arrive at the truth. He has satisfied himself, by adequate investigation, about the material surroundings and conditions of the disputed events. All the witnesses, without exception, who can throw any light on the matter have been summoned. The trial begins. The witnesses are examined and cross-examined. The judge lets nothing escape him. Long experience has prepared him for the task he has in hand, and in consequence he observes and turns to account minute details in the bearing of the witnesses and in the substance and mutual relations of their evidence which escape the untrained observer. Before long there rises in his mind *a suspicion* as to the real course of events. He does not at once reject this suspicion, but neither does he attach any great importance to it. Experience has taught him that these first impressions are often confirmed by continued investigation, but are as often reversed by it. Meanwhile, however, the suspicion remains in his mind, and he cannot fail to bring the further information that is elicited into connection with it, and thereby test its value. The examination continues, and as the judge begins to survey the whole field of inquiry, he gradually forms *a hypothesis* which may or may not agree with his first impression. He has now made a great step. There is scarcely room for him to doubt that *the facts were such and such*. This, then, is his hypothesis. Does it rest on the fact that all the witnesses have given the same account of the affair? That does not follow. Indeed, it is highly improbable. The judge's hypothesis may contradict the statements of some

of the witnesses, and may not completely agree with those of any one of them. But *it explains all these statements*. If the event happened in the way supposed, then it is quite natural that this witness should give this and the other that account of it, considering who they are and how they are placed. But the trial is not yet over. The last and least important depositions have still to be dealt with, and it is possible, and the judge recognises the possibility, that they may after all change his opinion. But we will suppose they do not. One duty still remains. It is to go through all the evidence once again, and consider it carefully, giving due weight to all that has been urged by or on behalf of the parties concerned. If this does not overturn or shake the judge's hypothesis, then, with all the materials before him, he is satisfied that his construction of the facts gives a true and complete account of the form and substance of the whole evidence. His hypothesis has therefore been verified, and he gives judgment in accordance with it.

I need hardly vary the allegory. I have obviously taken the most favourable case possible. It may be that the best hypothesis which presents itself does not explain all the evidence, and that one statement or more remains which is not, indeed, inconsistent with it, but still in no way confirms it. In this case, too, the conclusion is justified, though it cannot claim the same degree of probability as in the other. But it is also possible that the contradictions of the evidence are such that every hypothesis which suggests itself leaves some of the statements an unsolved enigma. In such a case the judge is perhaps officially bound to give a decision, though he would gladly suspend it, in the absence of any moral conviction. But enough. The differences are so great that we should throw no more light on our subject by working out the metaphor any further. This judge is the critic. He always *may* follow the method here described, but whenever he finds it impossible to despatch

the several portions of his task one by one in regular order, then he *must* follow it. And this necessity presents itself elsewhere indeed, but very specially in the Bible. There, if nowhere else, everything which we can accept as history is *a hypothesis which has been found adequate to account for the documents.*

I trust that I may assume, without presumption, that the reader will readily grant that the case has been made out for the abstract validity of this method. But I must not shrink from the attempt to illustrate it by a few concrete examples. A second and concluding article on "Critical Method" will be devoted to this attempt.

Leiden.

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*THE LATER STONE AGE IN EUROPE.**

THE sciences of anthropology and of the mutability of species, which latter finds its "analogy of faith" in the theory of evolution, attain their majority only within the present year. Although anthropology is a term of ancient date—for Aristotle used it, perhaps coined it—it was, until our own time, of restricted and unsettled meaning, being applied to man only in limited directions and even to treatises on New Testament criticism and fictile art! The title "ethnological," selected by the earlier societies which had for their object the study of man, indicates the narrow programme by which their founders defined that object; but as dealing with varieties of races and their habitats, it is now applied only to one branch of the comprehensive science which under the general term "anthropology" likewise embraces Anatomy, Psychology, Philology, and History. With this last is nearly connected the branch which, under the name Prehistoric Archæology, covers the vast space lying behind written and traditional evidence, gathering therefrom the long-neglected witnesses of man's ways and works preserved in ancient river-valleys, caverns, mounds, and tombs, until it touches the last traces of his presence.

At first sight it may appear strange that, until within the last quarter of a century, man has excepted himself, save in the most empirical fashion, from that investigation which

* A Lecture delivered before the Sunday Lecture Society.

he has for a long period extended to the earth beneath him, and for a still longer period to phenomena above him. Such tardy inquiry into the history of his kind and its place in the succession of life upon the globe is mainly referable to his subjection to pre-conceived opinions based, so far as Christendom is concerned, upon the authority accorded to assumed explanations of these matters in the earlier chapters of Genesis. These, being regarded as an integral part of a divine revelation, were logically held to render superfluous, indeed impious, any inquiry; and thus the remarkable history of the only being on this planet competent to prosecute research into it has been viewed through the refracting medium of a mythopœic past.

It was well for the advancement of science in bygone days that Astronomy was earliest cultivated, for, although its brilliant discoveries were made in ages jealous of any progress in secular knowledge apart from ecclesiastical direction, the remoteness of the field which it explored made agreement, or tacit acquiescence, more possible. In our own time the friction of Geology with traditional beliefs was softened by the flexible interpretation which orthodox critics, with that ingenuity which is "the badge of all their tribe," gave to the Biblical record. But no such harmony could be secured with Palæontology, which, with its proofs of the long reign of death before man appeared, confutes the "Mosaic" statement that agony and death came into the world as the fruit of his transgression in Eden; or between Prehistoric Archæology, with its countless relics demonstrating his primitive savagery and slow emergence therefrom, and the legend of his luxurious surroundings in the birth-land of the first pair. What bearing the acceptance of the only inferences deducible from such evidence has upon the elaborate "schemes of salvation," whose bases lie deep down in the doctrine of the fall, is beyond my present purpose to suggest.

It is from the researches of archæologists that the impetus has come. More than fifty years ago the famous cavern near Torquay known as Kent's Hole was explored, but the significance of its relics was not apparent for some years, during which they remained among curious, but unheeded, antiquities in museums. Fifteen years later, in 1840, M. Boucher des Perthes found "worked" flints mingled with the bones of rhinoceroses, cave-bears, mammoths, &c., in gravel-pits near his house at Abbeville, in Picardy; but he failed to make converts among official *savants* to his conclusions that these chipped stones were tools and weapons of human workmanship pointing to the high antiquity and primitive savagery of man in Western Europe. The non-existence of fossil man remained a "canon of palæontology" until the year 1859, when its heterodoxy was established by the acceptance of M. des Perthes's conclusions, to the confirmation and spread of which his converts contributed by founding the Société d'Anthropologie de Paris, parent of our own and the leading Continental societies for the study of man.

It is well known that the period from the unknown date of man's first appearance in Europe till about our era is divided by antiquaries into the ages of Stone, Bronze, and Iron, and that the earliest of these has been sub-divided into the Palæolithic or Ancient Stone age and the Neolithic, Newer or Later Stone age. But it is not so well known that the difference between these two divisions is in every respect greater than that between the Neolithic and succeeding periods. While these cover a comparatively short, although crowded, span of man's tenancy, and one along which the line of his advance is, if dim, yet unbroken; the Palæolithic is of indefinite, although certainly vast, duration, and but sparsely filled with traces of his presence. And while the general distribution of land and water in Europe—the northern portions excepted—has undergone but slight change, it was in the earlier age very different. Then

the chalk cliffs between Dover and Calais had not been worn away; the streams now called the Thames and the Rhine were feeders to larger rivers; the land stretched into the Atlantic, embracing Ireland and the Azores and Canary Isles as part of the European and African continents; Africa was joined to Europe where Gibraltar and Sicily now divide them, and against the Atlas Mountains dashed a sea which covered the Sahara and mingled its waters with those of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. In Central Asia an ocean, of which the Caspian and Aral seas are the shrinking remains, perchance linked together the Arctic and Mediterranean. The whole of northern Europe was covered with ice-fields whose glaciers fed rivers of greater volume than those born of their shrunken and shrivelling successors of Norway and the Alps; and on the banks of streams now dried, and amidst pine-forests long withered, roamed animals of species now extinct. One remarkable feature of this Palæolithic age is that the fossils of two types of fauna are found mixed together. The one, as the mammoth, the reindeer, the musk-sheep, bison, &c., is sub-Arctic, and indicates a very low temperature; the other, as the hippopotamus, African elephant, hyæna, &c., is sub-tropical, and points to a very hot climate. Amidst the various explanations offered of this curious commingling of remains of animals adapted to widely different regions, the most probable is that the excess of land over water caused sharp extremes of climate. "In the winter, as the temperature gradually lowered, the Arctic mammalia would creep southward, just as they do at the present day in the great plains of Siberia and North America. In the summer, the animals accustomed to a warm climate would gradually advance northwards, and thus every season there would be a continual swinging to and fro, over the same area, of two groups of creatures, and their remains would be swept down by the rivers and deposited *pêle-mêle* together."

Now, it is with these fossils that we find the rudely-chipped and unpolished flint implements which are the oldest traces of man's presence yet discovered. As further evidence of the intense cold of the higher latitudes, they are not found in Scandinavia (at least, so far as a fairly intimate acquaintance with the "finds" in that part of Europe enables me to say)*; but they abound in the ancient river-beds or "drift" of Western and Southern Europe, and, indeed, along the presumed route of man's migrations from East to West. The tools and weapons—for such, in fact, they are—found in the limestone caverns of Western Europe are more varied than those of the "drift," and witness to a slow but continuous advance on the part of their makers; for while the gravel-beds yield only oval-shaped flints and leaf-shaped flakes—the latter struck off the flint by blows or pressure—the bone-caves furnish flint saws, lance-heads, awls, barbed harpoons, bone needles (in one case a stone drill lying near them), often embedded with charcoal and the *débris* of animals eaten, as the musk-sheep, bison, and others, but especially the reindeer. From the enormous numbers of this creature, which appears to have formed the chief food of the rude hunters, the cave deposits are often spoken of as belonging to the Reindeer period, which is thus distinguished from the earlier or Mammoth period. That love of the ornamental which seems to precede the useful, is shown in rude strings of teeth and shells, while a soft red-ochre which occurs amongst the remains indicates that the Reindeer men painted their skins. But the most remarkable objects yielded by the caves of England, France, Belgium, and Switzerland are fragments of bone and stone

* The student is referred to Sven Nilsson's "Primitive Inhabitants of Scandinavia" (tr. Lubbock); "Samlingen af Norske Oldsager," ved Lorange, Bergen; "Antiquités Suédoises," par Montelius, Stockholm; and, as cognate to the subject, to Dr. Aspelin's "Antiquités du Nord Finno-Ongrien," Helsingfors, of which three parts are already issued.

upon which figures of animals, as the ox, the ibex, the reindeer, &c., are carved. One of the most striking of these is a portrait of the mammoth engraved on a fragment of ivory tusk, and the faithfulness of the sketch is verified by the discovery of an entire carcass of that animal in Siberia, where ice had preserved it from decay. Still more perfect is the drawing of a reindeer feeding discovered in the Kesslerloch cave in Switzerland in 1874. Clumsy forgeries, the origin of which is known, were committed during the excavation of that cavern; but Mr. Lee, the translator of Merk's* account of the research, tells me that he is fully satisfied as to the genuineness of the reindeer and other carvings.

With the materials from the bone-caves we are able to compose a fairly distinct picture of the rude tribes which roamed over Europe in the Palæolithic age. Clad in the skins of beasts, they lived by hunting and fishing, or, when this food failed them, on such fruits and berries as they could gather. Caves were their dwellings, and in these the remains of their hunting feasts witness to their use of fire, and also to the absence of one indication of a state above the lower barbarism—domestic animals. Amidst the little that is known of their fate, it is interesting to note that present evidence, based upon habits of life and physical features, points to the Eskimo as their lineal descendants, “banished now like the musk-sheep to the inclement regions of North America, and isolated from all other peoples.” The line of retreat is indicated by the remains of that animal, which lie scattered in the fossil state through Germany and Russia to the frozen cliffs of Behring's Straits and the present land of the Eskimo. Archæologists feel certain that as inquiry goes on in Northern Siberia implements and weapons similar to those of the caves of Middle and Northern Europe will be found.

* Eng. Edition. Plate XII. (Longmans.)

So much and so little of the Reindeer men ; of the men of the Drift nothing whatever is known, and we may only guess that they were of the lowest order of savages. If to all men the lines of Omar Khayyám may be applied, they apply with added force to them :—

“ Into this Universe, and *Why*, not knowing,
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing ;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.”

As connected with the unsettled question of man's place in the geological record, it should be stated that some of the Drift implements have been found in deposits which appear to have been overlaid with chalky boulder clay—that is, clay formed under Arctic conditions during a late stage of the epoch known as the Ice Age, and in which stones, scratched by ice action—“striated,” as it is called—are embedded. Whether man was, therefore, inter-glacial is fairly debatable ; that he was pre-glacial—that is, lived in Europe in the Tertiary period, as some French *savants* affirm—is very far from proven yet. The network found in slate coal at Wezikon in 1875, and which was said to be the remains of a fossil basket, is probably a bundle of pine-knots out of a rotten trunk ; the fibula from the Victoria Cave at Settle, pronounced human, is, in the opinion of competent judges, the bone of a bear ; the bones from St. Prest, scratchings on which were referred to human skill, were probably made, as Sir Charles Lyell's experiments indicated, by the teeth of an animal ; and Schenchzer's “fossilman” from the Miocene beds of Oeningen proved to be the remains of a huge salamander. While, therefore, doubt and error attach themselves to isolated discoveries, hasty generalisations are to be deprecated, the more so as on the lowest reckoning the antiquity of man stretches back to a period of which the Neolithic and succeeding ages are but a fraction. I would call attention to the weighty words of Prof. Huxley on this

subject: "All the real knowledge which we possess of the fossil remains of man goes no further back than the Quaternary epoch, and none of these remains present us with more marked pithecoïd characters than such as are to be found among the existing races of mankind." On the subject of the evolution of man from a pithecoïd ancestry, Mr. Huxley continues as follows: "But, then, the equine quadrupeds of the Quaternary period do not differ from existing *Equidæ* in any more important respect than these last differ, yet it is a well-established fact that in the course of the Tertiary period the equine quadrupeds have undergone a series of changes exactly such as the doctrine of evolution requires. Hence sound analogical reasoning justifies the expectation that when we obtain the remains of Pliocene, Miocene, and Eocene *Anthropidæ*, they will present us with the like series of gradations."* Such traces, it may be added, are to be looked for, not in the temperate West or the frigid North, but in the more genial and favoured East, to which tradition and science alike point as the birth-place of mankind. The explorations in the Sarawak territory of Borneo, which are being resumed, may yield momentous results, not only concerning the date of man's appearance in that part of the globe, but concerning the sequence of forms which reached their highest development in him.

With the Neolithic age begins the unbroken history of civilisation in Europe, for although one race after another displaced or subdued its predecessors, advance in culture was only locally arrested, and was fostered by peaceful trading intercourse between East and West, between the barbarians of the North and the more advanced races of Central and Southern Europe.

The enormous and confused mass of material illustrative of this period, renders it impossible to detail its differences of character in a lecture, nor could such a schedule (for this

* Pref. to Hæckel's "Freedom of Science," xiii., *et seq.*

it certainly would become) be made more interesting than schedules usually are. Therefore, for purposes of a general survey, we will summarise the various places in which the remains occur, then the remains themselves, and finally the presumed features of the races which have bequeathed them—races possibly to be identified with peoples overlapping the more strictly historic period.

Neolithic implements are not found in deep-lying or sealed deposits, but either on the surface or among easily-accessible remains. When the recollection of the Stone age passed away, men looked with superstitious veneration on the unknown objects, often of delicate and exquisite shape, which they found on the surface of the soil or turned up in ploughing and digging.* For ages it has been a widespread belief among the ignorant that with the flash of lightning there fell a solid body which is called the thunderbolt or thunderstone, as in the dirge in “Cymbeline” :—

“ Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunderstone,”

and it is these Neolithic relics to which such celestial origin has been assigned. They were known to the Greeks and Romans as thunderbolts; the natives of the Gold Coast who find them lying on the ground after heavy rains have washed away the film of upper soil, so regard them, using them as medicine by scraping the dust from them into water, and laying them in places sacred to the gods. In Brittany the travelling umbrella-mender inquires on his rounds for *pierres de tonnerre*, and takes them in payment for repairs. According to Pliny, the polished stone axes were used as charms against fire or shipwreck, and for insuring a successful lawsuit; they were the sweeteners of sleep and added to the melody of song. In India they are valued as

* A large body of valuable information concerning these superstitions is given by M. Cartailhac in “*L'Age de la Pierre dans les Souvenirs et les Superstitions populaires.*” (Paris: Reinwald.)

charms, whose possession brings good luck to their owner, whose loss is the signal of his ill-fortune. Flint arrow-heads, called elf-darts by the country folk, have been found mounted in bronze or in the precious metals among Etruscan and other relics, evidently to be worn as talismans, and occasionally stone implements are discovered with mystic characters engraved upon them, as in the well-known case of the polished jade celt or *ceraunia*, inscribed with a Gnostic formula in Greek, preserved in the Christy Collection.

This, however, by the way. In addition to lying scattered in enormous numbers over the surface of the globe, Neolithic implements are found in kitchen-middens and coast-finds, in earth and stone monuments, and in lake dwellings. The coast-finds, or flint finds, are collections of rudely-worked flints lying near the seashore in Denmark and the northern parts of this island, and corresponding exactly to similar heaps on the American coasts. Their rough character has led some antiquaries to assign them to the Palæolithic age, or if Prof. Mantorani's suggestion be adopted, to the "Miolithic age," as denoting a period between the older and newer Stone ages. The "*kjökken-möddens*," or kitchen-middens, once looked upon as natural formations, but now known to be the sites of ancient fishing settlements, are mounds sometimes one thousand feet in length, composed for the most part of myriads of castaway shells of oysters and other shell-fish, mingled with the bones of the stag, roe-deer, and other animals still extant, together with bones of birds and fishes. The most important of these shell-mounds, or refuse heaps, lie along the Baltic shores; in some instances they are inland, witnessing to the receding of the sea since their accumulation. Further proof of their high antiquity is in the disappearance of the oyster from the Baltic waters, owing to their brackishness, except near the entrance, where, whenever a north-easterly

wind blows, a strong current of salt ocean water is poured in. From this fact alone it may be inferred that there was formerly freer communication between the Baltic and the open sea, Jutland being, in the time of the Neolithic fishermen, an archipelago. Were further proof of antiquity needed, it is found in the flora of the country, for not only have oaks supplanted the pine, which then flourished, but they have themselves been supplanted by the beech.

The sites next in importance, and perhaps in order of time, are the monuments of earth and stone which lend an air of impressiveness and mystery to the past, and which, little touched by the decay that has overtaken the frail circular huts of bogs and wattle in which their semi-barbarous builders lived, have preserved undisturbed the mute records by which men's "works do follow them." From time immemorial man has raised his pile of stones or mound of earth, in Gaelic *cairn* and Latin *tumulus*, both words meaning a "heap" or "swelling," or when marking the place of burial, called "barrow," from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning "to cover." In our own island the smaller *tumuli* may be seen on almost every down; in the Orkneys alone it is estimated that more than two thousand still remain, and in Denmark they are even more abundant. They are found all over Europe, from the shores of the Atlantic to the Ural mountains; in Asia they are scattered over the great steppes from the borders of Russia to the Pacific Ocean, and from the plains of Siberia to those of Hindostan.* "The entire plain of Jellalabad," says Masson, "is literally covered with *tumuli* and mounds." In America the "animal" mounds, consisting of gigantic figures of men and brutes formed in low relief on the surface of the soil, mysterious alike in their origin and their purpose, are to be numbered by thousands. Nor are such structures absent from Africa, where the Pyramids themselves exhibit their

* Lubbock's "Pre-historic Times," p. 110.

grandest development ; indeed, the whole world is studded with the burial-places of the dead and upreared memorials of persons and events, whether in rude monoliths which here and there lift themselves on an outcrop of rock or in elaborate monuments of the type which Artemisia raised over the ashes of Mausolus.

While the great tombs of the world most accurately define the Neolithic age from the character of their remains, there is yet another class which, although overlapping a later time—indeed not far from the beginning of our own era—abound with Stone age relics. I mean the sites of ancient dwellings on small islands or on piles driven into the bed of lakes. This mode of life, obviously adopted as a protection against enemies and wild beasts by people disposed to peaceful settlement, has been observed by modern travellers in certain parts of Africa, South America, New Guinea, and elsewhere ; and the earliest notice of such lake dwellings yet found is in Herodotus, who thus describes the dwellers on Lake Prasias in Thrace, the modern Lake Takinos:—
“ Platforms, supported upon tall piles, stand in the middle of the lake, and are approached from the land by a single narrow bridge. At the first the piles were fixed in their places by the whole body of the citizens, but since that time the custom which has prevailed about fixing them is this : They are brought from a hill called Orbelus, and every man drives in three for each wife that he marries. Now the men have all many wives apiece, and this is the way in which they live. Each has his own hut, wherein he dwells, upon one of the platforms, and each has also a trap-door giving access to the lake beneath ; and their wont is to tie their baby-children by the foot with a string to save them from rolling into the water. They feed their horses and their other beasts upon fish, which abound in the lake to such a degree that a man has only to open his trap-door and to let down a bucket by a rope into the water, and then to wait a

very short time, when he draws it up quite full of them."

The earliest discovery of lake dwellings—"Keltische Pfahlbauten," or "habitations lacustres," as they are called—was made in 1839 by Sir Wm. R. Wilde in the small lake of Lagore, county Meath. Similar remains of "crannoges," as they are locally named, were found in many parts of Scotland; but they are surpassed in importance by the numerous and extensive lake villages in Switzerland, of which between two and three hundred have been discovered. The dry winter of 1853-4 caused the lakes and rivers to fall very much below their usual level, and the inhabitants of Ober-Meilen, on the lake of Zurich, took advantage of this to reclaim some of the land, raising it with mud dredged from the neighbouring shallow water. In removing this mud, the workmen came upon a number of deeply-driven piles of oak, beech, fir, and birch, which had been observed before by fishermen, who thought that they were the remains of submerged forests. They found embedded in the mud around these piles heaps of primitive weapons, both of stone and bone, fragments of coarse pottery, pieces of charred wood; and closer examination satisfied Dr. Keller, whose "*Lake Dwellings*"* is the standard work on the subject, that the piles had supported a platform, on which huts had been raised which were ultimately destroyed by fire.

Before describing the contents of these several classes of remains,—kitchen-middens, barrows, lake dwellings,—it should be said that the common feature, which, apart from variety of form and material, distinguishes the tools and weapons of the Neolithic age from those of the Palæolithic age, is that they are more or less ground to an edge and polished, witnessing to the advance of their makers in rendering stone more efficient for the increasingly complex uses to which it was put.

* Cf. the second and greatly enlarged edition of this valuable work; two vols. (Longmans.)

The most typical form is that known as the celt, from Latin *celtis*, a chisel. This instrument is usually a flat blade, approaching an oval in section, with the sides more or less straight, one end being broader and also sharper than the other. In length celts vary from about two to sixteen inches, and are made of various stones, according to the kind most accessible. A representative set of Neolithic implements would comprise the celts, stone tools allied to picks, small hand-chisels and gouges, perforated axes, some sharp at the end, others shaped like adzes, hammers and hammer-stones, grinding-stones, sink-stones for nets, whet-stones, scrapers, borers, awls, drills, and knives. "On the whole," says Professor Teufelsdröckh, "man is a tool-using animal. Weak in himself and of small stature, he stands on a basis at most, for the flattest-soled, of some half-square foot, insecurely enough ; has to straddle out his legs, lest the very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds ! Three quintals are a crushing load for him ; the steer of the meadow tosses him aloft like a waste rag. Nevertheless, he can use Tools ; can devise Tools ; with these the granite mountain melts into light dust before him ; he kneads glowing iron, as if it were soft paste ; seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his unwearying steeds. Nowhere do you find him without Tools ; without Tools he is nothing ; with Tools he is all." *

Besides the implements named, there are those required for domestic purposes, while for war and the chase we find javelin-heads, sling-stones, arrow-heads, and bolts. Lance-heads of bone were also used, pins and needles of the same material, and bone hammers, axes, and hoes. The women's spindle-whorls were of stone, and their personal ornaments, the simplest form of which was the button or stud, were of jet, shale, and amber. In the kitchen-middens, besides the bones and shells already

* "Sartor Resartus."

spoken of, no vegetable remains have been found, except burnt pieces of wood and some charred substance, thought to be a sea plant from which salt was procured. The flint implements generally resemble those of the coast-finds, as axes, bone pins, hammers, and sling-stones, with, although rarely, fragments of coarse pottery. "In many places hearths were discovered, consisting of flat stones, arranged in such a manner as to form small platforms, and bearing all the marks of fire. The shells and bones not available for food gradually accumulated round the tents and huts, until they formed deposits, generally from three to five feet, but sometimes as much as ten feet in thickness, and in some cases more than three hundred yards in length, with a breadth of from one hundred to two hundred feet." *

In any reference to the stone monuments, as the circles or cromlechs, the table-shaped structures or dolmens, a host of unsettled and storm-charged questions as to their purpose confronts us. Within a recent period the Druidical theory was called in to settle everything. Now, whatever the Druidical religion may have been, its rites do not appear to have been performed within Stonehenge or Abury, or any other stone circles abounding from the Arctic regions to Australia. Having regard to "the presence, not to say the ascendancy," of manes-worship in the religions of the world, from the lower culture upward to the higher, as in the disguised worship of the dead among Christians, it is most probable that both stone and earth circles mark the resting-place of the principal men of the tribe deified into patron and guardian spirits. That veneration and cultus of the dead which drew the survivors to the spot where he was buried, to offer him food and drink, made that spot the central place of common worship, and around it circles of standing stones and ramparts of earth were raised, as fences and rings were con-

* Lubbock's "Pre-historic Times," 2nd edition, p. 225.

structed around the dwelling of the living. Thus the transition from the tomb to the temple was effected, from the simple mound to the altar-stone and shrine over which the stately cathedral is upreared. *Tumuli* or cairns—whether of earth or stone depended on the material in the neighbourhood—are either chambered or not. In the unchambered a hollow has been dug out, while the chambered are raised over a vault made of stone. In these recesses were placed the body or burnt remains of the dead, the mode of burial affording some clue to the relative antiquity of the barrow. Exceptions notwithstanding, it appears a general rule that bodies buried in a sitting or contracted posture belong to the Neolithic age, the barrow lying east and west; so that the dead was placed facing the west, home of the setting sun, whither, in the myths of many races, the opening eyes would look and the body walk straight onward, to follow the soul to the land of the blest. Along with the dead, weapons and utensils were sometimes placed, presumably for service—knives or spear-heads, rude earthen jars with food or drink, from which relics, as from those scattered near the entrance, we have the sole data for judging what material advance man had made. So far as the caves (which, perchance, were used for the humbler dead, and in which the condition of the living required them to dwell) and the long-shaped barrows supply these, we may infer that the earlier mound-builders had not passed beyond the stage in which they had to make shift with stone, bone, and horn for their tools and weapons. And it is in keeping with this that we find a people, to whom tree-felling with stone axes was anything but sportive labour, settling on the downs of Wiltshire or in the bare wolds of Yorkshire, to begin a pastoral life, varied by chase of the deer and the boar among the coarse brush-wood and trees of the forest.

The lake dwellings are of very different dates. The

mixture of stone and metal relics in the remains of many of them greatly complicates any attempt at arrangement, and affects the yet unsettled question whether the introducers of bronze into Europe were of another race, and whether the transition from stone to metal was sudden or gradual. But without making the blunder of forcing every class of objects into one of the three periods of Stone, Bronze, or Iron, there are sufficiently clear distinctions among the amphibious dwellers on the lakes to assign these remains, some to the age of Stone, and others to that of Bronze. Buried in the soil with fragments of their huts, as wooden beams and clay-covered wattle-work, numberless articles of either stone or bone are found. Arrow-heads and lance-heads, fragments of rude nets and scooped-out trunks, show that they were hunters and fishers; the bones of sheep, swine, oxen, &c., and stores of acorns, beech-nuts, &c., that they were shepherds; the rude hoes, the stock of cereals and preserved fruits, that they were husbandmen. Indeed, the grains found in these lake dwellings are of the kind still cultivated in Europe, and the domestic animals are still the servants of man; and it will be borne in mind that both our domestic animals and our cereals come from the East. That a kind of barter was already carried on is shown by the presence of worked flints, which are not found nearer than France or Germany, and by coral and amber ornaments—the one a product of the Mediterranean, the other of the Baltic. In the oldest settlements the remains of the stag predominate over the ox, and the goat over the sheep, the wild boar over the domestic hog, the fox over the dog; whilst at settlements referred to the Bronze age the dog predominates over the fox, the domestic hog over the wild boar, and the sheep over the goat. At the Steinberg, identified as one of the later settlements, from a few weapons of iron met with there, numerous bones of the

horse are found—an animal whose remains are extremely rare in the earlier series of dwellings.

In inquiring what can be learnt concerning the races whose relics have been thus cursorily summarised, it should be premised that speculation is limited to such as lived in Western Europe, because the Neolithic people in Eastern Europe have been so absorbed into or blotted out by subsequent immigrants that, as yet, nothing certain can be stated about them.

The lowest and earliest Neolithic races in Western Europe were those rude communities of fishers and hunters who accumulated the coast-finds and kitchen-middens. The bones of deep sea fish in the refuse heaps show that they had ventured on the ocean, perchance "the first that ever burst into that silent sea," in hollowed tree-trunks furnished with nets of twisted bark or bast, and other fibrous plants. That they had domesticated the dog, and were, therefore, in the later stage of hunter civilisation, is ingeniously inferred by Professor Steenstrup, who, in trying to recombine the scattered bones of quadrupeds into complete skeletons, found that the parts missing were those which dogs are accustomed to eat, proving this by actual experiment. Although the low culture of these ancient coast-dwellers is inconsistent with the idea that they were the people who raised the magnificent *tumuli* of Scandinavia, as the mythical sepulchres of Odin, Thor, and Freyja, at Gamle Upsala, it seems impossible to doubt that they were racially connected with the builders of the chambered tombs, as also with the lake villagers of Savoy and Switzerland, because fragments of the polished celts, so characteristic a feature of the latter, are found in the kitchen-middens. No indications of arrested development meet us; rather does the succession of remains show a gradual mastery over nature, and increasing fertility of use of raw materials, the tribe advancing from the hunting to the

pastoral and agricultural stage, a condition well attested by the Neolithic remains in this island, which was the latest to become populated, since only peoples fairly advanced and fearless of the sea would venture to settle there.

Archæologists would seem to have laid hold of the hitherto missing links in a seemingly broken chain.

Up to a recent period which, as the Arabs speak of the time before Islam, we may call the days of "Ignorance," when Hebrew was said to be the most perfect of languages, and the mother of them all, when the Jews were believed to have sprung, like Pallas from the forehead of Zeus, and ready equipped with inspired knowledge of the origin of all things and a pure monotheistic creed, no questions were raised concerning the culture which preceded them. The darkness of the nations around was as a divinely planned background, whose contrast made brighter the witness of the chosen people to the unity and eternity of God. Now we know that although

"No compound on this earthly ball,
Is like another all in all,"

they followed the same mode of development as every other race which has risen above the savage state; we have traced much of their culture and later religious beliefs to their historical sources, and uncovered the long-hidden birthplace of their civilisation. Those who are busy in constructing the past out of the disinterred records of Assyrian culture and art, claim that sufficient evidence is producible to compel the belief that neither Aryans nor Semites, but some third race, were earlier occupants and owners of the soil, and laid the foundation of the culture which was adopted and developed there by the other races, as they, one after another, succeeded to supremacy. Now, the people who laid the foundation on which Aryan and Semitic civilisation more immediately stand, may be roughly classified with a family of wide geographical range, and using lan-

guages giving only slender evidences of kinship. We may connect these people, to whom the unmeaning name of Turanian has been given, with a widely-spread folk who in pre-historic times possessed a semi-civilisation, and had distinguished itself by the raising of enormous grave-mounds and altar-stones. Its culture, doubtless, arose and was nurtured on the soil of Asia, thence spreading westward, and in the rude races of the kitchen-middens we may trace its rugged extreme, as in holes and corners of northern and western Europe we find non-Aryan survivors to this day. Similar modes of life do not necessarily imply connection of race any more than similar religious rites involve historical connection; like needs involve resort to like methods of supply; yet with this caution against hasty theorisings, the points of resemblance and indications of direction of migration are such as lead to the conclusion, as already hinted, that the Eskimo are the lineal descendants of the cave-men of the Ancient Stone age. A like train of reasoning leads to the conclusion that the Finns and Lapps are the lineal descendants of the early inhabitants of Europe in the Newer Stone age. But these Finns and Lapps are *round-headed* folk, and we have yet another branch of non-Aryan, non-Semitic survivors in Europe, who are small-handed and *long-headed*. In the sepulchral caves of Wales, France, Belgium, Spain, and Gibraltar, skeletons occur of a small-limbed people, a comparison of whose skulls with those from Basque cemeteries identifies them with the dark-haired people of that name now living in the south of France and the north of Spain. Making every allowance for the external circumstances which create variety of cranial character among people of the same race, the evidence is sufficient to show that in the Neolithic age a population indistinguishable from the Iberians extended over the region north of the Mediterranean, and to the east as far as the Rhine. In Wales we may recognise it in the

small, swarthy descendants of the Silures; and in Ireland, in the dark Kelts west of the river Shannon, who are the offspring of Basque and Keltic intermixture. Thus the Basque element, both pure and mingled, in existing peoples scattered over Europe, is in direct connection with the Neolithic age, when non-Aryan races dominated Europe until they were driven westward by continuous Aryan immigrants, first among whom were the Kelts.* And when it is remembered that Julius Cæsar found these last-named, as well as the Silurians, dwelling in Britain, we have reached a boundary where the historian proper takes up the broken story.

Our rapid survey of the Later Stone age has carried us in directions converging towards a common centre. Like scattered fragments of ancient records which, unsuspected in their relations, compose, when combined, some continuous story, the several branches of scientific research, in which men engage without apparent concert, are found, when brought together, to stand in intimate, indeed necessary, connection. And so far as the line of man's march can be seen from such survey, it runs with much zigzagging, yet steadily, towards the West, thus confirming the ancient traditions that the earliest relics of his race are to be sought in the "storied East."

All evidence, so far, points to his rise in one locality. It is not likely that any one of the wide-lying oceanic islands was the site, for these last have, with few exceptions, been found uninhabited. That important body of testimony supplied by the geographical distribution of animals excludes, certainly, Australia—where the most primitive

* Since the delivery of this lecture, Professor Boyd Dawkins, to whose archaeological papers I am greatly indebted, has issued his profoundly interesting work on "Early Man in Britain" (Macmillan). The reader is referred to chapters vii. and ix. for fuller statements of the evidence identifying existing peoples with both Palæolithic and Neolithic man.

forms extant occur, and which is quite destitute of monkeys—and, with less certainty, the New World, from claim to be the birthland of the race. Northern Asia was at a time, geologically recent, covered by the sea; Europe supplies no evidence of the highly organised ancestor of man; and, so far as research has been made, the like applies to India.

The zone is, therefore, greatly narrowed, and it is satisfactory to know that the region yet left is that which answers to the larger number of the required conditions. There is the strongest warrant for believing that a great belt of land, which may be called Palæotropical, once stretched from the Sunda Islands along the southern coast of Asia to the eastern coast of Africa—perhaps westward beyond it, for the Malayan family is found in the isolated rock known as Easter Island, famous for its hundreds of ruined stone images. Of this continent, Madagascar, and smaller groups of islands in the Indian Ocean (Ceylon, &c.), are the submerged portions. Apart from the climatal suitability of a warm region for the evolution of so slenderly organised a creature as man, it lies in the zone in which are found the most man-like apes. Moreover, such a region is required by ethnology, for we can then conceive that the inferior populations of Australia and India, the Papuans, and especially the negro race, which is not eminent for seamanship, would be enabled to reach their present abodes dryshod.

To this vanished land the name "*Lemuria*" has been given, appropriately so, not only as including the entire range of the Lemurs,—so called from their noiseless, ghost-like movements,—but as applied to a silent, sunless continent—*Lemures*, "*shades of the dead.*"

In the freedom with which the races of mankind intercross; in the modifications of physical features induced by the various regions they inhabit, and the proof these supply of capacity to adapt themselves to the greatest contrasts of temperature; in the analogy of mode of intellectual, social,

and religious progress, we have evidence pointing to the descent of the various races from one original stock. And in the similarity, not merely during the earlier stages of organic development, but in detail between the apparatus of the lower functions and of thought itself in man, and the corresponding organs in brutes, the key-notes of unity are struck, man being "but the last term of a long series of forms, which lead by slow gradations from the highest mammal to the almost formless speck of living protoplasm which lies on the shadowy boundary between animal and vegetable life." Nor can we stop there. The organic is not separate from the inorganic, in such a sense as that the passage from the one to the other is bridged by a distinct creative act. By steps none the less sure because dimly traced, we advance from the crystal to the cell, and refer the forces which lock the molecules of the one in angular embrace, and combine and nourish the other, to the like ultimate source. No longer, therefore, do we restrict to physical phenomena the application of that doctrine of unity and continuity, the denial of which is the only heresy from which we should desire deliverance.

EDWARD CLODD.

SYNESIUS OF CYRENE.—II.

IN the year 409 A.D. a new and apparently quite unexpected turn was given to the life of Synesius by his election as Bishop of Ptolemais by the unanimous voice of his fellow-citizens. There is nothing to show how long before this he may have been regarded as a Christian; and, as we have seen, it is difficult to say what was the precise character and extent of the change that had taken place in his religious faith. It seems probable that he had not yet been baptized, and that, like Ambrose the lawyer (the popular Prefect of North Italy), who, under remarkably similar circumstances, had been made Bishop of Milan thirty-five years earlier, he was still in the ranks of the catechumens when he was elected. It is certain that he had devoted but little time to the study of Christian theology, and that he had a very slight acquaintance with the Scriptures of either the Old or the New Testament, or with the doctrine and discipline of the Church. But what, under the circumstances, was more to the purpose, he was a man distinctly marked out for public service by birth and fortune, by varied experience in men and things, and by his high personal character and influence; and we may well believe that the whole province knew the good report of his magnanimous devotion to its interests, the labours he had accomplished and the sacrifices he had made at the call of patriotism.

Ptolemais was at this time the chief city of Pentapolis,

and its bishop would be at the head of the provincial Church, a position in which he would be able to make his authority and influence felt in civil and social affairs, as well as in ecclesiastical ones. Nothing could be more natural, when the opportunity presented itself, than that the people whose interests Synesius had served in so many ways should, in the exercise of their right of popular election, call him, as by acclamation, to the post of honour as Metropolitan Bishop. It was a post, however, which he had no mind to occupy if he could help it. He shrank from undertaking duties for which he would not believe that he was qualified, and from assuming honours which might bring on him, he feared, a greater condemnation. And, when his reluctance was overcome and he yielded to the inevitable, he seems never to have got rid of his misgivings, or to have reconciled himself to the change in his life.

The record which remains of this concluding period of his career is contained, almost exclusively, in a group of about forty letters of more or less certain date, extending, perhaps, over not more than three or four years. In these letters we meet with but few gleams of that brightness, few traces of that gaiety of heart, which charmed or amused us in his earlier ones. Henceforth there seems a shadow over his whole life, a shadow of self-distrust, of fear lest he had entered on a wrong path. He refers gloomily to those forebodings of evil which had beset him when at last he had consented to undertake the duties of the priesthood. Writing to one of his intimate friends, he reminds him of a prediction, according to which he was to have died on a certain day, "and that day," he says, "turns out to have been the one on which I was made a bishop." The old uplifting enthusiasm and zest of life seem gone. He had yielded to a most unwelcome call. The duties demanded of him he would do as he might be able, the burden laid upon him he would bear, but he could not admit that the duties

were in any way congenial to him, and the burden seemed to him a heavy one.

The new period opens, or the old one closes, with a long letter which Synesius addressed to his brother Euoptius at Alexandria, who was to communicate it to Theophilus the Patriarch, and others whom it might concern. In this letter he stated the objections—insuperable ones he probably deemed them to be—to his entering on the high office to which he had been elected. He urged that he was not by his natural temper and way of life fitted for such a position. Hitherto, in his devotion to philosophy, he had had a light burden to bear, and he thought he had borne it well. And it was because he had gained some applause for this that he was now deemed worthy of greater things by those who did not know what his qualifications really were. His fear was that, if he were vain enough to accept the distinction offered him, he should be turning, as with contempt, from one way of life, when he could not rise to the true dignity of the other. His time, till now, had been divided between amusement and earnest. When he was seriously engaged, especially in the things pertaining to the divine life, he had always been self-absorbed, but in his hours of lighter occupation he was at any one's disposal.

For you know (he says) when I get away from my books I am ready for any amusement. But from the cares of civil occupation, I hold myself aloof, in accordance with my natural disposition and the character of my pursuits. Now a priest [or bishop, which Synesius usually denotes by the general term *ἐπεύς*] ought to have something awful and divine in his character, and to be as inexorable against mere amusement as God himself. That he may keep to the purpose of his life, he is watched by a thousand eyes; though little or no good comes of that, unless he is given to serious thought and is unyielding to pleasure. And, in the things that pertain to God, he can have no private life of his own, but must always be fulfilling a public function. And then he has as much business to attend to as all the rest have, put together.

Surely one must have a pretty large soul and a very strong one to be able to sustain such a load of cares without having the mind overwhelmed, and the divine part of the soul extinguished amid the distractions of every kind of occupation. I well know that there are some to whom this is possible. I count such natures happy; and I reckon those as truly divine men whom constant converse with human affairs does not exclude from what is divine. But, for myself, I know that when I go down to the city, or come back from the city, I am involved in the things that drag one down to the earth, and no one can say what stains I have upon me. And if to those defilements which I have known so long but a little addition were made, the reckoning would indeed be a heavy one.

I have no strength in me; I am not sound within, nor am I equal to the outward task; and I am far from being able to bear distress of conscience. And, however often I may be asked, I must say without reserve that a priest ought in all respects to be especially free from spot or stain, he who has to wash others from their pollutions.

This general sense of unfitness of character and temperament, with a dread of undertaking functions requiring a peculiar sanctity and moral elevation with which he would not credit himself, might be treated, however, as a mere piece of undue self-depreciation, which the judgment of others might very well set aside. Synesius, therefore, goes on to state definitely several considerations which he thinks will necessarily preclude him from entering on the office to which he had been elected. He declares positively that he will not separate himself from his wife, nor will he consent to visit her by stealth. To do the former would be anything but an act of piety, and the latter would be anything but right and lawful. This, at any rate, Theophilus must be informed of. Then, as regards his own private opinions on theological matters, there are some points which Theophilus has not, indeed, to become acquainted with for the first time, but which it is necessary to remind him of and to speak of more at length.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for opinions to be shaken which have come into the mind as matters of knowledge with all the force of demonstration. Now, you know that philosophy is opposed on many points to the doctrines which are in everybody's mouth. You may be sure I shall never be able to adopt the opinion that the soul comes into existence later than the body. Neither will I assert that the world and all belonging to it will perish together. Then that resurrection which is the common talk I hold to be something sacred and ineffable, and I am far from being at one with the multitude in their belief about it. No doubt the philosophic mind which sees into the truth of things must allow that there are cases in which deception has its use. For as light must be proportioned to the capacity of the eye to receive it, so must truth be to the capacity of the people [*lit.* as light is to truth so is the eye to the people]. The eye cannot receive an immoderate amount of light without injury, and darkness is better than light for those that have bad eyes. In the same way I grant that error is serviceable to the common people, and also that truth is injurious to those who are not able to lift up their mind to the clear vision of things as they really are. Now I could undertake the duties of a bishop, if the requirements of the sacred office allowed me to philosophise at home and to indulge in mythical statements abroad (*τὰ μὲν οἴκοι φιλοσοφῶν, τὰ δ' ἔξω φιλομυθῶν*); so that if I did not teach, I, at any rate, should not unteach anything, but should leave preconceived notions alone. If, however, it is said that these things are to be discussed, and that the bishop must share in the popular beliefs, I cannot be too soon in showing myself to every one in my true colours. For what have philosophy and the common people to do with one another? The truth of things divine ought to be a mystery; and the multitude of men have to be dealt with in a special way. Again and again I will repeat it, a wise man will never, in the absence of any necessity, either confute the opinions of others, or allow his own to be confuted. If I am called to the priesthood, I will not profess to hold doctrines which I do not believe. This I testify before God and man.

After thus explaining the position which he should feel obliged to assume with regard to the popular theology he goes on, with characteristic *naïveté*, to express the

trouble that it will be to him to give up, as he takes it for granted he should have to do, the field-sports to which from his childhood he had been so devoted. "It will be a real grief to me. How shall I endure to see my darling dogs with no hunting to do, and my bows all worm-eaten! I will bear it patiently, however, if God require it of me. And though, owing to my aversion from the cares of business, it will be trouble enough to me, I will go through the work of settling petty causes and transacting affairs, fulfilling my task, heavy though it be, as in the service of God. But my opinions I will not disguise, nor shall my thought be at variance with my speech. In thinking and speaking thus, I believe I am pleasing God."

Finally, now he has frankly stated his case and put it out of the power of any one to say that he has grasped at consecration when his real opinions were unknown, he leaves it to his father Theophilus, most beloved of God, to decide for him; and if he still will confirm his appointment and give him consecration, he will submit and receive it as a token from God. "To God, however, voluntary obedience is due; and if He does not accept me as His minister, I must still love truth, all through, as that which is most divine, and must not slink into its service by means of its very opposite, which falsehood is."

Perhaps we may see in his application of the theory of an esoteric and exoteric doctrine a certain degree of inconsistency between the willingness of Synesius to accommodate his teachings to the conditions of popular ignorance, and his desire to be perfectly frank and sincere in the exposition of his own views. He is by no means the first or the last philosophical theologian who has claimed the liberty to "philosophise" at home and "philomythise" abroad, and who has persuaded himself that it is all right if he does not contradict in terms the doctrines which are credited to his account. It must be said for Synesius, however, that he

would make no preliminary profession of faith in doctrines which he could not receive. He may well have felt pretty certain that the particular heresies he had broached would effectually preclude Theophilus from confirming his appointment. They were among those which were especially characteristic of that school of theology which had been attacked and hunted down most pertinaciously by the Patriarch of Alexandria as soon as ever he had found that his late-born orthodox zeal in this direction would serve his own unworthy ends. That, after the open avowal by Synesius of opinions which savoured so strongly of the obnoxious theology of Origen, Theophilus should still have been willing to see him occupying a leading position in the Church, is but one additional illustration of the insincerity of the man and of the purely personal motives from which he acted. The pretended sense of duty to the Church which animated him in procuring, under shameful circumstances, the synodical condemnation of Chrysostom, had been accurately coincident with his personal ambitions, jealousies, and antipathies. And the ecclesiastical conscience which was so conveniently awakened when obedience to its dictates might work the ruin of a rival, might be expected to be manipulated without much difficulty when personal feeling set in another direction. Theophilus could not be insensible to the great advantage to himself if such a loyal adherent of his, and such a popular and trusted citizen, were at the head of the Church in Pentapolis.

As regarded the stipulation made by Synesius about his wife, the Patriarch was not a man to be troubled with scruples about the strict observance of ecclesiastical law or custom, or priestly etiquette, even if they had been more strictly defined by this time than they actually were. But the question of the celibacy of the priesthood had certainly not been so definitely settled as to make the difficulty now raised an insuperable one. The notion of the incom-

patibility of the married state with the sanctity of the priestly office had, indeed, so far gained ground that the establishment of an absolute rule of celibacy was only a question of time. We learn from Jerome and Epiphanius, at the end of the fourth century, that when a married man entered the priesthood it was required of him that he should separate himself from his wife; and that this was an understood thing is, of course, implied in the fact that Synesius felt bound to say explicitly, beforehand, that he would not consent to it. We know, however, that in the course of transition from established custom to absolute and inflexible law, cases will arise in which the general principle will be made to yield to some consideration of special expediency; and we may well suppose that Theophilus would reckon that the personal popularity of Synesius, and the disturbed state of affairs in the province, would sufficiently cover any risk of scandal arising from the breach of the priestly rule.

In what terms and in what way the objections of Synesius were dealt with we do not know; and different inferences may be drawn from the fact that, after he had spent some six months at Alexandria in personal intercourse with his ecclesiastical chief, his appointment was confirmed, and he received consecration, probably at the hand of the Patriarch himself. The usual assumption is a reasonable one, that the new bishop was allowed to keep his wife as well as his heretical opinions; and his case is quoted in evidence against the existence of an absolute rule of celibacy, even for the highest rank of the clergy. It is only fair, however, to recognise that the argument might be turned the other way, as, indeed, it is by M. Druon; and strong and emphatic opinions against the lawfulness of a bishop's living with his wife after his consecration are cited to justify the conclusion that Synesius must have been prevailed upon in the end to separate himself from his wife.

It is also observed that not only is she never referred to afterwards, which might signify nothing, but that when Synesius laments the bereavements which have befallen him he speaks only of the death of his children; and after the last of his sons had gone he writes as one who is entirely desolate, with no one of his family left to him. It may be said, however, that whether he continued to live with his wife in defiance of clerical rule, or whether he yielded on a point on which he had expressed himself with such frankness and determination, he may have concluded that the less said about it the better; and, in the absence of any actual proof either way, and with no parallel case to refer to, it is not easy to see how any positive conclusion can be established. The case of Synesius stands by itself, and the interest attaching to it is chiefly a personal one. If Theophilus deliberately sanctioned a breach of strict ecclesiastical discipline, and could persuade himself also even to tolerate the very heresy he had most relentlessly persecuted, it is, as we have said, but one among many instances that might be adduced of his disregard of consistency whenever it suited his purpose. It may be set down to his credit on this occasion that he would have regard not to his personal aggrandisement, nor even, in the narrower sense of the words, to the interests of the clergy and the Church; and we may even admire him, so far, for his connivance at a wholesome defiance of clerical opinion.

It is not likely that the fellow-countrymen of Synesius troubled themselves about his doctrinal views, or were anxious for his complete conversion to the orthodox faith and discipline. If they did so, we may conclude that they were willing to hope, as the historian Evagrius says in his brief account of the transaction, "that these things would follow after his other virtues, and that the grace of God would suffer nothing to be wanting in him appertaining to his soul's health and salvation."

It was much more to the purpose that he had shown himself an active and patriotic citizen, generous, upright, and of vigorous mind. The bishop in those days, especially in a comparatively remote and carelessly administered province like Pentapolis, was called upon to exercise many of the functions of a magistrate and general guardian of the interests of the people, and if his authority in this direction was undefined, he had the advantage, as a priest of the State religion, of having a vague and mysterious power behind him, which often enabled him to interpose effectually between the citizens and the civil or military governor under whose extortions or tyranny they might be suffering.

A striking instance of this is afforded by the conduct of Synesius in his resolute and successful struggle with Andronicus, a man of low origin, of superlatively evil character and cruel and relentless disposition, who became governor of the province soon after the new bishop received his appointment, and who was surpassing the worst of his predecessors in the misery he was causing. Synesius has left a record of the whole affair, which is of great interest, in relation both to his own biography and to the annals of the province. After some remarks on the way in which God uses evil men and evil things to effect his own purposes of chastisement or discipline, the fact that they were of a nature to be so used being at the same time a reason for their being cut off from God and finally visited with condign punishment, Synesius contrasts his former prosperous and peaceful life, spent in devotion to philosophy, with his present heavy troubles, of which the greatest is his feeling of inability to prevent the crimes which he is witnessing, and which he describes in terms of the deepest grief and indignation. All the misgivings which beset him when he entered on the priesthood seem to him more than justified, and he mourns the vanishing of

the hopes which he had been encouraged to entertain. He had heard the venerable priests saying, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and one of them had declared, in talking to him, that the Holy Spirit was a joyful spirit, and made joyful those who participated in it, adding that the demons had contended against God to get possession of him, and that he would grieve them by choosing the better part. Now it was worse than he had feared. He had incurred a just penalty by touching with unworthy hands the mysteries of God.

Under the government of Andronicus, Ptolemais was like a city taken by storm, and all the victims of his cruelty and greed had recourse to their bishop, whose misery was that they would not believe him when he said he had no power to do anything. His influence for good and all his peace of mind seemed forfeited. "No longer do I taste the accustomed sweetness of mind in prayer. It is but the outward form of prayer. I am harassed on every side by the cares of occupation, and have my share of anger, grief, and all the passions."

If Synesius was deficient in endurance, or, at least, in power to endure without making it evident how much he felt his burden of trouble, yet his courage and contempt of personal danger never failed him. He remonstrated with Andronicus, and boldly rebuked him; and, on the occasion of a special piece of cruelty on the part of this public enemy, when he was torturing one of the objects of his personal hatred—putting him to the rack under the glare of the mid-day sun—Synesius, in his own true, humane, and tender spirit, hurried to the unhappy victim, and remained by his side through it all, to show, as he said, that the Church sympathised with him in his sufferings. On hearing of this, Andronicus was beside himself with rage. He had previously insulted the Church by causing an advertisement to be fastened on the doors of the sacred buildings denying the

right of asylum there to those who had fled from his clutches ; and now at last, wrote Synesius, " his madness came to a climax in the impious speech, ' In vain has he set his hopes on the Church. No one shall be taken out of the hands of Andronicus, no, not even if he were to lay hold of the feet of Christ himself.' This he called out aloud three times, with a voice as coarse as his mind ; after which there was no further warning to be given to the man, but as a limb incurably diseased he must be cut off from us." Then follows the decree of excommunication against Andronicus and his companions in wickedness. They are to be cut off alike from Church communion and social intercourse, and, on their death, no funeral rites are to be permitted. " And if any one, because our own Church belongs to an unimportant city, should treat her with such utter scorn as to receive those whom she has renounced, as if they were under no obligation to obey her inasmuch as she is poor, let him know that [by his act] the Church is divided which Christ wills should be one. And be he Levite, or Presbyter, or Bishop, he shall be put by us on a level with Andronicus, neither will we give him the right hand of fellowship, neither will we eat meat at the same table with him. And far be it from us to communicate the ineffable rite to those who choose to take part with Andronicus and Thoas."

It appears that, before this decision was actually published, Andronicus made some profession of penitence, in which Synesius had not the least faith ; but, yielding to the representations of those who were greatly his seniors, and had spent their lives in the priesthood, he consented to suspend the sentence on receiving the promise of Andronicus that he would give proof that he had amended his ways. " Well, he did give proofs, and we received them ! He added lavishly to the grounds of his excommunication ! Hitherto he had not ventured on confiscation ; hitherto he had not attempted murder." Both crimes were now com-

mitted by him, and the sentence of excommunication was rigidly enforced. In the end, Andronicus was effectually subdued, and, as Synesius had been the most decided in his sternness against the offender in the first instance, and had seen through his ready professions and promises of good behaviour, so he was the first to pity and receive him back, when his adversary came as a broken-down man humbly suing for the Church's pardon. He had previously given way under protest and against his better judgment to what he had deemed a premature relenting on the part of his brethren ; now he was indignant with those who had no pity for the applicant in his misery. "Justice," he said, "has departed from among men. Andronicus sinned ; now he is sinned against. It is the custom of the Church to lift up the lowly and to humble the lofty. . . Surely it were a strange thing if we, who shall never be amongst the happy and prosperous, were not always ready to weep with those who mourn." And the good bishop had the supreme satisfaction of receiving the penitent back, remitting his sentence, and treating him with a truly Christian charity.

As Synesius showed in this and other ways a combined firmness and tenderness of soul which do him and his office no little honour, so also he fully justified the popular choice and the confidence reposed in him by Theophilus, by the energy and tact he displayed in the administration of his diocese, of which we have a most interesting specimen in an account given to Theophilus of a journey made into the province, under his direction, to settle some important matters that were in dispute. We possess, in fact, a detailed report of an episcopal visitation to several churches in the country districts, abounding in incidents and touches which curiously illustrate the ecclesiastical history of those times ; and as we shall not have much more to record of the events in the career of Synesius, we may with advan-

tage devote a few of our remaining pages to his account of some of these episcopal experiences.

He had gone, as directed, to Hydrax and Palæbiscus, two villages near the borders of the Libyan desert, and on arriving there, he summoned a general assembly, his mission being to induce the people of this village district to accept another bishop in place of their present one, Paul by name, whom Theophilus had formerly consecrated, but whom now, for some reason not specified, he wished to supersede by a fresh nominee of his own. Synesius found that he could not overcome the people's attachment to the most religious Paul. He gives a graphic account of the proceedings at the meeting. Those who made themselves conspicuous by shouting louder than their neighbours, or who got something to stand upon, and set to work making speeches, as though they were authorised to speak for the rest, he treated as hirelings and conspirators; and he handed them over to the officers to be turned out of the assembly. He then appealed to the people to submit to the decision of Theophilus, for in disregarding or honouring him, they disregarded or honoured God. But they threw themselves on the ground, cried and lamented, and invoked Theophilus, as if he had been present.

And if the behaviour of the men was beyond anything I had expected, this was not the worst; for the women—a difficult lot to manage (*πρᾶγμα δυσμεταχείριστον*)—stretched out their hands, held up their babies, and shut their eyes that they might not see the empty chair where their president was wont to sit. And they very nearly brought me round to their side. But, being afraid that this would happen (for I felt I was being won over), I dismissed the assembly, ordering them to meet again in four days' time; first pronouncing the direst curses against any one who for a bribe, or gain, or favour, or for any private end should utter anything inconsistent with the obedience he owed to the Church. The appointed day came,

and the people were there as obstinate and contentious as ever. They did not wait for any discussion. At once everything was in confusion, and in the medley of voices nothing could be clearly distinguished. The criers called silence, and then the clamour changed to lamentation, and there was a dismal sound,—the weeping of men, the wailing of women, the crying of children. One said it was a father they missed, another a son, another a brother. On my attempt to interpose a word, a writing was held up in the middle of the crowd, and some one asked me to read it aloud to them all. It was an adjuration that I would leave off trying to do violence to the wishes of the people, and that I would postpone the question till they could send you a resolution about it, and a deputation. And they begged me to write and inform you of all I had learned about the case.

Synesius then goes on to report what he has gathered at a synod of the priests, at the popular assembly, and from the document before mentioned; and we may briefly relate it as an instance of the way in which we are introduced to the internal life of the churches of that day, and an illustration of the independent action which was often taken under a somewhat elastic ecclesiastical constitution.

It appeared that the churches of Hydrax and Palæbiscus had formerly been connected with that of Erythrum, in the same district, but, getting impatient of the growing infirmities of their venerable Bishop Orion, they took upon themselves to assume their independence, and chose a bishop of their own, one Siderius, a young and energetic man, who had served in the army of the Emperor Valens, and had come into this part of the country to manage some estates which had been granted him. In the appointment of Siderius the conditions required to make it legal were not all observed. He was neither consecrated in Egypt by the Patriarch, nor by three bishops in Pentapolis, although the mandate for this was granted from Alexandria. Philo, Bishop of Cyrene, took upon

himself, without any associate, to consecrate Siderius; Philo being a man generally observant of Christian discipline, but, in matters both of rendering and enforcing obedience, somewhat given to independent action rather than to the observance of strict rule. However, in doubtful and difficult times, the strictness of rule must needs be relaxed; and when, shortly afterwards, the little spark of orthodoxy wanted cherishing and kindling into a flame [this was after the prevalence of the Arian heresy], the great Athanasius, judging that Siderius was fitted to occupy a more important post, sent him to Ptolemais, as head of the Metropolitan Church. In his old age, however, he went back to the village churches, which were now reunited, and he remained there till his death. When his successor had to be appointed it was, according to some of the bishops, in compliance with a letter sent by Theophilus himself, that they had proposed Paul, and that the people had accepted him; and Synesius, very reasonably, represented to Theophilus that he had been free, in the first instance, to take what action he thought fit; but it seemed hard that he should wish now to cancel the appointment which had originally been made to please him. The people, he says, will bow to your decision, but they beseech you not to make them orphans while their father is still living. And he adds, "I do not know whether to praise the young man or to congratulate him on having won the goodwill of everybody. For, whether by his own faculties and the way he has used them, or by the grace of God, he has deserved so well of the people, and got such a hold of them, that life is not life without him."

Synesius then goes into another matter, a dispute between this same Paul and a neighbouring bishop, Dioscurus, the whole account of which is curiously illustrative of the times and the men. The suit related to

the ownership of a certain hill, on which were the remains of an ancient fortress. Dioscurus had bought the estate, but Paul claimed the building as his by prior occupation, and had the assurance to declare that it was a *church*, the fact being that he had got into it by stealth, and set up a little shrine and an altar within the walls, and, as any one worshipping there would have to climb the hill, he thought by this stratagem to establish a claim to the whole. There was something said also of the inhabitants having taken refuge in the fort from their enemies, and offered prayers there. "But if that would consecrate it," says Synesius, with one of those touches which are so suggestive of the state of things in the province, "then the mountains and valleys would be churches, and there would not be a fortress which was not a place of public resort. And in how many private houses, in the godless times of the Arians, were prayers offered and the mysteries celebrated. But they were none the less private houses; for it was a flight from the enemy, who in this case were the Arians." As to the so-called act of consecration, Synesius is very indignant at the whole transaction, and he remarks, with his usual good sense:—

I hold that superstition ought to be distinguished from piety; for it is a vice which assumes the garb of virtue, while, to philosophy, it is but a third form of ungodliness. For my part I deem nothing sacred or holy which is not done from just and holy motives. So it never occurred to me to be alarmed at that alleged consecration; for Christianity is not of such a nature as that the divine influence should follow on ceremonies and words, as by the action of physical forces. It might be so with a mundane spirit; but the divine Spirit is imparted only where there is freedom from passion, and a disposition kindred with God. Where passion and wrath, and a senseless and contentious temper are the motives of an action, how can the Holy Spirit have anything to do with it?

Paul had engaged to remove the altar in question, but had gone back from his promise and wasted time; so

Synesius thought it best to go and see the disputed territory, and settle the case on the spot. Accompanied by several of the bishops, who had come for the synod, he proceeded to take the evidence of some old inhabitants as to the boundary question, which was all in favour of the claim of Dioscurus. At the instance of the latter,

I was compelled to have read aloud an abusive document which Paul had written in the form of a letter to the Patriarch, but which was an indecent and offensive lampoon on his brother Dioscurus, a disgrace not to him against whom it was written, but to its author. Paul manifested a penitence which was of more avail than any eloquence ; and on his confessing his offence, and showing how grieved and ashamed he was, we could none of us help feeling kindly towards him, and sharing in his distress. As far as we were concerned, this was no wonderful matter. But the most pious Bishop Dioscurus, when he saw his former obstinate adversary in such a humble frame of mind, chose to give up the advantage he had gained, and left it to Paul to surrender the hill, or to retain it [on certain conditions].

It was settled, in the end, that Paul should buy back the estate for what Dioscurus had paid for it. "And so he became the owner, not only of the hill, but of the vineyards and olive-groves. Dioscurus, however, had magnanimity for his possession instead of his estate—the greater instead of the less ; and they enjoyed together the blessing of brotherly love and observance of the evangelical precepts, which have set forth a loving disposition as that which embraces all the commandments."

After this full account of all that he had done in the case of Paul, Synesius has some other matters to report to his Metropolitan, which we must touch upon more slightly. There was the case of one Jason, who had been injuriously treated by a fellow-priest ; the former, however, not having been free from blame, for, as Synesius very concisely put it, he was a man who was very hasty with his tongue, and he came across one who was still more hasty with his hands.

Lamponianus, the offender in question, had been interdicted from Church fellowship, but now repented with tears; and the people, who again appear as having an important voice in the matter, begged that he might be pardoned. The sole power of removing the sentence belonged, however, to the "sacred chair," and all that Synesius would take upon himself to do was to ordain that, in the event of Lamponianus being near his end, the priests who might be with him should receive him to communion; for, so far as he could help it, no one, he said, should die in bonds.

Then there was an evil practice which it was the duty of Synesius to report, in the hope that it would be put a stop to. Priests were in the habit of bringing actions against one another, the charges, even when not false, being made, not with a view to the punishment of the accused, but with the deliberate purpose of currying favour with the military chiefs by putting unjust gains in their way, presumably in the form of bribes or ransoms. "I do not mention," says Synesius, "who the offenders are; and if you should get to know, do not allude to them by name, that I may not be in the bad graces of my brethren. If I have been too severe upon them in my private communication to you, God will pardon me. When you write to me, only express your abhorrence of the thing itself, and I will find a way, God helping me, to put a stop, without hurting any one, to what is a disgrace to us, not to say to the Church."

One more thing has to be attended to. There are certain priests known as *vacantivi* [*βασκαντίβοι*, "a rather barbarous term which is in familiar use in these parts"]. They have left their own posts and have no settled charge, but like to enjoy honours and go about where it pays best. Synesius advises that those who have deserted their own churches shall be interdicted from ministering in any other, and that until they had gone home and stayed there no one should admit them to the altar or invite them to the foremost seat,

but, when they come into the church, they should be left to sit with the common herd, and be taken no notice of. They will soon go back if that dignity is imperilled which they are seeking everywhere but where they ought, for they will be glad to get it in the proper place rather than miss it altogether. In public they are to be treated just as if they were laymen. "What we are to do in private and at home we shall know when I shall get the answer of your reverence to the inquiry I made of you some time ago about the case of Alexander the Cyrenæan, a bishop of one of the cities of Bithynia, who was deprived of his seat by some faction, and, now he is free to go back, declines to do so,* and is staying in our part of the country."

After giving the long and business-like report of his visitation, which amply proves his tact and judgment in administering his diocese, and his kind feeling and conciliatory spirit as an adviser and director, the good bishop goes back to his old self-depreciation and distrust; and the burden of his trouble for the calamities of his country and his own personal sorrows, is taken up again. As he winds up his

* In the letter in which he had laid the case before Theophilus there are two or three bits which are too characteristic of Synesius not to be mentioned here. Having to refer to John Chrysostom, whose inveterate enemy and persecutor Theophilus had been, he calls him John of *blessed memory* (ὁ μακαρίτης), "for," says he, "let the memory of the dead be held in honour by us, since enmity ought to be put away when this life ends." Then, after giving some particulars about the exact position of the absentee bishop, he remarks that, for his own part, he has but a slight acquaintance with the sacred laws; and some of the old priests do not profess to know much more about them than he does, and yet, on account of a doubtful suspicion, they treat Alexander with no doubtful dishonour, declining to receive him under the same roof with themselves. Synesius says he will neither blame them nor imitate them. He has not thought himself justified in admitting Alexander to the church or to the sacred communion, but, in his own house, he treated him with the same respect which he would show to any of his brethren in the province. "When any one is my guest, I go out of my way to do him all possible honour in word and deed; and I consider it all nonsense to say that I am lowering the Metropolitan dignity." Then he adds—how naturally!—that when he is going to church he would rather not encounter Alexander in the street; and, if he happens to meet him, he looks another way, and is conscious that a blush is tingeing his cheeks.

letter, "Pray for me," he writes, "for you *will* pray for one who is forsaken and bereft of everything, and has not even strength left to address God on his own behalf. Everything goes against me because of my foolhardy audacity in that I, a sinful man and no nursling of the Church (for I was led in a different path), have laid my hand upon the altar of God."

We know scarcely anything of Synesius as a Christian theologian or as a teacher and spiritual guide in the Church. It was not in this direction that his special talent lay. It is almost entirely as the administrator both in ecclesiastical and civil affairs, not as the writer or thinker, that he henceforth appears upon the scene. He never ceased to plan and labour on behalf of his country, the fortunes of which were growing darker and darker. It is to these later years that the more serious of those toils and anxieties are to be referred which were forced upon him by the incursions of the tribes from beyond the Libyan frontier. We learn that, not long after he had been made bishop, the city of Ptolemais itself had to stand a regular siege, and the chief labour in organising and conducting the defence devolved upon him, as if, he said, it were the function of a bishop to fight rather than to pray. He wrote, with some rhetorical exaggeration, that Pentapolis was no more, all hope had fled, and for himself it only remained that he should die at the altar of God.

There is nothing to show that Synesius was acquainted with any of the real leaders of earnest religious thought and work in the Church. From Theophilus of Alexandria he certainly would not derive much inspiration or spiritual guidance; and it says a good deal for his ingenuousness and simple uprightness of mind, that, in his rather intimate relations with such a man, he did not lose anything of his own true, independent character.

His was one of those natures which, while showing a real

elevation of thought and feeling, simple, refined, sincere, and generous, have no great intensity, and lack the power to penetrate very deep into the "things of the spirit." His later religious views may be looked upon, as we have said, rather as an adaptation of his early philosophical notions to the doctrinal forms of Christianity, so far as he could accept these, than the fruits of what would be called a conversion. He was no religious hero or saint. In entering upon the service of the Church, he submitted as of necessity to what he considered to be the will of God, and took up a burden from which he shrank, and which was always a trouble and weariness to him. He never came to regard it as a burden which had any blessing with it. He never ceased to sigh for the ease and brightness of his former days, concerning which he said, "I spent my life as at a high festival, keeping my soul cheerful and calm. Not that God made me useless to men, for both private persons and cities availed themselves of my services. But this did not divert me from philosophy, or cheat me of my blessed leisure. It is the struggle, the work which is done with trouble and difficulty, that wastes life and plunges the soul into the cares and anxieties of occupation."

The idea which Synesius had of the priesthood would have been more easily realised in monastic seclusion than in the world of ecclesiastical cares and turmoil in which he found himself. Indeed, he had, from his purely philosophical point of view, expressed a qualified approval of the life of the anchorites in the desert with which he would not be unfamiliar, regarding it as a way of meditation and contemplation of the divine mysteries. For himself, he certainly was disappointed of the hope he once expressed that his entry into the priesthood might prove to be not a declination from philosophy, but a way of ascent towards it. He rebelled against what he thought the unworthy

necessities of his position. It is very characteristic of him that one of the comparatively few sentences which he quotes from the Scriptures is, "Be still (*συχολάζετε*), and know that I am God," for stillness (*συχόλη*=leisure) he says, is necessary for one who would be true to philosophy while fulfilling the office of priest. "I do not condemn those priests who are engaged in secular affairs. But I am not capable of serving two masters. If there be any who can descend to lower things without injury to themselves, they may be able to be at once priests and governors of cities. The rays of the sun, even when they have to do with filth, still remain pure and undefiled; but I should need rivers of water, nay the sea itself [to wash me clean]. If it had been possible for an angel to spend more than thirty years among men without being affected by the contagion of matter, why need the Son of God have come down?"

There is something melancholy in the disdain with which, up to the last, Synesius would seem to have regarded the very duties which he was doing faithfully, and with unmistakable interest and zeal. The will of God was, for him, the fatal necessity to which he must submit, rather than the appointment of a divine wisdom and love choosing his lot for him. When he sought for consolation in his sorrows he still had recourse to the maxims of his philosophy rather than to any new light and help he had found in the faith which he had adopted. Sending word to a friend that his third and only remaining son was dead, he wrote, "I have not lost my belief that the things over which we have no control are none of them either good or evil. Or rather, I should say, this was once a doctrine which I had been taught: now it is the firm belief of a soul experienced in trials." But, writing about the same time to Hypatia, in the pathetic letter from which we have already quoted, he exclaims, in no stoical mood, "Would that I might cease

either from living, or from remembering the grave of my sons ! ”

This letter was dictated by Synesius from his sick bed, perhaps not more than three years after he had been made bishop. It may be, as we have said, that the life which he believed he no longer cared for was actually not far from its close. If so, it is with a certain sense of poetical, perhaps of spiritual, fitness that we think of him in his last days of loneliness and disappointment, as going back to the Alexandria, not of Theophilus and Cyril, of priests with whom he had no real kinship, and a Church which had never been to him a true home, but the Alexandria of Hypatia, of philosophy and letters, of his youthful hopes and enthusiasms, of his closest friendships and most cherished remembrances.

Whether we have come to the actual close of the life of Synesius or not, we have come to the last page of the record.* This record, as we have seen, is nearly all his own. Contemporary history does little more than mention the bare fact of his election as bishop, and the practical difficulties which were raised and overruled. But his self-portraiture is given with a frankness and simplicity which enable us to see pretty clearly into what was not a very deep or complex character.

Was Synesius a philosopher spoiled, as he himself was inclined to complain ; or a heathen converted, as his fellow-churchmen would regard him ? There is a certain amount of truth in both these judgments, and yet both are very

* The year 431 A.D. is frequently given as the date of the death of Synesius. This, however, is only an inference from the fact that at the Council of Ephesus, in that year, a Bishop of Ptolemais appeared, whose name was Euoipius ; and there is nothing to show either that he was the brother of Synesius, or that he was his immediate successor, or that it was the first year of his episcopate. If Synesius really lived to administer his diocese for twenty years, it is at least strange that, while he has left so much which illustrates the first three or four years of his new career, all the rest should be an absolute blank.

crude ones. There is no doubt that in his faith and in his life there were change and unrest. He had experiences which disturbed his dreams of philosophic calm and continuous self-culture, and gave a new direction to his thoughts. And yet the change did not go deep enough to console him for what he had had to give up. Neither his intellectual nor his spiritual life was ever of the clear, intense kind. But if his character is, on this account, of a less noble type, and of far less enduring influence than that of many less remarkable men, it has something very attractive and very admirable about it. He is a genial, bright, humane soul, sensitive and affectionate, a staunch friend, a good citizen and patriot, a man of culture, with not a little of the sweetness and light which are supposed to be the fruits of culture, and not a little, too, of that "sweet reasonableness" which is characteristic of something better than mere culture.

Compare him with Theophilus of Alexandria, and he is the very pattern of a Christian gentleman of honour, conscience, and chivalry of soul. Contrast him with Peter the Reader, with his foul band of monks, the Christian murderers of Hypatia, and he is a saint and an angel of light. Or set all that we know of his term of service in the Church side by side with the unpleasing picture we get of some of his fellow-ministers in the same service, and he is the model bishop, faithful to rebuke, ever ready to give his help and sympathy where it was needed, and to mingle his tears with those of the sorrowful and penitent, and always careful to exercise his authority with gentleness and with absolute fairness and justice.

It is only when we put him beside such a man as Augustine that we are inclined to call him still unregenerate, and to think of those deeper and higher things which were not yet revealed to him. When we remember Jerome, with his learning and his zeal, his overflowing

vigour, his indefatigable activity in right or in wrong directions, we grow impatient of the groanings of Synesius under the burden of affairs. And a living voice like that of Chrysostom makes us feel the difference between the clever, fluent utterances and intellectual speculations of the philosopher somewhat of the *dilettante* order, and the fervid eloquence of the prophet who sways men's hearts with his words. No one would think of putting Synesius in the same rank with these great contemporaries of his. Their career and their work form a chief part of that chapter of Church history in which the story of his life is but one episode. But the position he occupied and the work he did are in many respects unique, and beyond the range of comparison with those of either greater or lesser men whose names appear on the same historic page; and, after the lives of those who are in the first rank, we may assign no undistinguished place to that of Synesius of Cyrene, both for its personal interest and picturesque effect, and for its various significance in relation to the history of those critical times to which he belonged.

ROBERT CROMPTON JONES.

*NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND RELIGIOUS INTERNATIONALISM.**

THE author of this article need not disguise that it is the question so recently brought to the front in France by the decrees of the Government of the Republic with regard to the Jesuits and unauthorised religious orders, that he proposes to discuss before the English public under the above abstract title. His justification for giving this general title to the discussion of a special question will presently appear. It has seemed to him that a considerable section of English observers, and these, too, within the ranks of English Liberalism, have conceived an inaccurate idea of the aspect which this question presents in France, and have, perhaps, also indulged in illusions arising from the differences of manners, traditions, legislation, and geographical position between the two countries. England has this double and very considerable advantage over France—first, that, thanks to her insular position, upholding and strengthening the ardent nationalism of the English people, she has nothing to fear for her national independence; secondly, that, with the exception of an insignificant minority, which dares not even carry its opinions beyond the region of theory, the whole of the English people is profoundly attached to its political institutions. France has never enjoyed the first of these

* This and the following article treat of the same topic. Each writer, while preparing his contribution, was aware that the other was engaged in discussing the subject from a point of view opposite to his own; but neither knew what line of argument the other would pursue.—[Ed.]

two advantages, and for nearly a century she has been without the second. This consideration explains beforehand why so many questions are frequently discussed from entirely different points of view on the two sides of the Channel, by men who are otherwise animated with the same spirit, and attracted by the same ideal of progress, of rational reform, and of liberty. There are differences in the political habit of the two countries which depend essentially on the difference of situation. Things which are thoroughly admitted, and which apparently cause no inconvenience in England, would be intolerable in France, and *vice versâ*. And this will long be the case, in spite of all those changes which show that the two countries are essentially approaching more and more nearly to each other.

Let me briefly recall the antecedents of what we call in France "the Clerical Question."

I.

The present France, from a social and political point of view, dates from the revolution of 1789, which substituted the rule of equality for that of privilege, the principle of popular sovereignty for that of absolute government by divine right, and the principle of religious liberty for that of uniformity legally imposed to the profit of the Roman Catholic religion alone. It may be affirmed to-day, whatever be the apparent contradictions which events have sometimes opposed to this assertion, that the nation, as a whole and in the mass, has never ceased to consider itself bound to these principles—principles which constitute, indeed, the very basis of its social existence.

And this also is certain, that the triumph of the Revolution has been much more complete in political and social than in religious matters. Absolute monarchy, by right divine, is quite dead. It was only under the mask of

the democratic forms with which it surrounded itself that personal rule was able to approach once more to the absolute under the two empires. It was these forms that disguised its real nature from the ignorant multitude. When, in 1830, an attempt was made to attach full powers to the monarchy of the Bourbons, under the plea of divine right, that attempt provoked an insurrection, which caused the downfall of the dynasty. Since '89 the nobility has never been able to regain any substantial privileges, and nothing so tries the patience of the French people as any apparent breach of equality, since they always regard such a breach as nothing short of injustice.

It has been quite otherwise with regard to religion. The Roman Catholic Church did what she could to delay and oppose the Revolution. She could not blind herself to the fact that logically this Revolution was opposed to her pretensions, degraded her from her privileged station, and opened wide the door to that freedom of research, of inquiry, and of belief, the principle of which she has never ceased to combat. For the true Roman Catholic, absolutely obedient to his traditions and his priest, the Revolution is not only a great political aberration, it is also a heresy, a religious error, a colossal impiety.

It is evident that the Revolution would not have taken place if the strength of the Roman Catholic beliefs which were still so vivid and so uncontested in France in the beginning of the eighteenth century, had not greatly declined in the minds of a vast number of Frenchmen during the second half of that century.

At the first outbreak, the Revolution, irritated by the opposition it met with from the Church, took violent measures against her. Not only did it make a *tabula rasa* of all the convents and monastic congregations, to the great delight of the people, who detested them, but it proceeded to close the religious edifices and to proscribe the priests.

In doing this, it exceeded both its rights and the views of the majority. When calmer times had come once more, the first Napoleon adopted a policy, not perhaps very far-sighted, but both popular and personally advantageous, in concluding the *Concordat* with the Pope. By this instrument the exercise of the Roman Catholic worship was re-established officially, not as that of the State Church, but as that of the majority of Frenchmen. It was subsidised by the Government and reinstated in the possession of its edifices.

But it is clear that the two contracting parties had used all their cunning to outwit each other. The Pope had brought himself to accept a less evil in order to cure a greater, and hoped so to utilise the concessions made to him as to obtain more. Napoleon, on his side, was quite willing to restore Catholicism with its bishops, its worship, and its pomp; but he had not the smallest intention of giving it any hold on affairs of State or on his own power. The Concordat, and the provisions which accompany it, bear witness to all the precautions which he took to retain in his own hands the real headship of the Church, and to prevent any invasion of internal affairs by the pontifical power. The only Catholicism which he recognised was Gallicanism, which denies the Infallibility of the Pope. He took special care to maintain all the revolutionary laws against convents and monks of every kind, whom he regarded as a foreign militia under the orders of Rome, and separated from their own country by a vow of absolute obedience to foreign superiors, and throughout his reign he prevented them from gaining a footing in France. At least, he only made an exception in favour of one or two orders of "brothers preceptors" working in the lower class schools which needed teachers, and of "sisters hospitaliers" to nurse the sick in the hospitals. Thenceforward it was admitted as a principle of public law

that no monastic order could establish itself in France without the authorisation of the State. For the same reason Napoleon I. was especially opposed to the Jesuits, whom he feared more than any other order, and against whom he was delighted to be able to use the decrees of banishment already passed by the Monarchy anterior to the Revolution (1767, 1773), and confirmed by the Revolution ; and when the Jesuits tried to reconstitute themselves in France under a very humble and modest disguise, with the name of " Fathers of the Faith," he gave the strictest orders for their expulsion.

When the Bourbons were restored in 1814 and 1815, the Catholic party raised its head, expecting to regain all that it had lost by the Revolution, and in the restored Monarchy it enjoyed, for the most part, a very indulgent support. Consequently, the liberal Anti-Bourbon party declared violent war against it. From this epoch date the most popular of Béranger's songs—

" Hommes noirs, d'où sortez-vous ? " &c.,

and the connection which the Government of Charles X. imprudently allowed to grow up between its own destinies and the clerical power was one of the chief causes of its unpopularity and its fall.

But we must remark that even then the Bourbon Government never wished to abrogate the laws which reserved to it the right of dissolving those religious orders whose encroachments on its authority it had reason to fear. The Jesuits were simply *tolerated*, and under Charles X., in order to satisfy public opinion, which was becoming more and more irritated against them, a royal decree even closed the schools which they had founded.

In the reign of Louis Philippe the clerical party was much weakened, especially during its earlier years, yet it profited by the very peaceable and Conservative inclinations of the king quietly to reinstate itself. Lacordaire

was not afraid to reconstitute the order of the Dominicans in spite of the laws, and the Government said nothing. The Jesuits reappeared, and reopened their educational establishments, and in 1847, in order to force the Government to apply the law against them and close them compulsorily, the Chamber of Deputies was obliged to show its indignation at the supineness of M. Guizot, notwithstanding the devotion to him of the majority of the members.

1848 arrived. The agitations of that troublous time diverted popular attention. The extravagances of the Radicals and the Socialists brought on a recoil of public opinion, of which he who soon afterwards became Napoleon III. adroitly made use. He wished to have upon his side what were called "the great Conservative forces": the army first, then the peasantry, then the great commercial and industrial world, then the clerical party, and with these last he made an actual compact, the most salient clause of which was the expedition to Rome and the restoration of the Pope in 1849-50. Once become Emperor, and still more when he was under the preponderating influence of the Empress Eugénie, he granted all sorts of favours to the clergy, to the religious orders, to the Jesuits, who profited greatly by them, and convents once more began to swarm over the land of France. Yet he no more consented than his predecessors to suppress the laws which made their existence always depend on the goodwill of the Government. He said, or his Ministers said for him, that the Jesuits were merely receiving "hospitality" as foreigners, and that he would keep the power of dismissing them if they abused it.

Such was the state of affairs when the disasters of 1870-71 befell the State. France, at death's door, had other things to occupy her than the question of the convents. Thiers feared that to so many causes of dissolution

would be added a religious quarrel. The Government of Marshal MacMahon, who succeeded him with the ill-concealed intention of overthrowing the Republic as soon as possible, drew its support from the clergy and, the whole clerical party, and every convent, every haunt of the Jesuits, was an armed fortress at war with the institution of the Republic. The defeat of MacMahon and his system at the elections of 1876, brilliantly confirmed by those of 1877, was the moral defeat of this party. But public opinion demanded securities; among others, the firm administration of the law.

The convents, especially those belonging to the Jesuits, are the object of popular hatred. They are regarded as an army of foreigners established on the soil and working for ends very different from the good of the country. We know that they curse the Revolution, and that they are preparing a new crusade against the social state which it has created. We see that the education which they give to the young is so conducted as to implant in them a horror of all maxims of liberty, of intellectual independence, and of patriotic pride, and to mould into blind subjects of the Pope all those whom parents, seduced by the moderation of their charges or the example of high Legitimist families, confide to their care. Again, the old grievances against the convents have once more sprung up. Many of them enrich themselves in a scandalous fashion, most frequently by taking advantage of the mental weakness of old men and of female devotees. The laws intended to prevent this sort of abuse are studied and evaded in such a manner that the courts of law are powerless to hinder the spoliation of families. Scandals of another kind are numerous, as must always be the case with orders which recruit their numbers by other means than the fervour and sincerity of those who join them.* In

* Thus the greater number of these monks, although directed by intelligent superiors, are in the highest degree vulgar. Among men, the desire to escape from the obligation of military service, the idea, true or false, that

a word, they are utterly unpopular, and the majority of the deputies elected in 1877 were obliged to promise their constituents that they would do all they could to get rid of what they regard as nothing less than "a leprosy."

II.

What must chiefly strike those who read this sketch of the vicissitudes and position of the clerical party in France, is the almost total absence of any fixed and well-devised principles in the conduct of the different Governments which have succeeded each other since the Revolution. Some have been anti-clerical, but they have not dared to carry their opposition to clericalism to its legitimate issue so as to render it henceforth powerless. Others have been more or less clerical, but while favouring the claims of the clergy as much as they could, they have taken no steps to disarm the State by suppressing those laws of the *ancien régime* and of the Revolution, which subordinate the existence of the monastic orders to the secular welfare of the State. Whence comes this hesitiation, this kind of timidity on both sides?

It arises naturally enough from the fact that the anti-clericals, who generally profess the principle of liberty, feel scruples at the idea of restraining the liberty of the Roman Catholic religion, which teaches the superiority of the monastic life over the common life, and which considers itself shackled, restrained, contradicted when it is not permitted to exhibit itself undisturbed in the motley orders which it loves to multiply in the bosom of the nation. Add to this, that the men at the head of anti-clerical Governments, themselves detached from the Roman Catholic creed, long had the greatest difficulty in the world in one need not work; among women, the facility of becoming *ipso facto* a sort of lady, a governess without passing examinations, a person of distinction on a footing of equality in the best society—such are unquestionably at this day, with the exception of some unhealthy mysticism, the causes of most of the so-called vocations.

regarding Catholicism as anything but a dying religion which it is politic to humour, since it still commands the sympathies of many, but which there is no longer any serious reason to fear. The idea that, on the contrary, in watchful and militant Catholicism is to be found the chief obstacle to the final establishment of democratic and liberal institutions,—this idea is now as widely spread as it was rare only twenty years ago; and when M. Gambetta, in one of those political speeches which have wakened so many echoes, said, “Clericalism, that is our enemy,” he only gave expression to what was already the private opinion of hosts of his countrymen.

As to those clerical Governments which were so by conviction, like that of Charles X., or by political calculation, like that of Napoleon III., if they held back from the suppression of the laws, which always hung like the sword of Damocles over the head of the monastic orders, it was because they could not conceal from themselves that the day might come when this militia, obeying in the last resort other wills than theirs, would constitute a fetter upon their power, a State within the State, a sort of theocracy, spreading like a drop of oil and making of France a mere Papal province, and of the sovereign of France a mere Papal prefect. Now, the “most Christian” kings and the French emperors always showed marks of the deepest respect for the Holy Father; but they were always very jealous of any infringement of their sovereignty within their own dominions, and very determined to be sole rulers in France. And in this, national opinion always supported them,—a fact which, I doubt not, will be well understood in England, where the people carried out the Reformation and the Revolution of 1688, because they would not tolerate the idea of an authority over countries under the royal dominion superior to that of the Crown of England.

Why have the Jesuits, of all other religious orders, so often been the object of mistrust, and even of decrees of banish-

ment, on the part of the most Catholic sovereigns? Because, of all the religious orders, this is the one which has most openly assumed the mission of bringing back the nations to complete obedience to the Holy Chair, and whose political influence has been, and is still, the most to be dreaded. It is, in short, a theocratic army working to bring the world to the theocracy.

In this regard, there is no fundamental difference among the various political forms of government which may enjoy a vigorous existence. Whether it be a king by divine right, or an emperor, or a constitutional monarch, or a people exercising sovereignty directly under a Republican form, the same necessity is always present. The sovereignty cannot be shared; it must be one; it cannot, without contradiction, co-exist with another in the same country—if it meets with a rival, war is inevitable, and sooner or later one must succumb.

If, then, the question now before France were only one of legality and of policy, the defence of the Government and of the resolutions which it has taken would be as easy as it would be simple. It would say: "I obey public opinion in carrying out laws which all the Governments that preceded me have recognised, maintained, and often carried out. The evil of which the people who appointed me complain arises from the very fact that these laws, while remaining in our codes, have not been observed, or have been observed only occasionally, without sequence and decision. In my relation to the Catholic Church, I keep within the limits of the Concordat and of the provisions which are her legal and constitutional charter in France, and which are opposed to the reconstitution of the monastic orders as well as to the establishment of the Jesuits on French soil. If a protestant, or Jewish, or Free-thinking association under foreign leaders gave occasion for the same charges, and exposed the national independence to the same dangers, I should unhesitatingly apply to it the same laws which

have at all times regulated such associations in France. We have done so quite recently with the Workmen's International Society, which enrolled our workmen, attracting them by an appeal to their interests, and placed them under the orders of irresponsible committees, more or less secret, sitting at Berlin or in London. I had proposed a certain arrangement in what was called Art. 7 of the Law of Higher Instruction, which excluded from the right of teaching in public, not the common clergy, but the members of those illegal congregations which excite so many complaints. The Senate considered this article illogical and out of place; I told it that, if it rejected it, I should be forced to take some measures perfectly legal, but more rigorous and more decisive, as the present situation was intolerable. The Senate did not change its mind in consequence of this. I can, therefore, do nothing but place things on a footing of strict legality. I dissolve the congregations of Jesuits, which are expressly forbidden by the laws, and I invite the other orders, under pain of condemning themselves to the same fate, to show me their rules and statutes, as the laws require, so that I may see whether I can grant them that authorisation without which (still according to the laws) they cannot exist. This is a condition to which all other associations—political, civil, commercial, literary, &c.—are subjected, and there is no reason for granting a privilege which nothing would justify to monastic associations. I might legally dissolve all of them to-morrow, but out of consideration for precedents which may have misled them, I grant them three months for reflection and preparation.* It is for them to choose their course."

* The delay granted will expire on June 29 this year. At the present moment (June 2) not a single monastic association has attempted to obey the invitation of the Government, and all seem to intend to keep an impassive silence. Indeed, their position is difficult. All their statutes contain a clause promising absolute obedience to a superior living out of France, and that alone will make it impossible for the French Government to authorise their existence without violating the law.

But I hasten to acknowledge that such questions cannot be decided solely from a political and legal point of view. There is another element of the utmost moment in the problem—the question of freedom of conscience and religious liberty. Have they not both been violated by the decrees of the 28th of March? I desire now to embark upon that discussion, and it will thus appear why this essay is called *National Independence and Religious Internationalism*.

III.

The fact is, that a far broader question is raised than that of the suppression or conservation of a few convents and Jesuitical establishments in France; this is merged in a far more general inquiry, which may be thus stated: In what relation does national independence stand towards organised religions which have their centre and must look for their guidance outside the country? This is a question very rarely faced in its full force, yet deserving of careful study.

Doubtless nothing would be more convenient or even more agreeable to every liberal mind than to solve it simply by carrying out the principle of liberty without any restriction or any limit. We so often see that Liberty furnishes the best solution of difficulties, and that her abuses correct themselves if only she is left intact for everybody, while, on the other hand, the limitations that have been set to her progress aggravate the evils which they were intended to prevent or to cure; we have so often before now seen Liberty justified by the result in science, in the Press, in religion, in commerce, in industry, that we always incline beforehand to side with those who pay her homage; and high and generous souls are beyond all others tempted to accept this theory in all its breadth and beauty. Nothing would be more agreeable to me than to adopt this view myself. Nevertheless, we must take care not to strangle Liberty while we embrace her, and I greatly fear that such

would be the result of the absolute application of the principle of liberty to the question of religious organisation in the case of a sacerdotal religion, dominating conscience, and overshadowing with its centralised hierarchy a whole group of diverse nations.

For the moment I leave entirely on one side that other cognate and very important question whether Liberty does not require to be protected from those who deny her, who work under her auspices to become stronger than herself, and who will hasten to suppress her as soon as they have succeeded. However interesting this question may be, I prefer keeping to the problem which I have just proposed.

We must start from the fact that absolute liberty cannot be realised, because the liberty of all is only gained by means of a number of restrictions on that of the individual. From the street police, without whom there would be no liberty for any one, up to the fundamental laws securing social and national existence, examples occur in all directions in support of this assertion. I have no right to shake my carpet or empty my basin out of window in our great cities, because such a liberty on my part would be disagreeable to people passing along my street. If I am not a member of Parliament, I have no right to intrude myself into the House and say to the members, face to face, many things which I might think it would be very useful for them to hear, and which my conscience might direct me to say to them. I have no right, when the Queen is seated on her throne, to ask her to decamp and make room for me.

In other words, absolute liberty would be the contradiction of liberty. It would be anarchy, licence, the overthrow of society; and we may truly say that the day which saw all men endowed with such liberty as this would see the annihilation of liberty. *True* liberty presupposes laws which, by restraining individual liberty, ensure and protect the regular and reciprocal enjoyment of general liberty.

I say the reciprocal enjoyment; for we must remember that liberty is, in fact, divided into several kinds, which necessarily limit each other. My personal liberty to go and come is limited by that of my neighbour to shut his door, or to enclose his garden with a wall, or only to let me enter it with his permission. He, on his side, if he chooses to set fire to his house, has no right to hinder the firemen from hastening to the spot and breaking open his door, in order to extinguish flames which threaten the whole neighbourhood. I am at liberty to publish in a newspaper whatever I think well to write; yet, if I make use of the Press to calumniate, insult, or defame my neighbour, I shall have to suffer the legal consequences of this wickedness just as if I had committed it in some other way. I am at liberty to dispose as I will of my fortune; but whether I choose or not, I have to pay some of my money to the tax collector every year; for the State could not protect me or ensure my liberty, or that of others, if it were deprived of the necessary means. In a word, every liberty of a certain kind is limited by a liberty of another kind, and the public liberty is a result of these reciprocal limitations.

Now, among these inevitable restrictions, there is none more evident, more generally admitted, more indisputable, than that which arises from the necessity of restraining individual liberty for the sake of national independence and security. Unless we accept those cosmopolitan theories which regard the sentiment of patriotism as a prejudice, national independence as a superstition, and our interest in it as narrow-mindedness, we must concede that, according to the measure of its needs, our country has the right to restrain our liberty, so far as to demand of us the pecuniary or personal help perceived to be necessary to its defence and security. And, in reality, it is in the interest of liberty that the State demands this of us; for where is the liberty of a country which is invaded, subjected, and oppressed by

strangers? A time may, indeed, be conceived in the distant future when national distinctions shall be effaced, when there shall be no more room to talk of patriotism, of national honour, of devotion to one's country. I am ready to admit such a conception (without believing in it). But, at any rate, the grass will have grown again and again over our dust before such a time comes; and we must deal with the reality of the present. Now, this reality is, that the most thorough Liberal consents to the most painful restrictions on his individual liberty when he is persuaded that the national independence requires it.

Let us apply these considerations to the religious problem.

Assuredly, if there is a domain where liberty is precious and sacred, it is this. If there is a species of liberty which should be respected to the utmost, it is liberty of conscience and of worship. If there is any which the legislator should guard with all possible care and respect compatible with other liberties, it is this.

Yet, who will dare, even here, to say that the line of limitation is never to be drawn? Will a Liberal Government respect suttee and thugs on the plea that we ought to respect even the wanderings and aberrations of religious belief? Is the Russian Government wrong in taking repressive measures against that sect of madmen who exalt mutilation into a sacrament? Would a religious association be tolerated which was founded on the principle that the arts of painting and sculpture are lasting offences to the Creator, and which caused its partizans to burn all pictures and statues, whether in private houses or museums? In all these cases, religious liberty would be restrained, and rightfully, in the name of public security, public morality, and public and private property.

In virtue, then, of what principle could we require a Government to refrain from every precautionary measure against religious institutions and beliefs whose very nature

makes them dangerous to that other precious possession, the source and guarantee of all liberties—national independence?

The question could not even occur in pagan antiquity. Then religion and country were one. It has been altogether different since the appearance of religions claiming to be universal—in fact, international—which spread over a great number of different countries. From that time it has been the duty of Governments both to ensure liberty of faith to their subjects (a duty which has hardly been thoroughly understood till our own day), and at the same time to watch *ne quid detrimenti res publica capiat*.

This duty has been rendered still more imperative by the constitution of Roman Catholicism, which, left to its natural course, tends to transform the world into a theocracy, the absolute head of which is the Pope.

This is so true, that even in those times when the Catholic faith reigned without a rival, monarchs were not only obliged to take precautionary steps to avoid losing all their authority, but they were sustained and supported in their claims by their subjects, as soon as the latter were sufficiently enlightened to understand the bearings of the question. Every thoughtful mind will perceive that the famous distinction between *temporal* and *spiritual* always evaporates very speedily in the presence of facts. There is so much that touches upon the domains of both that the power which rules the spiritual is sure, in reality, to be master of the temporal. The Governments, whether they were attached to the Catholic faith or inspired with the principle of religious liberty, thus always found themselves, indeed, obliged to respect Roman Catholic consciences, to let their Roman Catholic subjects fulfil the duties of their religion and enjoy the ministrations, indispensable to them, of their clergy, who were in communion with the Pope; but, at the same time, and just because of the enormous power which this gave to the Bishop of

Rome, they strove to establish safeguards for their own independence, which was closely bound up with the national independence. Hence the Pragmatic Sanctions, the Concordats, and many other measures which they took of their own accord, from their own initiative, and without always consulting the Bishop of Rome.

Protestantism, which also, doubtless, has its faults, has, at any rate, this great advantage—that, international in its essential principles, it is eminently national in its distinct organisation in each country. With it no central Church has authority over foreign Churches. Its Head, Jesus Christ, is in heaven, and never interferes with politics. If, then, Protestantism is strong in a country, if the Roman Catholic minority is too weak, too poor, too far removed from the direction of affairs, to exercise a preponderating influence on the national Government, the latter can afford to neglect the hypothesis of dangers arising from granting full and entire liberty to that minority; and, rather than even appear arbitrarily to restrain that liberty, it can, without inconvenience, maintain it intact.

It is quite otherwise when Roman Catholicism is professed by the great majority of the inhabitants of a country. I say “professed,” for in order for a traditional and organised religion to exercise great power over a population, it is by no means necessary that its doctrines should be *believed* by all those who outwardly adhere to it. This remark is especially applicable to France, where multitudes of men no longer believe in the Roman Catholic doctrines, but do not for that reason ostensibly detach themselves from the Church into which they were born. The majority of the women are still true believers, which suffices to make the outward profession carry with it many concessions and attentions to the clergy in the family circle, in questions of education, and in the important events of life, the birth of children, religious instruction, marriages, funerals, and so forth.

The Concordat, still in full vigour, which was concluded between the first Napoleon and the Pope, is so far good that it protects the national independence whilst leaving to Roman Catholicism great freedom of worship, of teaching, and of discipline. It is the Government which nominates the bishops. The Council of State may proceed against them if they abuse their powers. They must swear obedience to the laws of the State. The Bulls and ordinances of the Pope have no official value in France unless they have been approved by the Government. These essential clauses, still further strengthened by several others of less importance, really prevent the national independence from running any risk through the fact that the Roman Catholic Church in France recognises as its spiritual chief a foreign bishop. But it is very different when we pass from the Church properly so-called to the monastic orders.

The laws only notice these to impose on them the obligation of having themselves recognised and authorised by the State. But these laws are rarely or never applied, and hence the situation grows more perilous every day.

Here are associations, more or less secretly formed and spreading over the whole face of the land, which, by degrees, substitute their action for that of the normal, known, and responsible clergy. These associations are composed of men and women who, in the name of the creeds which the Church teaches, not only claim, but actually obtain, a respect, and a deference, and an influence of an extraordinary kind. They soon grow rich, because, in spite of waning faith, there are still a great number of rich and simple souls who think to obtain grace from on high by giving or bequeathing considerable wealth and property to the monastic institutions. Remember that all capital and all property which pass into these monastic hands are lost for ever to society ; for the convent is an institution which always receives and never gives. Their influence grows with their riches. It is soon plain that, having by their

mode of life and their vows, become strangers to civil society, the members of these associations sink into the mere tools of chiefs who have no care whatever for the interests, the needs, the liberties, or even the independence of the country. Not an attack upon liberty, not a political reaction, not a plot for restoration, not a war however hostile to the well-being of this nation, not a project compromising our safety, not a movement disapproved and condemned by an educated public opinion, but is sure to find in these mysterious corporations, eluding as they do all control, so many allies offering them every facility in preparation and in execution. The books on morals issued by these societies are of a revolting immorality, teaching the people that they must, before all things, submit to sacerdotal authority, and that on this condition, every sin, even crime itself, may be excused.* Little by little, civil society feels itself clasped, as it were, by the arms of an octopus, which sucks and exhausts it and paralyses its movements, and which, if it is left to itself, will end by stifling and killing it.

And society, forsooth, is to submit to be strangled in this way without any effort for liberty! To such a demand a living society will never yield. It regards the members of these dangerous associations as to all effects and purposes foreigners, and it has always been universally admitted that a Government has the right to eliminate foreigners who, in its own territory, abuse the hospitality accorded to them by fomenting troubles and forming conspiracies which will compromise the peace and safety of the country.

It will be said that if Roman Catholicism is recognised and protected, it must also be permitted to develop itself as it thinks fit, and that for it monastic orders are indispensable. Roman Catholicism may undoubtedly consider the

* See the terrible revelations which, though not the first in the field, M. Paul Bert has just published, with so much vigour and knowledge and scrupulous fidelity, in his "*Morale des J  suites*," Paris, 1886.

formation of religious orders desirable and natural. But nowhere has it dared to say that it cannot live without them, and by signing the Concordat, which made no mention of them, the Pope acknowledged that they were not absolutely necessary. Roman Catholicism complains of being bound and hampered when it cannot impose itself upon dissidents and change all the laws for its own exclusive advantage. Are we, therefore, to abolish religious liberty, and to re-establish the ancient State Church, endowing it with sole right of existence?

It will be said that it is very unsafe to leave the State to decide whether a religious institution is or is not dangerous to the national security and independence, and that, if you do so, you justify those kings of France who persecuted the Protestants, since they considered them as outside the pale of the nation, and as an element hurtful to the welfare of the realm. It is, however, absolutely necessary that, if there are dangerous institutions, the decision should rest with some one; and with whom should it rest if not with the Government which emanates from the will of the people? As to the Protestants, they always recognised the right of former kings to take such precautions against them as their mistrust of them dictated, as, for example, to forbid them to form alliances with foreign Powers, and provided that their freedom of worship and instruction was left untouched, they submitted to the laws of their country.

In a word, every French Government springing from the Revolution at this day, and having in charge its maxims and its principles, when it is confronted with the monastic orders and its precautionary measures in reference to them, must take its stand upon the plea, "*Non posse aliter.*"

Either the general liberty is to be maintained in France, in which case we must get rid of the army of foreigners illegally banded together, which is labouring to destroy it; or else the principle of absolute liberty is to be conceded to this army itself, all laws to the contrary notwith-

standing, in which case we may chant the dirge of Liberty ! No third course is possible. All those nations with a preponderance or a very large proportion of Roman Catholics which have wished to live under a free government—Italy, Spain, Switzerland—have been constrained to submit to this necessity. Belgium will soon be compelled to do the same.

The principles of an international religion have a right to the most complete liberty. If the organisation and hierarchy of that religion are themselves national, there is no necessity to restrain their free exercise. But if this organisation has its centre abroad, and if, outside its acknowledged relations with its head, which are open to free discussion, it forms secret societies paying servile obedience to foreign superiors and working under their direction to carry out their plans of political and social subversion under the cloak of religion, the most Liberal Government is sooner or later compelled to take steps for the preservation of the national independence.

Nor must it be said that the application of the laws concerning the monastic orders would be ineffectual. Undoubtedly, with the cunning and sullen spirit which has always marked the proceedings of the Jesuit party, it would be vain to think that a few ordinances or decrees would suffice to put an end to its work. But, in France, we know by experience, since we have seen it, that such an application of the laws does at all events reduce the existing evil to a minimum without importance.

Such is the simple explanation of the conduct of the present French Government ; and we are among those who hold that, in estimating the situation, it is unjust to blame that Government for taking measures applauded by all who see in the maintenance of the national independence the first and most essential condition of the maintenance of liberty itself.

Paris.

ALBERT RÉVILLE.

FRANCE AND THE JESUITS.

CERTAIN questions present themselves in the political and social life of the more advanced nations, which possess the unpleasant characteristic of constantly recurring, however seriously they may have been supposed to be finally settled.

Amongst these is the question of the Jesuits.

A century ago, when the *Societas Jesu* was expelled from almost all the Catholic countries and disbanded by the Papal Chair itself, who would have thought that after a hundred years the Governments would again stand face to face with the very question that the eighteenth century seemed to have solved for all generations to come? Least of all could any such danger have been anticipated for France. Not only was the Order condemned by Royal Edicts of Louis XV. (1764) and Louis XVI. (1777), but the Parlement also, by the repeated arrests of August 6, 1762, December 1, 1764, and May 9, 1767, had refused the Jesuits all right of existence or of abode in the kingdom. And amid all the changes which the following years brought into the principles of Government, the sentence against the Order was never reversed; but, on the contrary, the ordinances specially directed against it were supported by measures of wider scope, under which it was included with others. There was the resolution of the Constituent Assembly (February 13-19, 1790) dissolving all Orders that required a solemn monastic oath; the resolution of August 18th, 1792, dissolving all religious associations whatever; and, finally, the eleventh article of the Concordat of 18th

Germinal, year X., by which the previous resolutions were confirmed, and no religious institutions were allowed, except the canonical chapters of the episcopal cathedrals and one seminary for each diocese.

Surely, enough has been said to show that Jesuitism was long ago condemned and expelled from France as far as law could do it. But the very number of these decrees rouses our suspicions. Why was a new law wanted, when the old one bore every mark of a final settlement? It must have been, as the Edict of 1777 declares, that certain Jesuits still appeared to be left! A new law was therefore needed to supplement the weakness of its predecessor. But all was of no avail. Monarchy, Revolution, First Republic, First Empire, Restoration, July Monarchy, Second Republic, Second Empire came and went; but in defiance of ordinances, edicts, resolutions, and laws, both old and new, the Jesuits remained! In 1826 the Court of Douai had again to establish the principle that the Jesuits, having no right of existence, could not inherit property. Two years afterwards the Chamber passed another resolution to the effect that the Jesuits had no legal existence in France. But, legal or illegal, there they were! In 1845 it was M. Thiers who questioned the Government in the Chamber as to the enforcement of the laws against the Jesuits, and the Chamber did not proceed to the order of the day till it had declared that it looked to the Government to carry out the laws.

Never has one of these ordinances been repealed. If there is one thing certain, as a matter of law, it is that there can be no Jesuits in France. And yet, now that France has broken for good with the *ancien régime*, and the will of the people has had complete control of public affairs for ten years, the whole country is once more thrown into commotion by the resolution of the Government to enforce the laws against the Jesuits.

It must be acknowledged that the Order may claim the honour of having carried on the campaign for a hundred years, at the end of which its opponents declare that they are now going to do what they resolved upon a century ago.

So France is confronted once again by the old problem of what to do with the Jesuits!

Will the present attempt to solve it succeed? Will the decree of March 29th be carried out? And will the country be benefited by such a solution of the old problem?

Probably the present French Government may reckon upon the approval of the whole Liberal party if they compel the Jesuits to quit the homes of their Order on June 29th, and to close their educational institutions on August 31st. Public opinion has declared itself pretty generally in favour of these measures, as free from any real intolerance, and imperatively demanded by the public interest. Indeed, the enjoyment of equal rights and liberties by every class of citizens is the very principle in defence of which these laws are invoked, so far do they seem from infringing it. A sound policy, it is argued, must not be content with simply following certain fixed principles, but must also take account of the special circumstances under which they are to be applied. What would be practicable and desirable in a Protestant nation might be extremely dangerous to a Catholic people. A difference of political education necessitates a totally different administration. Peoples like the English, the Dutch, and the Swiss, who have been accustomed for centuries to govern themselves, may be able to bear what would prove disastrous to nations which have but just escaped from the curb of despotism. So with France. The people are Catholic, and are therefore open to the influence of the priesthood, and how dangerous to the progress of civilisation that influence may be is shown by the most

melancholy instances as late as in our own century. But yet, if the State had only to deal with the regular clergy, it might, with the help of the Concordat, restrain the abuse of spiritual power within some kind of limits. Far greater, however, is the danger that threatens political and social life from the side of the monastic brotherhoods, which have spread like a net over all the country, which do not even obey the spiritual authorities of their own Church, which always work in the dark, and whose purpose it is to overthrow the established order of things, and to bring the people once more under the sway of a Theocracy that has sworn the death of all enlightenment and progress. Add to this that all these knights-errant of obscurantism are in the service of a foreign potentate, who longs to crush the free development of the national life, and to issue his mandates to the country from the other side of the mountains. Is this to be endured? Is it to be quietly overlooked in the midst of a people whom its history shows to be so incapable as yet of defending itself against Ultramontanist agitations? Should a change in the popular sentiments, secretly fostered by the agents of despotism, presently overthrow the still youthful Republic, and close for long years to come the prospect that has now been opened of free and powerful national growth, would not the blame be deservedly thrown on the shoulders of a Government which had failed to make timely provision against the danger by putting into force the laws against illegal societies? And there is another danger besides that of political reaction. The highest of all interests, those of morality itself, are at stake. It is no longer a secret what the Jesuits are and what they teach. Any one who likes to look into their handbooks may see with his own eyes how they poison the conscience with their morals, how they infringe the sanctity of marriage and undermine all honour and good faith. "A pest to society" is their well-earned title. And are these the men we are to

leave unchecked to plot and scheme as they will, to whom the confessional and the education of the people are to be entrusted, though the popular voice cries out for their expulsion, and the laws which prohibit their abode in France have been ready for a hundred years? Who would dare to incur such a responsibility? Surely, if the Government knows its duty, it will not be restrained by any fear of seeming intolerant. The time has come for action; for now the support of the great majority of the people may be reckoned on. The laws must be put into force, and on the 29th of June, 1880, not a single house of the Order of the Jesuits must be left open in France.

Such are the arguments used, and it would be idle to deny their force.

On one point, at least, there can be no difference of opinion amongst the friends of progress and morality; namely, that it would be a blessing for France, or for any other civilised country, if it could be freed at once and for ever from the Jesuits.

When you meet a Jesuit, it is very possible that you stand in the presence of a saint whose compliance with the severest demands of the Gospel puts you to utter shame; but it is very certain that you see before you a hereditary foe between whom and yourself there can be nothing but war to the very death.

This extraordinary contrast faces us in all the doings and in all the members of the Order. In its noblest works we are forced to detest it, in its foulest machinations it extorts our admiration.

Nowhere on earth perhaps is the great principle of absolute self-devotion so completely carried out, nowhere is the ideal so perfectly realised as in Jesuitism. Hence it can never include more than a small picked band. For ordinary human powers the task is too hard.

To be nothing at all for one's self, to have no thoughts, no

feelings, no wishes or will of one's own, to know nothing but the one law of obedience, and to follow it alone and always and everywhere—nothing is conceivable more immoral, or whereby greater things may be accomplished.

Put this mania of obedience to the service of heathen missions, or the tasks of philanthropy, and you will witness miracles of self-sacrificing love. Lay the same mania under the orders of some unhallowed ecclesiastical interest, and it desolates society.

Alas! we see more of the latter, at present, than of the former. Not that the Jesuits have gone backwards. They never change. But society has gone forwards. It is rearing itself everywhere on the foundations of the free civil life, and wherever this free life flourishes, ecclesiastical authority and ecclesiastical interests are doomed. The suppression of this modern civilisation, therefore, is a matter of life and death to the Church. To this end she is straining all her powers, and the Jesuits are by their very nature the appointed van of the Church's army in the warfare.

Let us have no mistake as to the nature of the conflict. It is for life and death. Constitutionalism, popular education, free growth, development are on one side; despotism, obscurantism, protectionism are on the other. Such are the opposing forces; and how can we dream of making peace or even of finding a *modus vivendi* between them? It follows that, if the statesmen that have charge of the affairs of France intend to uphold the Republic, if they intend to improve the education of the people, if they mean to lay a strong foundation for the nation's growth in its domestic and social life, then they will strike against the opposition of the Jesuits at every step; and no consummation is more devoutly to be wished than that they should succeed in expelling the Order, and so putting an end to its machinations for good and all.

Or is it possible that the modern conception of the duties

of the State forbids the application of the existing laws? It may be asked whether the Government has really any right to interfere with the doctrines of an ecclesiastical society, whether it should not stand completely aloof as long as nothing is done which demands the attention of the criminal law. The question is more easily asked than answered. Nothing is harder than to define the limits of State authority in modern days. Between the absolute tyranny of the State and its mere maintenance of the police there are so many possible shades in the relation it may hold to society, that no general rule of universal applicability can possibly be laid down. I shall certainly make no attempt to accomplish such a task, but shall content myself with the single observation, the justice of which will scarcely be disputed, that no form of policy is good except in so far as it corresponds with the special needs of the people. The State is the expression of the organised life of the people, and the peculiar character of the institutions of the State must depend on the character and development of the popular life. For instance, the power and authority given to the Central Government must be greater or less according to the degree of self-government which the people has learned to exercise. If the English system were introduced into Russia the result would be simple anarchy, while, on the other hand, the English people would not endure the Russian system for a single instant. Looking at the resolutions of the French Government of March 29th from this point of view, I dare not aver that they are inconsistent with a sound conception of the functions of the State. In Holland they would certainly deserve reprobation, for there they would be in direct opposition to political tradition and to public opinion. But in France it is otherwise. The resolutions in question simply declare that the laws which have been drawn up by many previous governments should be put into force. This shows in itself that they are

keeping within the lines of historical tradition. And, moreover, in France the central authority has always possessed great powers and exercised extensive control over the social life. Where else has the throne ever had such prestige as there? The ever-repeated and ever-abortive attempt to establish the Republic throughout the early and middle decades of the present century shows that the French are still in a state of pupillage; and now that the blunders and crimes of the Second Empire have once more made the Republic the only possible form of government for France, it would be a reckless policy indeed that should aim at introducing the self-government of the Americans or the Swiss. It is easy to dismiss a king or an emperor, but no one can create a new national life at a moment's notice. The national traditions must be respected, even while they are being modified, if any lasting effect is to be produced; and the resolutions of March 29th have, therefore, a right of existence in France that, in many other countries, they would be unable to claim.

These arguments acquire all the more force when we remember that the questions involved are religious and ecclesiastical; for the separation of Church and State is not a part of the French *régime*. The right of existence of the Catholic Church is founded on the Concordat of 1801, just as that of the Protestant communities rests on the law of 1802. The authorisation of religious societies is an acknowledged function of the Government, and for the due exercise of that function it is bound to take cognisance of the doctrines and regulations of the societies that desire to establish themselves in the country. If it considers the principles of any special Order hurtful to the common weal, no one will maintain that it is exceeding its powers in refusing to allow that Order to establish itself in France; and, as a matter of fact, the opposition of the clerical party to the decrees of March 29th does not challenge the powers of the

Government, but simply protests against the use it makes of them. And, however certain we may feel ourselves that the separation of Church and State is a sound principle, we have certainly no right to insist on its applicability to France. If the French Government thinks it its duty, in the interests of the country, to expel the Jesuits, it is placing itself in the line of a tradition which has run through the whole political life of France in this as in the previous century.

The expulsion of the Jesuits is in itself desirable, and as a matter of political propriety, in France at least, there is nothing to be urged against it. It seems to follow that the measures of the French Government deserve approval.

My conclusion, however, is different; for all that can be said in favour of these measures is outweighed by the one conclusive objection to them—*they are impracticable*.

If we are to regard the decrees as nothing more than a kind of demonstration by which the wishes of the people may be gratified, or at least diverted, for a moment, but from which no one looks for any essential change in the state of affairs, then it is needless to discuss them any further. Such little shifts of policy hardly seem consonant with the dignity of the Government of a great country, but may, for anything we know, have their advantages; and it has often been said that Statecraft cannot live by the simple rules of commonplace morality.

But such an interpretation of the resolutions of March 29th cannot be adopted without further proof except at the cost of the honour of the French Government. The connection between these resolutions and the rejection of the celebrated "Seventh Article" forbids any other interpretation than that, when the Government were deprived of the weapon they had hoped to find in the famous Article, they felt that their only means of protecting the popular education was to have recourse to

those laws which enabled them to banish from the country the most formidable enemies of the national development. Unless they were prepared to incur the suspicion of having played a solemn farce, they must have been in earnest in their intention of carrying out the laws against the Jesuits, and in that case they must have believed that they would answer their purpose, and effect the suppression of Jesuitism.

We are, at any rate, bound to suppose that this was the case.

But if so, the questions instantly rise to our lips : "Have you never reflected upon the experience of every country, including your own, which has tried this very same experiment? Has it not invariably ended with the return of the Jesuits? These previous laws were not, in every case, a dead letter from the first. They were carried out for a time, and, in some cases, with great severity. But what was the result? Why, that the same law had constantly to be renewed, and was always equally futile, and that now, a hundred and sixteen years after the decree of the Parlement in 1764, you are as near your object as you were then, and no nearer! What reason is there to suppose that you will be more successful now?"

Possibly some reliance is placed on the progress of popular intelligence, which may have taught the people at last to know their true friends from their false ones, and may furnish the Government with powerful support. If this confidence is justified, the people have certainly made a great step since they sanctioned the *coup d'état* of 1851 by more than seven million votes. But let us suppose it to be so. Let us suppose that Catholic France has learned to think and act towards Jesuitism like an enlightened Protestant country. What then? We have recently seen what may be expected under these very circumstances from measures like those which are now being taken in France. Germany—which is good enough to try such systems as

those of the May Laws and the Protectionist tariff for the sake of warning other peoples—Germany has done what France is going to do. It has driven its Jesuits across the frontier, and has brought the Church under a discipline that is to disarm her resistance to modern culture. If ever circumstances were possible which would promise success to this attempt, they were realised under the strong government of the Imperial Chancellor, with a man like Falk at his side, with a representative body that surrendered itself absolutely to his guidance, with a press that supported him almost unanimously, with an army that made material resistance impossible. And what has been the result? We had the opportunity of hearing it from the Imperial Chancellor himself when he delivered his angry rebuke to the triumphant Centre on May 8th in the Reichstag, and said, amongst other things, "If I see that the power of the Centre cannot be broken, and that all the other parties are disorganised, and if I therefore resign, I must propose that a cabinet should be formed out of members of a circle in which it will be possible to harmonise the wishes of the Centre with those of the Conservatives." Do these words need any commentary to bring out the bitterness of the disappointment that speaks in them? And then we have the proposal of May 21st, in the Prussian Landstag, of a change in the laws which should allow the Government to modify its ecclesiastical policy by making whatsoever concessions may seem fit to the overpowering strength of the Church party. The assurance is still given with great emphasis, "We are not going to Canossa;" but who can deny that the face of the German Government already is turned towards it, and that the first decisive step has been taken? An authoritative journal, like the *Kölnische Zeitung*, goes so far as to say that, if the Government should avail itself of this law by once more recognising the official position of such men as the Archbishops of Posen and Cologne, it would be

nothing less than the far-famed "journey to Canossa." And on the other side, the Ultramontane organ, the *Germania*, haughtily rejects these anticipated advances of the State, and represents it as an insult to the Church to dare to come forward with such proposals until the whole principle of the May Laws has been definitely surrendered.

Now, officially speaking, there is not a single Jesuit in Germany, though, possibly Jesuitism has never shown its power there more mightily than at the present moment. Does the Imperial Chancellor never launch a secret anathema against his own work?

People talk of the expulsion of the Jesuits as if they were a gang of coiners, who could be quietly sent into banishment and done with. They forget that the Order is not a simple association of individuals, but the representative of a principle. How are you to set about banishing that principle? You close the houses in which it is supposed to have its abode, and it straightway enters the office of a newspaper that circulates through the length and breadth of the land, or it ascends the pulpit and under the mighty shield of religion lashes the people into a frenzy against you, or it sits in the confessional to whisper its secret orders into the ears of the faithful. How can you meet it now? You deprive the Order of the right of teaching; and before long there comes a "*Jésuite à robe courte*," who complies with all the requirements of your educational code, and then proceeds to teach everything that you prohibited him from teaching in the schools of his own Order in *your* schools, at your expense, and under your patronage. All that you have accomplished is to compel him for a time to change his name and to change his clothes, and thereby you have really made him twice as dangerous as he was before.

The Order represents a principle, and it is no other than the principle of Catholicism itself. As long as Catholicism exists, therefore, Jesuitism will exist also. Let it not be

said that this is a paradox; I do not mean that Catholicism and Jesuitism are synonymous terms. I do not deny that the great majority of Catholics detest the Jesuits' doctrines and morals as heartily as all Protestants do. But no one can deny, if he really reflects upon it, that Loyola simply pushed the principle of the Catholic faith—the principle of the absolute authority of the Church, and the absolute obedience of the faithful which it involves—to its extreme but legitimate consequences. There is nothing in Jesuitism, not even in its detestable ethics, which cannot be deduced with inevitable logic from the principle of Catholicism. Once grant what Catholicism demands—the sacrifice of your own judgment and your own conscience—and the Jesuit has you in his power as soon as he chooses. He can drag you step by step into the darkest recesses of his dialectic, where every wrong is transformed into right and every evil into good. It will be no easy task to bring you to this point. A man's moral nature is happily far stronger than his system. The Church itself was not easily brought to it. Not till the Protestant opposition to the principle had become a historical force did Catholicism utter its last word against it. Where the Church has not to encounter this opposition it is not driven to its own extreme position. It can give a certain measure of freedom to the conscience of its individual members, which allows them to remain good Catholics without so much as knowing, far less accepting, the extreme consequences of the Catholic principle. But where the two principles stand sharply defined against each other, where the freedom of the individual conscience and the independence of the political and social life are openly proclaimed, there the Church has no choice but to answer with the genuine Catholic : *Perinde ac cadaver*.

Now the transformation that society is undergoing in our time consists in the very fact of its being freed from

every form of supposed divine authority and re-organised on an independent basis. Popular self-government by means of freely chosen representatives, civil marriage, secular education, equality in the eye of the law, freedom of the press, in a word, every feature which distinguishes our civil life from that of the former ages is in diametrical opposition to the Catholic view of the world. How can it be otherwise than that the Church, striking everywhere upon the negation of her principle, should turn that very principle, in all its distinctness and worked into its extremest consequences, against the society that seeks her life? The languid days of the eighteenth century, in which Catholicism itself condemned Jesuitism, are gone by. The conflicting principles stand off sharp and clear from one another—the modern State and society on the one side, and Catholicism as interpreted by Loyola on the other.

What matter then if, when the strain is hardest, you forbid the Jesuits to dwell in your land? Do you not see that it is you yourselves who are compelling the Church to be Jesuit? You will not harm her by driving a handful of the brothers of the Order across your frontiers, for she will set a representative of Jesuitism in your path in every priest and in every believer. She cannot help it. For her, as for you, it is a question of life and death. If she made concessions to the spirit of the age, she would be signing her own death-warrant. *Sit ut est aut non sit*. This must be her motto. With the name of Jesuitism or without it, it will still be the same battle, the same weapons, the same goal.

When this is the state of things, what good can be expected from a determination on the part of the Government to proceed to measures which can but make the contest more bitter still?

Jesuitism is not to be met by laws and police. The only

way of expelling it is to make the ground unfit for its operations. As long as the unclean spirit can find the house from which it was banished empty, it will return with seven other spirits worse than itself. Not till the house is taken possession of by a good spirit will the bad one give up the attempt to re-occupy it. Progress and culture must make the peoples insensible to the influence of Jesuitism. But progress and culture cannot do it alone ; at least, not if they simply mean intellectual improvement. In the last resort it all depends upon the conscience and the character. The greatest danger that threatens us in this conflict comes not from our opponents, but from the indifference and feebleness of character of so many that are counted our friends. Liberalism without any earnest purpose is little better than obscurantism. What have you gained if you take away a school from a Jesuit for fear he should teach the scholars the abuse of religion, and hand it over to one who will teach them the contempt of religion ? What have you gained if you fill the people with hatred of the children of darkness, but without making the light of truth and purity and devoutness break into their hearts and homes ?

National education, in the sense of the moral elevation of the people, is what it all turns on. It is an incalculably long road, but the only one that guides us to our destination. If the Governments will lead the way along this road they will do better for us than by stretching forth the strong arm of the law. The Jesuit problem in its deepest foundation is a problem, not of politics, but of morals.

L. W. E. RAUWENHOFF.

Leiden, May, 1880.

SOME TENDENCIES OF MODERN BIOLOGY.

IT is simply ventilating a truism to assert that few thoughtful persons amongst us can watch the signs of the times without arriving at the conclusion that biological research and speculation constitute powerful factors in modifying opinions of various kinds, and in affecting, in divers ways, the thoughts and thinking of the age. It were but a commonplace remark to say that there exists hardly a department of modern thought which does not owe to biology, as pursued by the foremost minds of our day, either somewhat of gratitude or something of a grudge. Philosophers and truth-seekers, on the one hand, especially such as are unfettered by traditions and eager to welcome new phases, if not of truth, at least of warrantable speculation about the truth, have rejoiced very audibly in the raids and incursions of biology into fields from which, in past years, science of well-nigh every kind was debarred. Religionists, on the other side, frequently bewail the modifications in their special departments which an eager speculation, founded largely upon biological tenets and teachings, has wrought. Indeed, the influence of the *Zeitgeist* in biology has nowhere been better demonstrated than in the theological and religious side of life and work. In all probability, had modern research into the history of living beings left the great problems of theology and those dealing with the moral life untouched, biology would have been looked upon in a purely abstract light by the public at

large, and would have seemed to them of solely technical importance.

But the period in which we live favoured the development of that interaction betwixt science and public opinion which it is my purpose to discuss in this paper. Religion and theology retorted upon science; and even the poetry of these latter days becomes largely tinged with the hue of biological speculation, and our poets make endeavours now and then to discuss those aspects of scientific questions which have become public property. Nor have theologians and poets claimed a monopoly of criticism in things scientific and ethical. Not a presidential address is now delivered before the British Association, but the daily press finds therein food for reflection, whilst the subject of the President's paper will afford matter whereon the weeklies and monthlies will duly ruminate in turn. And thus, day by day and year by year, the signs of an increasing interest in science-topics loom more broadly before us. Science primers litter the booksellers' counters, and are bought by the hundreds who read to reflect, and by the thousands who read for instruction as well as for amusement. Our schools afford means for scientific culture, and our boys and girls are turned out into the green pastures of the world with at least a fair modicum of knowledge concerning the universe, its constitution and life. And whilst of old the mere sight of an eminent scientific man in public was regarded as *caviare* to the vulgar, or was thought of very much after the fashion in which a live dodo might be esteemed an object of interest and attraction, our *savants*, great and small, now mix familiarly with the people, appear as the presiding geniuses of popular assemblies for the discussion of things in general, and are only too pleased to ascend the rostrum and instruct the masses in science—dealing with matters varying in importance from Assyrian archæology or the problem of the Pyramids, to the nature

of the Megatherium or the latest discovery of "missing links" between birds and reptiles in the New World.

Truly, we have lighted upon strange times, which will form no unimportant epoch in the history of modern thought when a twentieth-century chronicler shall set his household in order that he may begin his labours. To the minds even of persons who may not be deeply interested in one phase or other of the great questions of the day, and who like best to drift with the majority whither the tide of opinion may lead, the influences and tendencies of biological speculation present, nevertheless, subjects with which they are not altogether unfamiliar. And although in the present paper I may fully disclaim any pretensions to an exhaustive treatment of the topic in question, I may still contrive, without overweighting my literary or critical responsibilities, to indicate the direction in which the current of opinions biological appears to an onlooker to be setting and beginning to flow.

There is, perhaps, little need to preface our chronicle by the remark that the modern phases of speculation concerning life and living things are coincident with the growth of those ideas concerning the world and its tenants, which are best denominated by the terms "Uniformitarianism" and "Evolution." The views concerning the modifying causes at work in nature, expressed simultaneously by Darwin and Mr. A. R. Wallace at the Linnæan Society on July 1st, 1858, and the publication in 1859 of the "Origin of Species," may be said to present us with the starting-points of a controversy which has involved in its wake not merely biology itself, but geology, psychology, and a whole retinue of other sciences. But if the actual revolution in biological opinion may be said to have begun in 1858, portents and auguries of the coming decade were visible, nevertheless, for many years previous to the last-named period—signs, these, obvious enough to the few who knew how to

observe and interpret them. Passing over Benoit de Maillet and his book bearing the anagrammatic title of "Telliamed," and dealing with the origin of the world and its inhabitants, we find in Lamarck's works probably the first philosophic, but crude, enunciation of the views which, in their full fruition, became expanded and developed to form the evolution-hypotheses of to-day. Between 1801 and 1815 Lamarck enlarged the conceptions published in his "*Philosophie Zoologique*." Therein he expressed his belief in the transmutation and modification of species as opposed to the doctrine of Special Creation. He saw and experienced the difficulty of distinguishing between "species" and "varieties," and he insisted upon the marked effects of adaptation as produced by habit and disuse, as well as upon the existence of a continuous progress and development in nature at large.

Here and there, but chiefly in the form of opinions expressed as general inductions from special cases and contained in philosophic and scientific memoirs, we light upon the belief of naturalists that a law of change and progress was at work amongst living species. Now it is Von Buch, and now Grant; later on Owen adds his testimony to the existence of some law other than that of special creation, operating in some fashion or other in the production of species and races. Then came the "*Vestiges of Creation*,"—crude, indeed, in many of its ideas, and almost mystical in others, but combating, in any case, the idea of the literalism of the Mosaic narrative with reference to the development of living things. Next came Darwin and Wallace; next succeeded Herbert Spencer's systematic analysis of evolution, and his synthetic labours in building up a new philosophy thereon; and the mention of such labours brings us to the days that are at hand, and to the present attitude of speculative philosophy which it is our intention to chronicle.

Thus the peculiarities which may be shown to mark the present period are to be viewed as the results of no sudden development of scientific "sweetness and light," but as the outcome of a slow and gradual growth of opinions in a stated direction. Turning now to the more personal history of biology, and of zoology in particular, let us see how the transition stage was passed through, and how such metamorphosis affected the science in question. The decade wherein Cuvier lived and laboured may be described as a thoroughly *morphological* epoch. In other words, it was that illustrious naturalist who first clearly defined the basis upon which the study of living beings, and more especially of animals, was to be systematically conducted—namely, by the investigation and comparison of the *structure* of individuals and groups.* Through such labours the science and study of zoology were first placed on a sound basis. Only when Cuvier's method, based upon dissection and practical research, began to be pursued, did the systematic grouping of facts pave the way for the formation of a "science." Prior to Cuvier's time, the description of the external characteristics of animals and plants was esteemed the chief labour of the naturalist. The pages of memoirs and manuals were occupied with the cumbrous definitions of species. Witness, in proof of this, the descriptions of Linnæus himself, and of his more immediate successors in paths of zoological research. But after Cuvier's time, the details of structure formed the main objects of quest on the part of the biologist; and therefrom grew, in due course, those plans of classification which persist in our class-rooms and manuals to-day, and which must ever possess a certain value from their constituting the expression of a true relationship betwixt varied animal and plant forms. Thus it

* Lamarck, about the end of last century, had divided the Animal World into *Vertebrates* (or "back-boned animals") and *Invertebrates*. It was left for Cuvier to further assort and parcel out the latter group into his three characteristic groups.

was that the four Cuvierian sub-kingdoms of animals were outlined; and from the broad likenesses revealed by comparison of structure grew the Radiates, Articulates, Molluscs, and Vertebrates of 1795 and 1816, and of the famous "Règne Animal" itself. Or, to quote Cuvier's words, "It will be found that there exist four principal forms, four general plans, if it may thus be expressed, on which all animals appear to have been modelled; and the ulterior divisions of which, under whatever title naturalists may have designated them, are merely slight modifications founded on the development or addition of certain parts. These four common plans are those of the *Vertebrata*, the *Mollusca*, the *Articulata*, and the *Radiata*."

The contention that likeness in structure meant and indicated a true relationship between the forms exhibiting such similarity thus came to hold sway as the veritable basis of zoology from the time of Cuvier, onwards, it may be said, to that of Darwin and the newer school of biologists. At the present stage of ordinary zoological teaching, three of Cuvier's classes or sub-kingdoms—Articulates, Molluscs, and Vertebrates—remain, practically, as defined and outlined by him. Alterations, omissions, and additions innumerable have, of course, taken place within the limits of each group. Organisms, in one or two cases, the position of which seemed perfectly plain to Cuvier and his generation, have been bandied about within the limits of each class, or may even have been transplanted from one sub-kingdom to another and back again, like pauper children, for whose support and care each parish denies liability. Witness, in proof of these latter assertions, the taxonomical travels of *Sagitta*, a certain small organism about an inch long, and which has been placed at various periods of natural history research in well-nigh every chief group of the animal world. Now *Sagitta* has settled down as a near relative of the Worms or Annelidans, though authority in

matters embryological does not hesitate to assert its nearer affinities to certain shell-fish (*Brachiopods*) on the one hand, and to the Sea-urchin and Star-fish tribe (*Echinodermata*) on the other. Still, apart from peculiar and difficult cases involving the exact determination of disputed and doubtful relationships, Cuvier's three groups already noted remain to form the basis of our ordinary and accessible classifications of animals.

But the same principle of settling animal likenesses and relationships from a consideration of similarity in structure effected a considerable change in the fourth and lowest of the Cuvierian divisions—that of the *Radiata*. Here was found by Cuvier's successors a most miscellaneous assortment of animal forms. Star-fishes jostled sea-anemones, and sea-urchins associated with the corals; tapeworms, flukes, and other "lodgers and boarders" specially interested in maintaining the "vicious cycle" of parasitism, rubbed shoulders with jelly-fishes and zoophytes; whilst, to complete this decidedly "odd lot" in the way of zoological specimens, the tribes of animalcules, high and low, were also included in the motley assemblage. But the microscopic and anatomical lore of Cuvier's successors soon began to establish a defined order amongst the Radiates. Cuvier died in 1832, and, as Huxley remarks, up to that period "microscopic investigation was in its infancy, and hence the great majority of the lowest forms were either unknown or little understood." For the same reason, it may be added, the study of Development—or the changes exhibited by an organism in passing from its earliest condition to its adult or perfect state—was simply non-existent.

The next stages in zoological progress were marked by the differentiation of the Radiates into at least three primary divisions of the animal world. Research showed that such organisms as sea-anemones, corals, zoophytes, jelly-fishes, and their allies, formed a primary group of the animal

world, and to such a division as defined by Frey and Leuckart, the name *Cœlenterata* was and is still applied. Then also ensued the separation of the animalcules, sponges, &c., to form the lowest sub-kingdom, *Protozoa* by name; whilst the star-fishes, sea-urchins, sea-lilies, tapeworms, flukes, &c., were united to form the modern *Echinozoa* or *Annuroida*. This latter group in itself, however, seems to partake of the miscellaneous character of Cuvier's Radiates, and it was this division which Edward Forbes used to term "a refuge for the destitute." It is one thing to grumble at a faulty arrangement, however, and another thing to improve and emend it; and although there are hopeful signs on the zoological horizon of a better disposition of Echinozoa, cautious souls amongst us prefer to remain contented with the classification thus outlined, until, through researches into the pedigree of animals, a better arrangement shall be proposed and offered for our acceptance.

If considerations of structure, of "general plans" and common forms may thus be said to have parcelled out the animal kingdom for us into some five or six great types or sub-kingdoms, what can be said of modern tendencies in biology in respect of their influence upon the systems of classification and arrangement of past decades and former days? Incontestably, the influence of advancing research has been most marked upon zoology itself in this very department. We have changed the venue and basis of our classifications, and have threatened to "reform altogether" the Cuvierian divisions—or, at least, their limits and distinctness. With increase of wisdom has come, in one sense, to the zoologist increase of perplexity. The broad Cuvierian plans, which were generally believed to indicate specialised types of animal life, separated each by a great gulf fixed from its neighbour plans, are now found to be divided by no such hiatus. The existence of a primary and "divine idea" in the production of five

or six clearly demarcated types or divisions of animals, was formerly maintained and insisted upon by over-orthodox naturalists accustomed to stretch the idea of design until it was well-nigh torn into thin shreds by the first breath of sceptical argument. "Transitional forms" are now known to exist as connecting links between the great classes, types, and groups of animals. Common plans are seen to branch out here and there into aberrant twigs, leading either from or towards unknown or extinct types of life. Missing links, serving to bridge over the gaps between existent but apparently distinct forms, are annually being brought to light, with the like result of modifying our conceptions of the primarily constant and rigid nature of the sub-kingdoms. The constitution of the animal world, so far from being unchanging, is now regarded as being elastic in a high degree, and as deriving the latter quality from the very nature of its constitution.

Proofs and examples of the newer tendency in zoology to break down the partition-walls which the researches of the past seemed to imply as existing between the great divisions of the animal world, are not difficult to find or hard to understand. Take as an example the views entertained by those who represent the van of biological research, regarding the systematic position of those phlegmatic sacs known as "sea-squirts" or *Tunicates*, which a receding tide permits us to discover adherent to rocks at low-water mark. Of old, the position of the sea-squirt, as a poor relation of the shell-fish and mollusca at large, was universally admitted. But with the discovery of the details of sea-squirt development began a new order of things. Apart from a striking resemblance between the general arrangement of the organs of a sea-squirt and the lowest Vertebrate—a little clear-bodied fish, the *Amphioxus* or Lancelet, first regarded as a kind of slug by Pallas, its discoverer—the discovery in the young sea-squirt of a rod-like body

(corresponding to the *notochord*, or early representative of the spine appearing in every young vertebrate) presented a very remarkable point of resemblance between these two apparently dissimilar groups. The further discovery, that the young sea-squirt passes through a series of changes in development which exactly parallel the changes undergone by the developing Lancelet, afforded additional grounds for the belief that sea-squirt and vertebrate affinities are not merely real, but of a very close and intimate kind. In recent text-books of natural history, which profess to record the latest mind of zoologists on the point, the Tunicates are therefore placed as the theoretical bridge connecting the Vertebrates with the invertebrate series.

Then, also, the position of the sponges has of late years formed a subject for debate in zoological circles. First rescued from the ignominy of being regarded as plants, next placed amongst the *Protozoa* or lowest animals, we find the new theory of the sponge's place in nature to settle these organisms amongst the *Coelenterates* as near allies of the *Zoophytes* and jelly-fishes. This step has been founded on the fact that in its development a sponge exhibits a two-layered arrangement of its body-substance such as no *Protozoön* distinctly exhibits. And hence, even if from an intimate knowledge of their personal constitution sponges may still be regarded as compound *Protozoa*, there appears to exist very full justification for the procedure of many modern zoologists in assigning to the sponge-group the position of a half-way house betwixt the lowest group of animals and the succeeding and higher type, that of the *Coelenterata*. What has been done in the case of sea-squirts and sponges in the way of constituting them connecting links between groups which formerly were regarded as thoroughly distinct and widely separated divisions of animals might be shown to be repeated in many other instances. What would be thought, for in-

stance, of modern zoology and its teachings by a rigid Cuvierian of the old school, could he hear the statement of modern lecture-rooms that the Insect and its Arthropodous neighbours, the Molluscan group, and the star-fishes, sea-urchins, and other Echinoderms, find in the lower worms a neutral ground wherein these three diverse types of life may actually compare structures on something like a feasible basis? And how should he receive with other than an incredulous and amazed countenance, the further assertion that after we reach the lower worms we may pass in turn by easy stages to connect them with the sponges and their Coelenterate neighbours?

Thus the process of breaking down the old barriers in zoology and the reconstitution of the animal world and of the relationships of animals, are seen to form characteristic labours of the modern zoologist. Let us briefly inquire to what this tendency in biology is due.

It will be found that well-nigh every important change in the systematic position of an animal or plant form has depended upon some new and hitherto unsuspected features revealed by a study of its *development*. Of late years the study of this latter branch of life-science has grown in importance and interest. At present the modern biologist is nothing if he is not embryological. Nor, indeed, can his position well be gainsaid. He takes his stand on the motto that in the development and life-history of any living being, we may find a clue to the manner and pathway of its descent and evolution. Or, to use the words of a foremost Evolutionist (Haeckel), embodying the foregoing thought in a technical dogma of biology—"Ontogeny (the development of the individual) is a short and quick repetition or recapitulation of phylogeny (or the development of the race), determined by the laws of Inheritance and Adaptation." Hence we are brought face to face with one well-marked influence of Evolution and its

teachings upon modern biology. But for the enunciation of the doctrine of Descent, the study of Development could not have attained the extreme importance which it is seen to possess in the eyes of modern biologists. But once recognised, and when the importance of its teachings are appreciated, the tendency of biology to override considerations derived from a comparison of structure in favour of evidence and inferences drawn from Development, can both be understood and, I will add, be also justified. The differences between the structure of animals (*e.g.*, Crabs, Lobsters, Barnacles, Waterfleas, Fish-parasites, &c., forming the class *Crustacea*) which similarity in development shows to be nearly related, are explained by assuming that adaptation to varied circumstances of life, and the perpetuation of acquired and advantageous variations, have produced the divergence in question. Of old, it would therefore appear, naturalists, in seeking to recognise likenesses between animals, were unconsciously groping after a means of expressing definite relationships. The differences in structure due, as explained above, to varying conditions of life, frequently led them, in the absence of any corrective test of their arrangement, to relate forms which are now known to possess few or no points of similarity. Now, with the idea that development explains descent, and that likeness in development means community of descent and implies true or blood relationship, the prevailing classification of the animal world becomes simply the expression of a pedigree or genealogical tree. The modern tendency of biology, then, towards "development" as the only true guide to the relationship of animals, can be readily appreciated by the non-technical reader. When, for example, it is discovered that animals exhibiting such variations in form as crabs, shrimps, waterfleas, barnacles, crab-parasites, &c., all begin life in much the same way and under an essentially similar guise, the justification of the naturalist's dependence

upon development and descent as explanatory of such likeness, and the reason why such varied forms should be logically united to form one great Crustacean class, are plain and apparent. When sea-urchins, star-fishes, sea-cucumbers, sea-lilies are ascertained to arise from a common form of larva, and when the affinity of this common larva to some of the lower worms is demonstrated, there exist grounds of reasonable kind for the assumption that Echinoderm-descent has travelled by some pathway from the worm-stock to a common plan or type whence our star-fishes and their neighbours have diverged. It is on such grounds that we find Mr. Darwin saying that "if our collections were nearly perfect, the only possible arrangement would be genealogical; descent being the hidden bond of connection which naturalists have been seeking under the term of the Natural System. On this view," adds Mr. Darwin, "we can understand how it is that, in the eyes of most naturalists, the structure of the embryo is even more important for classification than that of the adult." And Darwin's further statement seems likewise clearly warranted—namely, that "embryology rises greatly in interest when we look at the embryo as a picture, more or less obscured, of the progenitor, either in its adult or larval state, of all the members of the same great class." *

Side by side with, and as a corollary to, the statement that descent in reality represents the way of life of both animals and plants, has grown the tendency to recognise the fusion, in their lower reaches, of the animal and plant worlds. Readers, whose studies have not led them into the intricacies or by-ways of biological science, may feel surprised to learn that to the questions, "What is an animal?" and "What is a plant?" no decisive answer can at present be returned. While we associate our ideas on this matter with higher animals and higher plants exclusively, the answers to

* "Origin of Species" (Sixth Ed.), pp. 395, 396.

these queries appear clear enough. But descending to the lower grades of organisation, and seeking to separate Protozoa from Protophyta—animal democrats from plant groundlings—we meet with difficulties and impossibilities which modern biology is prepared to recognise as part of its inevitable lot, and before which it has simply to pronounce its “kismet” in the assertion that the common origin of life must needs have brought about the identity in question. Power of movement is no criterion of animal life, for corals, zoophytes, sea-squirts, and many other true animals of high and low degree are as immovable as oaks or beeches; whilst many lower plants swim freely about during their entire existence, and are innocent of the slightest vestige or representative of a root. And what of structure? The lowest animals and lowest plants are indistinguishably protoplasmic—thus begin and end all attempts to separate the two kingdoms on structural grounds. Nor do we fare better on an appeal to chemistry. Chlorophyll, or the green colouring matter of plants, is found in not a few animals; and starch is known to be manufactured as an animal product, as also is the well-known vegetable product named “cellulose.” The animal, in such a case, seems, like a dishonest trader, to usurp and infringe the patent rights of the plant. And the matter of food and feeding, or the possession of a digestive apparatus, constitutes no surer basis for differentiating animals from plants. Fungi and many parasitic plants, as well as those insectivorous plants, of which the Sundew (*Drosera*) and Venus’ flytrap (*Dionaea*) are good representatives, demand organic food such as the animal is accustomed to procure; and a tapeworm is as destitute of stomach or digestive cavity as any plant. Nor will sensitiveness and the power of appreciating and acting upon sensations aid us in drawing a boundary-line betwixt animal and vegetable. Comparative physiology is fast hastening towards full demonstration of the axiom that

sensation is an invariable concomitant of life. A snail withdraws its tentacles when these organs are touched, and exhibits the beginnings of acts named "reflex;" but a sensitive plant announces its sensitiveness in an equally plain and unmistakable fashion by drooping its leaves when touched, and shows its further analogy with animal life by submitting to be chloroformed, and by exhibiting perfect narcotism under the anæsthetic influence. A sea-anemone engulfs and digests the luckless crab that has stumbled against its tentacles; and the Venus' flytrap, amongst plants, exactly repeats the animal's procedure by enclosing and assimilating the insect which has unwarily touched the sensitive hairs of its leaf-blade. And, last of all, to come to actual instead of abstract examples and details, how, it may be asked, are the Monads of the microscopist to be classified? These living specks are equally at home in the botanist's domain and in the zoological sphere, and present us with beings which are absolutely indeterminate in their nature and functions. Is there, then, a "biological No-Man's Land" after all? And are we forced to conclude that the "*Regnum Protisticum*" of Hæckel is something more than a name? The most cautious answer will be an affirmative one, which includes and implies the statement that at present we are unable to separate animals completely or fully from plants. And hence this latter declaration, springing very clearly from the difficulties which beset biological investigation in lower spheres of life, shows the tendency of modern scientific thought to regard a common origin of animal and plant life as a logical and consistent inference from the facts which that life, taken as a whole, presents to view.

The idea just mooted as that of modern biology has, in its turn, been extended towards including a special idea concerning the nature of life and vital action itself. With the term "*protoplasm*"—applied to indicate the essential

substance of living beings—every reader is familiar. Not so long ago the word was indicative of a hot contest betwixt “vitalists,” with their hypothesis of an entity or “vital force” animating the protoplasm and investing living beings with their powers and proclivities, and “physicists,” with their idea that the powers exhibited by living protoplasm are qualities of, and are derived from, the protoplasm itself. Life in this latter view is not a separate entity, but a quality or property of protoplasm, and, as such, is regarded as the resultant of the properties in virtue of which that substance exhibits its chemical and physical properties. “It must not be supposed,” says Huxley, advocating this latter view, “that the differences between living and not-living matter are such as to bear out the assumption that the forces at work in the one are different from those which are to be met with in the other. Considered apart from the phenomena of consciousness, the phenomena of life are all dependent upon the working of the same physical and chemical forces as those which are active in the rest of the world. It may be convenient to use the term ‘vitality’ and ‘vital force’ to denote the causes of certain great groups of natural operations, as we employ the names of ‘electricity’ and ‘electrical force’ to denote others; but it ceases to be proper to do so, if such a name implies the absurd assumption that either ‘electricity’ or ‘vitality’ are entities playing the part of efficient causes of electrical or vital phenomena.” Herein, once again, is to be found one of the most characteristic traits of modern biological reasoning, and the widest of gulfs must separate the modern and physical theory of life and vital action—by no means universally accepted, even by biologists who are as far-seeing as their neighbours of the physical school—from the opposite hypothesis, that life is but a combination of familiar forces, but that at present such combination and

also the laws of its occurrence are by no means demonstrable.

It is time, however, that, leaving the main current of biological research, we should direct our attention to the influence which the philosophy of biology, illustrated in the preceding pages, has exerted upon other departments of thought. The causes of prevailing tendencies towards regarding all the phenomena of life as regulated by descent, inheritance, and adaptation, as proceeding from a common source, and as due to physical conditions, have been seen to proceed from the wide acceptance and promulgation of theories of evolution. It remains to be shown how such influences, radiating from biological science as from a common centre, have extended into departments of human thought of the most varied kind and possessing the most varied aims.

No one whose geological studies are of the most superficial character, can doubt for a moment that the growth of the doctrine of Uniformity in geology, as opposed to the older ideas of Catastrophism, owe their predominance in modern days very largely to the influence exerted by the spreading and growth of the development theory in the science of life. What Darwin has done for biology, that Lyell did for geology. The principle of the continuity of development of life is perfectly paralleled by that of uniformity in the production of the earth and its physical features. Creation, or the production of living beings by evolution, too plainly corresponds to the process of earth-sculpture in the past by upheaval and depression, and the action of frost and snow, fire and water, air and sea, and by the agencies now at work around us, to escape even casual notice. Continuity in life-development, and uniformity in the production of mountain and valley, hill and dale, river and ocean, go hand in hand to form a perfect sequence in the evolution of the

universe; and it would have been indeed surprising had geology remained impassive to the new ideas of causation and development, to the influence of which the sister-science had already begun to respond. Speaking thus of the old ideas of Catastrophism (according to which the earth had been moulded by agencies differing in kind from those which now operate upon it), and of the newer uniformity in geology, Lyell remarks—"The course directly opposed to this method of philosophising consists in an earnest and patient inquiry how far geological appearances are reconcilable with the effect of changes now in progress or which may be in progress in regions inaccessible to us, but of which the reality is attested by volcanoes and subterranean movements. It also endeavours to estimate the aggregate result of ordinary operations, multiplied by time, and cherishes a sanguine hope that the resources to be derived from observation and experiment, or from the study of Nature as she now is, are very far from being exhausted. For this reason," concludes Lyell, "all theories are rejected which involve the assumption of sudden and violent catastrophes of the whole earth and its inhabitants—theories which are restrained by no reference to existing analogies, and in which a desire is manifested to cut, rather than patiently to untie, the Gordian knot." Geology has therefore travelled, and is still proceeding, by the same path as biology. The doctrine that "the present is the key to the past," and that the present earth is but the reflection of the inferior stages through which it has passed, is a clear result of the modern tendency to think in things geological, as in things biological, according to the hypothesis and teachings of Evolution.*

On botanical science, as a part of biology itself, the effects of the hypothesis of Evolution, so plainly marked

* See article on "The Doctrine of Uniformity in Geology," by the Rev. H. W. Crosskey, in the "MODERN REVIEW," April, 1880.

in zoology, are beginning to be year by year more apparent. The growth of botanical science, on the whole, is slower than that of zoology, presumably from the greater difficulties encountered in research, and from the greater prevalence in botany of time-honoured views concerning plant-life and functions, and from the more limited number of workers in botanical inquiry. But signs of the influences which have revolutionised zoology are by no means wanting in botany. Even in a "Primer of Botany" adapted for use in schools, Sir Joseph Hooker lays down emphatically the difference between the theory of "independent creation" and that of "evolution." Sir Joseph tells his readers that "the first doctrine is purely speculative, incapable from its very nature of proof; teaching nothing and suggesting nothing, it is the despair of investigators and inquiring minds. The other," continues the author, "whether true wholly or in part only, is gaining adherents rapidly because most of the phenomena of plant life may be explained by it, because it has taught much that is indisputably proved, because it has suggested a multitude of prolific inquiries, and because it has directed many investigators to the discovery of new facts in all departments of Botany." These are weighty words containing weightier reasons in support of evolution as the true explanation of the "ways of life" at large, and they demonstrate assuredly that authority in botany is marshalled on the side of those modifying influences, which, in zoology and geology, have effected sweeping changes in the opinions of men of science.

In the earlier part of this paper I spoke of an outer circle of sciences and of departments of thought, which, while removed from the more immediate track of biological method, yet have experienced the influences of such teachings in greater or less degree. Perhaps no branch of inquiry has been more typically affected by the spread of

evolution in biology than those of ethics and psychology. Legitimately enough, the conclusions of biology have been extended to include the science of mind and morals. Evolution, in its wide range, claims to include and explain more or less completely all the phenomena of life, mental and moral phenomena included. And occasionally, from the moral philosophers themselves, a direct challenge has come to the biological section to show cause why ethics and psychology together should submit to be viewed as also placing themselves—by their mere aims as explanatory of certain phenomena of life—under the sway and influence of the new ideas animating life-science. It is a matter of no difficulty, from such a stand-point, to see how and why the religious and theological side has come in contact with the biological. The connection between the science of morals, as regulating and accounting for duty on the one hand, and special interpretations of the order and evolution of the universe on the other, is too apparent to require comment. So also the relations of psychology, as applied to man, and the possible evolution of his mental phenomena from lower stages of existence, are plainly discerned as grounds whereon the science of life and psychology may meet, harmoniously or the reverse as the case may be.

Of the influence which biological speculation has exerted upon ethical science in recent times, I need hardly say anything in the present instance, since such signs may be read in well-nigh every contribution to the periodical literature of the day. Here the old battle between Intuitionist and Developmental Ethics is fought on newer ground; and, of necessity, Ethnography and Anthropology are made parties to the quarrel. Innate and inherited ideas lie at the root and foundation of the moral system, as viewed by the Evolutionist. What the child does, feels, and thinks must, by the law of heredity, be held to depend largely on what his parent did, felt, and thought before him. Heredity

answers for the transmission of bodily likeness, and, argues the Evolutionist, it will also take charge of the "mental light" as well. The development of the moral sense is, in truth, part of the evolution of the race. "A new zoological factor," as Mr. Sidgwick* says, enters into "the history of the moral sentiments;" and this author adds that these sentiments, "though in no way opposed to the older psychological theory of their formation through coalescence of more primitive feelings, must yet be conceived as controlling and modifying the effects of the law of association by preventing the formation of sentiments other than those tending to the preservation of human life. The influence of the Darwinian theory, moreover," says Mr. Sidgwick, "has extended from historical psychology to the ethics, tending to substitute 'preservation of the race under its conditions of existence' for 'happiness,' as the ultimate end and standard of virtue." So, too, ethnology has its new aspect as influenced by evolution and biology. Borrowing from the biologist the idea that ontogeny is the brief recital of phylogeny, or that the development of the individual is an epitome of that of the race, the method of anthropological and ethnological research is now found to be largely tintured with the idea of development, which finds in existing savage life the primitive type of the existence of civilised man. Man and human existence are thus together viewed as the collective products of the same laws which operate in the great world of life around—laws, however, which may and do possess their own application to the development of human life in its curious totality.

Last of all may be noted the influence of biological teaching on religious thought, and on the religious culture of individuals and of the nation at large. Here, perhaps, the conflict of opinions has been more decided than elsewhere. In the domain of theology and religion the influence

* "Encyclopædia Britannica" (ninth edition), article *Ethics*.

of evolution has naturally been productive of greater disquietude than in other departments of thought. It is not too much to say that a very considerable modification of opinions regarding many points involved in religious belief—as, for example, in the popularly received Scriptural doctrine of creation, and also in ideas concerning inspiration—has taken place in consequence of the free discussion of matters pertaining to the development theory and of biological phenomena treated in harmony with the latter hypothesis. And such effects are not to be lightly or trivially estimated. If it can be shown—and the assertion requires no proof in face of the defiant sounds both of “drum ecclesiastic” and trombone biological, which have been heard on sundry occasions of late years—that biological speculation is an important factor in modifying religious belief, it behoves theologians, on the one part, to look the fact fairly and calmly in the face, as, on the other, biologists may well exercise a due caution in clearly distinguishing betwixt fact and theory, hypothesis and proof. The day is probably past and over, for cultured minds at least, when “Darwinism” was regarded as a species of moral “bogey,” and “Natural Selection” as a convertible term for Materialism, or some other “ism” of equally repugnant aspect to the orthodox mind. Past experience in watching the variations of the balance of opinion, especially in matters religious and theological, should lead us to expect that the beliefs of the cultured races would undergo a thorough disturbance, as a natural consequence of the new and fierce “winds of doctrine” which thus began to play upon them. Slowly, but surely, however, the perfect equilibrium is regained, not without a modification of old beliefs, it is true, but with a sense prevailing in most reasonable minds that what is gone was worthless, or at least had served its day, and that what remains is better and more worthy our attention. So was

it with religious faith in the earlier epochs of the biological development of Evolution; and so it is now when the tendencies and teachings of Evolution are better understood and appreciated. It is true that Mr. Darwin wrote, in the first edition of "*Animals and Plants under Domestication*," bearing date 1868, that "however much we may wish it, we can hardly follow Professor Asa Gray in his belief 'that variation has been led along certain beneficial lines,' like a stream 'along definite and useful lines of irrigation.'" Mr. Darwin further writes in the same passage, "If we assume that each particular variation was from the beginning of all time pre-ordained, the plasticity of organisation, which leads to many injurious deviations of structure, as well as that redundant power of reproduction which inevitably leads to a struggle for existence, and, as a consequence, to the natural selection or survival of the fittest, must appear to us superfluous laws of nature. On the other hand," he concludes, "an Omnipotent and Omniscient Creator ordains everything and foresees everything. Thus we are brought face to face with a difficulty as insoluble as is that of free will and predestination" (vol. II., p. 432). If Mr. Darwin thus wrote in 1868, and owned the dilemma upon the horns of which his theory apparently set him, we also find him writing, in the sixth edition of his "*Origin of Species*" (dated 1873), that he sees "no good reason why the views given in this volume should shock the religious feelings of any one" (p. 421). He reminds us that the law of the attraction of gravity was attacked by Leibnitz as subversive of religion, and adds that a "celebrated author and divine" writes to him to the effect that "he [the divine in question] has gradually learnt to see that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that He created a few original forms capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused

by the action of His laws." Has there been any solution of the difficulty presented in the above-quoted sentence from "Animals and Plants under Domestication," dealing with Professor Asa Gray's idea? Judging from the final sentence of the "Origin of Species," which maintains that "there is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers having been originally breathed by the Creator into few forms or into one," we might infer that the theological difficulties of the venerable author of the theory of "Natural Selection" had resolved themselves; or had at least been less plainly represented than when the mysteries of free will and predestination appeared as corollaries to the difficulty of conceiving of the compatibility of Natural Selection with a Creator's existence.

But whether this latter alternative be accepted or not, there remains to us the plain fact that the influence of Evolution upon religious belief is not only marked, but will continue to effect modifications of greater or less importance in our ideas of the Causation of the Universe. From such an idea there is no escape, for the cultured mind at least. But equally worthy of note is the consideration that such modification of opinion—as tested by the religious life of our age—is not necessarily destructive of faith, although it may alter materially our conceptions and interpretations of things seen; whilst if the spirit which animates truly philosophic inquiry be represented in our researches; we may well believe that in modern biological speculation and its tendencies there is implied a pathway of progress which may, when rightly pursued, lead to higher and nobler concepts of things which are unseen.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE MONKS OF BOLTON.

1290—1325.

Now God, in whome all goodness ys,
And gyffs ev'y mane aftur hys wyll.
Hee grant hus grace, that wee dow not mysse,
And after this lyffe to cee hyme tylle.
Soo that by hys grace we may obteyne.
And the p'fect'ones, that wee maye see
That fior us one the crosse was scleyne.
Amene, Jesus, for charyte.

BOLTON MSS.

BOLTON ABBEY, in Wharfedale, stands in the heart of as sweet a landscape as can be found even in England. The moors to the north rise into purple masses, crowned with gray crags. Fine old woods stretch away to the westward, through which the river rushes, imprisoned for a space in a narrow cleft of limestone; and there is, or was forty years ago, a little meadow within these woods so full of cowslips about Whitsuntide that the gold outshone the emerald. To the south and east of the Abbey, it is a green land, dotted with noble trees, and with hawthorns so gnarled and knotted and stricken with age that you easily imagine the monks may have plucked a blossom from them, and eaten the haws mellowed by the frost, for the sake of their vanished boyhood. The great pasture which stretches away from the Abbey to the bridge was corn land when Rupert came storming down the dale in the last week of July, 1644, on his way to Marston Moor; and he camped on the ripening wheat in mere devilry,

as we think, for the Craven men favoured Lambert and Fairfax; so they asked no favours from Rupert, and got none.

Turner loved to draw this landscape, with the Abbey in its heart, touching the scene with the utmost truth sometimes; and then again, as his habit was, with a splendid exaggeration. There is an engraving of the Abbey, also, done about 1720, of little worth beyond the fact that it is the oldest, and gives bits of ruin that have long since fallen away; and since then engravings have been made without number of the beautiful old pile; while Wordsworth's description in the opening lines of the "White Doe," wins all good Craven men to be of his mind when he says, "I printed the poem in quarto, to show the world how much I esteemed it."

The neighbourhood is touched with romance, too, wherever you turn. It is haunted by the Rommelies, the Percies, and the Cliffords, and especially by that most manful woman, the Lady Anne, Countess Clifford, Dorset, and Montgomery, who still compels you to attend to her ladyship through the raciest inscriptions. The Claphams had a vault also within the Abbey, where it pleased them to be buried standing on their feet; and if Master Hustwick is still alive he can tell you that, when he was mousing about among the "old 'uns" a great many years ago, he came upon the vault of the stout old race, and, peeping in, saw the last of them still keeping guard while all the rest had shuddered down to the dust. The good Lord Clifford loved to bury himself in the solitudes of Barden: he had been hidden away among the wilds of Westmoreland after the ruthless stroke his father made in slaying young Rutland over the hills by Wakefield; and some lines of tradition seem to point toward a scapegrace of a son of this "good Lord Clifford" as the hero of that beautiful old ballad, "The Nut-brown Mayde."

There was a quaint old house of timber near the Abbey in the days old men still remember, in which tradition also said Richard Moon, the last of the friars, ended his days in loneliness and sorrow. He was of the rustic stock which still holds its own in that region; but he was born out of due time, and had to bear the sins of those who had misused gift and privilege. He had built up the west front of the Abbey to the line at which it stands to-day, when the Commission struck him; and there is no truer bit of work done in that age in all England. Nor is there any such shameful record in the reports of the Commission concerning Bolton as that they make of Fountains, not a hint that Moon had gone utterly over to the devil's side with Bradley. The poor fellow had simply to bear the burden, which had grown past all bearing, of folly and sin in those last times; so the work on the west front, the pride of his heart, no doubt, was first suspended and then stopped past all hope of beginning again. The great crane stood on the walls for many a year while Prior Moon sat there in his desolation, waiting for the day which could never dawn for him, and saying to himself perhaps, "How long, O Lord? how long?" letting them bring his bit of victual very much as it might please them, and slip it through the slide, for the ancient tradition was that no human being entered his door; and so at last he went to his own place, dying, not alone, let us trust, because the Father was with him.

The Compotus of Bolton, from 1290 to 1325, has come down to our day. One whole year of it is printed, with extracts from other years, in that peerless book of its kind, Whitaker's "Craven"; in Burton's "Monasticon," also, there is an ample space given to it, and it is of the most genuine interest always, but especially in Whitaker's work, because he lights up the dim old document with notes of very great value. There is not a word in it about the

frames and feelings of the brethren, or extract from or mention of any sermon baptized in fire or tears ; no such revelation is made of the inner life as that we find in the "*Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond*"; no wonders are wrought, no outcries to heaven answered, nor do any gleams of heaven creep across the pages. It is of the earth, earthy always ; but then it is this to the last line, and so it holds a certain ingrained worth for us as "*the day-book*" of a day when Wallace and Bruce were fighting for Scotland, and Dante was a young man dreaming dreams ; when Wickliffe was growing from a babe in arms to his noble manhood, and Chaucer was still in the pre-existence. It is a record of buying and selling, eating and drinking, getting much and spending more, of a certain rough humour also, and jollity you would look for in the castle rather than in the priory, of a kindly heart, too, towards the poor, and a great deal more of subservience toward the rich than could be good for those who would serve God rather than Mammon, and then of a vast and devouring disaster with which the picture they draw of themselves so unconsciously, may fairly be said to close.

We know very little about the monks of Bolton, good or bad, beyond what we find in their old ledger ; and the first chapter in their history is especially bare of the fine touches we light on in the earlier history of Fountains and Kirkstall. They were of the Augustine order, and were gathered first at Embsay, in 1121, under the wings of a noble family from which, on the spindle side, the Rommelies came. But Embsay is in a bleak and rugged land ; and in those days when the wolves still haunted the fells, and howled in wild weather about the hamlets, the place must have stood in sharp contrast to the sweet and warm nest occupied by "*the Saxon cure*" at Bolton. So, no doubt, they speedily found they had made a

mistake in settling there, exactly as the monks of Kirkstall did in settling at Barnoldswick; while it was not needful, as it seems to have been with the men of Kirkstall, that one of them should have a vision, and so be led by the high powers to as pretty a spot as that on the banks of the Aire. Their chance came through a great bereavement. Their friend and maintainer, the Lady Rommelie, lost a dear son in that fatal reach among the woods where the river rushes through the cleft. The ancient tradition held that he was her only child, but another appears in the primitive charters, and this has led the later writers to the conclusion that the mother met with no such woe; it seems most reasonable to conclude that she had more than the one son, and that the child of her heart did go down as the legend says,—for we cannot easily find more reliable testimony to any central fact than that which can be found in those quiet and secluded places where a thousand years are, in some sense, as one day, in the far-reaching traditions of the peasants recited by one generation to another at the peat fire. Nor can we quite afford to give the good shepherd over to be slain with a steel pen, who saw the gallant lad go down as he stood there on the hill; there is an unspeakable pathos about the poor fellow as he turns away from his eager, heart-breaking watch on the rocks, for some chance to pluck the boy out of the clutch of death, and in the way he tells his sad story so delicately, and by an inference, as it were, not being able to tell the bare, rugged truth, any more than he would be able to smite the mother with his clenched hand; and so he said, with a moan we can still hear through all these centuries—

“ ‘ What is good for a bootless bene? ’ ”

“ And she made answer, ‘ Endless sorrow; ’ ”

for she saw her bereavement in his eyes, and heard it in his voice; while she wist not, except it may be by that

swift intuition which needs no word, how death had made havoc of her life.

She would look to the brethren at Embsay for succour as the simplest matter of course, and they would stand to her almost in God's stead in her awful desolation—for which of us does not need a daysman then, a human hand and heart to hold the keys, and open to us again the gates of hope and trust? We know nothing of this in her case, except as we know ourselves. If the body was recovered, it would be buried in the old Saxon church near by, and then this would be the place where she went to weep. Another tradition forty-five years ago was that she said, "Many a poor man's son shall be made rich through my poverty." I have seen a very noble foundation in Washington, created by a father who had lost a daughter who was the light of *his* life: it was for the maintenance of aged women who had fallen on evil days; and some such feeling must have stirred in the heart of this mother. But the age was running to monkery then as the noblest service of God; the brethren at Embsay were far away; and it would be a great comfort to build a shrine over the lad's grave in the shape of a new monastery, bring them down, and have them sing *matin* and *evensong* for ever where he lay, and where she would lie beside him when she got her release. So the White Canons came down from the remote and sterile settlement at Embsay, in 1154, to the warm, snug nook by the river handy to all England, and no doubt would be able to put their own interpretation in their secret heart on that mysterious providence which "from seeming evil still educes good."

They stayed at Embsay about thirty-three years, and then, in about fourscore years after their exodus to Bolton, we catch the first real glimpse of them in their new home; but it is not a pleasant glimpse. They have wandered very far already from the spirit and purpose of their noble

patroness when she brought them down. His Grace of York, Archbishop Gifford, has heard ugly rumours about some of the monasteries, Bolton among the rest, and sends a Commission between 1274 and 1276 to look them up and report; and this is the result:—

“ Bolton in Craven.

“ The whole convent conspired against the predecessors of the present prior, William de Danfield. Nicholas de Broc, the present sub-prior, is old and useless. Silence is not observed, and there is much chattering and noise. John de Pontefract, the present cellarer, is incompetent. The cellarer and sub-cellarer are often absent from service and refectations, and have their meals by themselves when the canons have left the refectory. The house is in debt to the amount of £324 5s. 7d.” *

So runs the report of the Commission. Insubordination and clamour; evil and useless men in office, and men who, as we say on this side the water, “ seldom die and never resign; ” private greed about meat and drink in those who hold the keys of the cellar and buttery; silence, such as becometh monks, a dead letter, and in its place a racket the visitors can only describe in terms we use for parrots and monkeys; and, to crown all, a debt which would amount in the money of our day to some six thousand pounds, if we take the shilling of A.D. 1300, on a rough guess, as about equal in value to a pound of A.D. 1880, a standard I shall venture to adopt through the rest of this paper.

But in 1290, when at last we open the ancient ledger, the monks of Bolton are certainly not slothful in business. They are looking after forty-three estates of more or less value, scattered over a wide stretch of country, and eleven grist-mills; and all through the earlier years of the account

* *Fasti Eboracenses*, page 305.

are steadily at work building new houses and repairing old ones, looking after churches in which they have an interest, running up great lines of wall on the outlying farms and manors, seeing to bridges, fish-ponds, trimming up the woods ; and beside all this, they do a good stroke of work as middle-men and artizans for the whole country side, bringing their wares once or twice a year from the great fair at Boston in Lincolnshire, and always looking out for the main chance. In the very first year of the account, they report a profit from their tailor's shop which we should reckon at about £250, and might justly advertise themselves as "the white canons of Bolton, tailors and outfitters to the nobility and gentry ;" and there are industries that pay still better than tailoring. The growing of wool is the best of all. It was worth four prices in those days compared with these ; so they go very deep into this business, and keep vast flocks of sheep on the moors and wild upland pastures, see to their feed, salving, washing and clipping, and even to the milking of the ewes, turning the milk into a kind of cheese far more atrocious than the "whangby" they make in Craven from the bluest of all blue milk. They sell their wool in 1290 for the equivalent of £5,000, and will let no other monk have a bite of grass which does not belong to him if they can help it. The lovely little hamlet of Blubberhouses (Blue berg houses), near by, is in the hands of the brethren of Bridlington, who also know all about sheep, and "march" over the pastures with Bolton clean away to Thor's Cross and the moors. "Look out for those Bridlington men," our monks appear to have whispered to the shepherds ; so there was cudgel play and there were broken heads, and a great ado, as we may guess from Burton. Gerard and John, the priors, had to go into the courts, and were ordered to behave themselves at York, in 1297, to share the pastures in common, and

each man to pay for his own improvements in housen and tilth.

Then there is lead to be found for the seeking on the wild hills to the north and west. The ancient masters of the world had found it, as they found most things worth their while, and the monks invested men and money in that adventure, and got their own back, and something over ; nor are they heedless of the jot and tittle, anise, mint, and cummin—anything, in a word, by which they can turn a penny. They lend a horse for use at a funeral, and get half as much for the hire as a cow fetches, which presently they sell at a fair, and when Master Middleton dies, sell the heir malt enough to furnish forth the funeral feast. The beer must have been drunk from the “guilfort,” and one can but hope there was a better result than that we feel in drinking cider from the vat in September over here. The tenour by which they hold their lands is the ancient feudal tenour—you are bound to the land, not the land to you ; the land is the main factor, not the man ; so, in 1290 and right on to the end of the ledger, you must turn out and see to the harvest of your lord, no matter about your own. Your lord is the prior of Bolton in this instance ; and I notice in one rare year 1,400 reapers are at work for our monks on one day—“boon reapers” they are called, and they have one halfpenny for food and drink, but that really means tenpence, so we may imagine them as on the whole contented, especially contented if, as is most likely, there was a harvest-home at the Abbey and on all the estates.

I notice, also, that they have a good many blacksmiths at work, and carpenters, millers, and masons, and painters, and a host of folk who have some special skill in doing things, including persons who can draw out the finest straws from a sheaf, and gather them into bundles for plaiting, and they employ one artist who draws on them

for a great sum for gold and colours to illuminate a missal. They will sell you meadow grass also ready for the mowing, and manure by the load—anything they can spare, in a word, including a good conscience, for I notice more than one entry, made with perfect frankness, of money given to “persons in power, for the good of the house.”

They are great purchasers, of course, with so much business on their hands, and the lightest glance at what they buy serves to show us how far our ancestors were from the hand-to-mouth condition in which we commonly imagine them. Old blacksmiths will tell you in the northern dales that the buying of horseshoes ready-made is a new thing; all the smiths made their own a generation ago, and three generations ago their own horse-nails also. Horseshoes and the nails to clinch them are bought in quantity by the monks of Bolton 600 years ago. They buy cleavers, also, and hatchets, reaping-hooks and knives, and whatever beside they need. In hardware, Sheffield was busy, no doubt, and there may have been a forge at Kirkstall by this time, as its beginning is lost in immemorial antiquity; and before the monks were driven away they had made such progress there as to construct iron coffins. It is worth while to notice, also, in this connection that the artizans were getting good prices for their work—a scythe costs three times as much as we used to charge for one forty years ago. They buy salt, also, by eighteen quarters at a time, and fish—fresh, dried, and in pickle—slates and shingles, oil, tallow, and cotton wicks, quicksilver, verdigris, iron and steel, sea coal, rope, and twine; and for their own delectation, at the great Feast of the Assumption, they have three casks of wine, with pepper, saffron, almonds, rice, sugar, and other very nice things, their bill being about £450 in present sterling.

But with all this eagerness to buy and sell, they are not good managers; their debts grow steadily year by year, and there seems to be no limit to their borrowing, except the

very natural limit of getting trusted. They borrow a trifle from a devout woman in York, and the same amount from another who lived at the Laund—that pretty place we see on the right going westward through the woods—and from the money-lenders who have their agents all the way from Florence ready to lend on the growing crops at due interest. The ladies get no interest, so far as I can make out, nor do the Florentines and brethren of the Black Circle; but these acute money-lenders manage very well. Moses and the prophets may have stood in the way of hard money down in the shape of interest, so that is not paid; but when the wool is made over to them for the debt, they weigh 110 pounds to the hundred, and that, to their simple mind, may have been equal to ten per cent. They lend a few pounds to a young gentleman whose family is still on the hill over Ilkley Bridge; but you turn to the next page and find that they have borrowed just five times as much from his father, and so they go on year by year lending a little, but always borrowing more, making the next year's income stand for this year's outgo, and as their property increases in value they steadily increase their floating debt. One man only of their own kind seems able to have them just where he wants them. This is Roger, rector of the church at Preston. Roger borrows money from them, and buys wine, and beef by the carcase, and fine clothing, and whatever he may fancy; but there is no hint of his paying anything until at last his debts float up to a good deal over £1,000. How he managed it I cannot guess; it may be he left them the rectory, or, in utter despair, they may have let the helve go after the hatchet; but Lord Roger, as they take care to call him, is a phenomenon.

Very much to their credit, however, is a way they have of letting their land so that anything like rack rent is entirely out of the question. When your lease falls in they make

you pay moderately for a new one ; but after that, the rent must have been a great satisfaction to the tenant—so much butter, so much cheese, four stones of cheese and two stones of butter for each cow, and they will find the cows ; and, in some instances, they abate half a stone even from these easy terms. Indeed, His Grace of Devonshire has never been able to get much rent out of these tenants of the monks to this day. They are permitted to transfer the farm steadily from father to son, and it is better for many of them, to all human insight, than so much land of their own, for that might have gone ; but in the kindly hands of the landlords who have held these lands from the Reformation, many of these families remain the envy of the whole farming population round about them.

It is clear, also, that they were kind and considerate to their serfs born on the estates, and owned as the horses were ; but with this difference, that they could not be sold away as our negroes were sold in the old days of slavery ; about one-third the price they got for a good horse would buy you your freedom, and then you might go whither you would with all your belongings for ever ; such sales of a man to himself are regularly entered, as are also rewards to men for killing wolves ; the creatures were ranging over the wilds then, and making havoc of the sheep when they could, and it is more than 300 years after this, by the local traditions, that the last of them is slain in Knaresborough Forest. You notice, also, that the servants are well to do, so far as a rude plenty goes ; now and then there is an entry of the allowance made to a man, and it is ample and good of its kind—bread and beer and fish, and the rough cuts of the meats ; transfer Landseer's picture from the masters to the servants, and alter it to suit the case, it is still essentially the same picture ; the serfs were as well off in their own degree as the farmers and the landlords.

And it is pleasant to remember this, because it puts a

gleam of light within what is, in other respects, a dismal picture enough when you think of their calling and election as men of God. They were there in that quiet nook that they might store their minds with wisdom and knowledge ; but in the forty years through which we can trace them they acquire only four books—the missal I have mentioned and a chronicle—these they made, and beside these, two were purchased—a book of sentences everybody was talking about, so that it would not do to say you had not read that ; and another, obscure as to its title, but probably “*The Vanity of Theology*,” from which one has to infer that they had entered on the era of speculation. And they were bound by their vows to some fair standard of austerity and self-denial ; yet the heads of the house cannot be content with white linen for the table, so they have tablecloths and napkins of silk, and other things to match, while a great deal of money is spent in fitting up a house for the prior, and a private chapel. In one year, the prior’s dogs eat 184 bushels of oatmeal, and one of the brethren who goes out hunting on a horse he borrows from a man at Addingham ruins the animal, and they have to pay heavy damages, but rather less than they collected for the use of the horse we have heard of at the funeral. The prior keeps his pack of hounds and huntsman ; but it is probable he does not run many risks in hunting, as I notice quite a pretty bill for teaching a nag to amble. In one superb year, when they touch the highest summits of prosperity and plenty they are probably ever to see, the dogs’ meat runs up to 312 bushels. The wonderful old oven—in which a farmer found a flock of sheep he had lost in a snow-storm about a century ago—bakes 2,552 bushels of flour and 900 bushels of barley. They consume 64 oxen, 35 cows, 140 sheep, and 69 hogs, 200 pounds of almonds, 19 pounds of pepper, 4 pounds of saffron, and rice, with raisins and figs, sugar and spices to match ; make away with 8,000 bottles of wine, with

their many guests to help them, and, as one would think, fairly flood the place with ale and beer. My Lord Hambleton comes along, and, with his companions, then, and on a previous visit, consumes 22 quarters of wheat. They must have their ears tickled too, and just before the doom falls, give more than £60 of present sterling to the "Ministralles." Keep a jester also, and pay him as much a year as they pay the brewer and baker, and more than they pay the miller.

The merry old rogues have also a certain rough humour of their own, and slip a grain of it into the names they give to the men who serve them. One poor fellow has stood on their books these 600 years as Adam Blunder, a sort of primitive Handy Andy, I suppose. Another, with "a fair round belly" no doubt, they dub Simon Paunch. A third is Drunken Dick. A fourth, the cooper, as I guess, and a great hand to spoil his work, is Botch Bucket. The carter is laughingly baptized Whirl, perhaps because his wheels never do whirl by any accident; one is Rado the Sad; and the blackest sheep in the flock is Tom Nowt—"Nowt" in the Dale, as applied to a man, being still a term of the utmost contempt.

My Lady Neville dies: they take charge of her funeral, and provide 1,400 gallons of ale with due victuals, and bring in duly a splendid bill of costs; there were still some remains of her tomb, I believe, in the days of Johnson of Pontefract. The great Cliffords came to Skipton in these days to stay some 350 years; they hasten to pay their respects, and present my lady with a costly jewel. The prior ambles over on that nag, and finds the smoke in my lady's parlour going out of a hole in the roof, and murmurs, "This will never do, my lady; have you not heard of the rare invention we have adopted for my house at the Abbey, they call a chimney? pray let me send Master Gargrave over, my head mason, to make one for your bower."

The job costs a pretty penny ; but the prior pays the bill without a murmur ; and then, not long after this, my lord and lady are presented with jewels worth three times more than the first ; but it all comes back in time, with interest, and the brethren know it will, for of all the benefactors to Bolton in the next two centuries none can match the Cliffords.

But there were grim days in the near distance—these times were far too good to last. England had been hammering away at the Scotch under the great Edward ; but the mighty father left a sorry son, and then the Scotch got their turn at us. Bannockburn was fought, and the story the spider told the Bruce came true one morning. The gates were battered open southward, and the kilted men came rushing across the moors and down the dales with sword and fire, and all the minstrelsy the monks of Bolton heard for many a day was the screech of the pipes, the tramp of armed men, the clash of arms, and the cries of men and women and children in utter distress. The verger will show you the marks of the fire they kindled about the sturdy old tower of the church at Knaresborough. The report made to His Grace of York after they had gone away again, is very sad reading—they came storming about Bolton, and if ever the wheels of poor old Whirl went round so as to flash fire, it would be in that fearful 1316 ; Rado the Sad's face would grow even longer, if he did not happen to be of the kind who grow more bright and helpful when a great trouble smites them ; Master Paunch would have to take in his belt by many holes, and would have no trouble tying his shoe-strings ; while the luckless jester would laugh on the other side of his face—he could never make such humour as he had left him worth a meal of victuals ; to a Scotch audience it would be as strange as his breeches ; and Tom Nowt, if he escaped the swift stroke of the claymore, would prowl about at night stealing whatever he could lay his hands on.

The monks would not fight ; the life they had lived put that out of the question, so they run away like rats from a stackyard when the ferrets get in—here, there, and everywhere—and get along as best they can. But if they will not fight, they must help pay the bills, and Edward the Shiftless comes down on them for heavy subsidies. The times are altered with a vengeance ; they are plundered alike by enemy and friend. “There are no returns this year by reason of the Scotch,” is the fateful entry ; so they come back at last to a sadly diminished splendour ; there is no mention of silken napkins for the table—they have to be content with very common garniture ; the minstrels come round again at length, but have to be content with a sadly diminished fee ; but there is a curious entry of money paid to what we should call a clairvoyant, leaving the surmise open that such faith as they had was sorely uncentred, and when heaven seemed to fail them they took to wizards.

But they pull things to rights in a fair measure before they close the book for ever, and I think the trouble has done them good. They are kinder and more considerate than ever to their tenants, I notice, as the smoke clears away, and spare nobly out of their small means to help those who are in a worse plight than they are. But as they begin to make a little, it is mostly taken from them in expenses they would not have incurred of their own free will. Times are changing radically ; that fearful Black Death which is to make such havoc of England’s wealth in Englishmen will be on them presently ; the jovial old days are over ; and they will have to stand on the defensive now for that which could not be defended ; the folk songs are beginning to be heard, satire is to do her fatal work on them ; Chaucer’s time draws near, and there will be scant reverence for them at the heels of his mighty, moving laughter.

They are never so rich again as they were in the first decade of the fourteenth century. Their income is very greatly diminished when Bluff Harry takes them in hand. Values have risen immensely in these 200 years; but that has not helped them. One good thing they have done, they have cleared the place of debt; but the debts that are owing them amount to more than their whole year's income when the priory is dissolved. Friar Moon must have had a hard place of it; one wonders how he had the heart to begin that lovely west front; there are only fifteen of them when their time comes; they had wasted themselves in their wasting.

One fine gleam of romance touches the Abbey in the very last years of its existence. It was in connection with that death-throe of the old order, the Pilgrimage of Grace, in 1536. Robert Aske, the leader in this revolt, had two brothers, Christopher and John. "In the hot struggle the ties of blood were of little moment, and when the West Riding rose, and they had to choose the part which they would take, 'they determined rather to be hewn in gobbets than stain their allegiance.' Being gallant gentlemen, instead of flying the country, they made their way, with forty of their retainers, to their cousin, the Earl of Cumberland, and, with him, threw themselves into Skipton. The aid came in good time, for the day after their arrival the Earl's whole retinue rode off in a body to the rebels, leaving him but a mixed household of some eighty people to garrison the castle. They were soon surrounded; but being well provisioned and behind strong walls, they held the rebels at bay, and, but for an unfortunate accident, they could have faced the danger with cheerfulness. The Earl's family were in the heart of the danger. Lady Eleanor Clifford, Lord Clifford's young wife, with three little children, and several other ladies, were staying, when the insurrection broke out, at Bolton Abbey. Perhaps

they had taken sanctuary there, or possibly they were on a visit, and were cut off by the suddenness of the rising. There, however, among the glens and hills, the ladies were; and on the third day of the siege notice was sent to the Earl that they should be held as hostages for his submission. The insurgents threatened that the day following Lady Eleanor and her infant son and daughters should be brought up in front of a storming party, and if the attack failed, they would 'violate all the ladies and enforce them with knaves' under the walls. After the ferocious murder of the Bishop of Lincoln's chancellor no villainy was impossible, and it is likely that the Catholic rebellion would have been soiled by as deep an infamy as can be found in the English annals, but for the adventurous courage of Christopher Aske. In the dead of the night, with the Vicar of Skipton, a groom and a boy, he stole through the camp of the besiegers. He crossed the moors with led horses by unfrequented paths, and he 'drew such a draught,' he says, that he conveyed all the said ladies through the commons in safety, 'so close and clean that the same was never mistrusted nor perceived till they were within the castle'—a noble exploit, shining on the by-paths of history like a rich, rare flower. Proudly the little garrison looked down when the day dawned from the battlements upon the fierce multitude who were howling below in baffled rage. A few days later, as if in scorn of their impotence, the same gallant gentleman flung open the gates, dropped the drawbridge, and rode down in full armour, with his train, to the Market Cross at Skipton, and there, after three long Oyez's! he read aloud the King's proclamation in the midst of the crowd 'with leisure enough'—he adds, in his disdainful way—and, that done, he returned to the castle."*

It was a gallant deed, and one would fain believe Robert

* Froude's *History of England*, vol. III., p. 140, 4th ed.

Aske himself had some hand in it, for he also was a noble and gallant gentleman, and such horrible work could be no more to his liking than to that of his splendid brother.

And the lesson of the monks of Bolton lies in their story. It is the lesson one can read soon or late of all men who turn their backs on the sanctities and safeguards of a home of their own, and a wife and children, be they monks of the middle ages, or miners on our own frontier. Nature will take vengeance on such frustration ; such a life becomes at last earthly and sensual, and among the meaner sort of us devilish. It was utterly so at Fountains, if we may trust the report of the Commissioners ; but I would fain believe that at Bolton it was no worse than we have found it. It could be no better, I presume, under the circumstances, but such men help to create the circumstances, and so they cannot escape the judgment or the condemnation. They lived after the flesh, their God was their belly, they minded earthly things, flattered and fawned on the rich, gave bribes, begged where they should have earned, wasted where they should have created, and bartered joy for enjoyment to the peril of their souls.

But I love to believe, even in the absence of all evidence, that there would still be witnesses for God and the better life among them in the worst times they ever saw, a few clean and true men, austere and high of heart, men who would mourn over the sin and shame, lift up their testimony against it, do what in them lay to stem the tide, and die, it may be, with the feeling in their poor, tired hearts that it was no use ; whereas, on all the earth there could be no grander use than just to stand in their lot, live their clean, true life, and say their sternly honest word.

ROBERT COLLYER.

New York, U.S.A.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE "EIKON BASILIKE."

SOME apology may be considered due to the readers of a Review expressly called "The Modern" for inviting their attention to a book published so long ago as the year 1649. But the recent publications mentioned below* have brought this work once more before the public, and have reopened a controversy which has lasted for more than two hundred years.

Moreover, the "Eikon Basilike" is part and parcel of the history of our country. Books and pamphlets played a most important part in the great civil war. Milton, writing in the heat of the struggle, says: "The shop of warre hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defence of beleaguer'd Truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing; searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation." And this marks a great advance since the time of the Wars of the Roses; a book *then* would have been of no value to either side; but now the declining Royal cause had no greater friend than the "Porsraiture of the King." This little volume, purporting to be written by Charles I. himself, was published ten days—some say the very next day—after his execution. It inculcated such admirable precepts, and

* *Εἰκὼν βασιλική*. The Portraiture of His Sacred Maiestie in his Solitudes and Sufferings. Elliot Stock. 1880.

The Antiquary. May Number. An Autograph Prayer of Charles I. By ohn B. Marsh.

was so filled with meekness and devotion, that men could no longer believe in the dangerous designs and dishonourable duplicity of the late King. Charles' demeanour throughout his trial and on the scaffold had engaged men's sympathies on his behalf; and the revulsion of feeling thus created was everywhere heightened and developed by the publication of this book, which deals with every prominent event of the King's reign since the summoning of the Long Parliament. The headings of the chapters allude to "His Majesty" in the third person; but in the body of the book the King is made to speak in the first person. He excuses or defends his conduct, makes most admirable reflections on the course of events, and concludes each chapter with a prayer. The style is dignified—I might say, stilted. Hume goes the length of declaring it "the best prose composition which at the time of its publication was to be found in the English language." Its tone is always studiously moderate: from the way in which it speaks of Strafford and of the Covenant, it is clear that the author was neither a very ardent Royalist nor a rigorous High Churchman. It is now generally ascribed to Dr. Gauden; but all who read it in 1649 implicitly believed that it was the work of Charles himself. To us the sentiments may appear somewhat commonplace, and the style frigid and artificial; but Englishmen in the time of Cromwell read it with very different feelings: they accepted this portrait of the meek and Christian martyr as the *vera effigies* of the monarch they had beheaded, and were overwhelmed with compunction and remorse as they studied his pious utterances. The book ran through forty-seven editions in a twelvemonth!

And now, in 1880, Mr. Elliot Stock has presented us with a new edition, clearly printed and most tastefully bound. It is a reprint of one of the early editions, though not of the earliest. It contains an admirable *facsimile* of the original frontispiece and title-page. It is a pity, however, that the

ancient spelling has not been preserved; the type, too, would have been better suited to the book had it been more old-fashioned in appearance. I note one or two signs of careless editing. "*Invocations*" on p. 113 should be "*innovations*"; Gauden's sermon has one date given it on p. vii., another on p. xi. But the most interesting portion of this excellent edition of the "*Eikon Basilike*" is an Introduction by Mr. Edward J. L. Scott, M.A., assistant-keeper of MSS. in the British Museum. This gentleman firmly believes that Charles I. wrote the book himself, and adduces several new arguments and pieces of evidence which he says throw fresh light on the authorship of the work. But in order to appreciate the value of these new contributions to the discussion, it will be necessary first to go back to the former stages of the controversy.

John Gauden was born in 1605, and educated at Cambridge. He became chaplain to the Earl of Warwick, one of the leaders of the Parliamentary party; and he was tutor to the Earl's grandson, Mr. Rich, who afterwards married Cromwell's daughter. In 1641 he became D.D. of Oxford. In the same year he was created Dean of Bocking, in Essex, by the Parliament, but took the precaution to obtain, in addition to their appointment, a collation to the deanery from Archbishop Laud, then a prisoner in the Tower. He appears thus to have been rather a trimmer in his politics. He had no doubt espoused the principles of his patron to some extent; but still he was not prepared to go all lengths with the Parliament, even in the earliest stages of the war. His views were such as Falkland and many other worthy Englishmen then held. So, too, in Church matters he was one "whom his friends might call liberal, and his enemies time-serving." He was in no way dissatisfied with the government of bishops, or the Book of Common Prayer; but if the majority of the nation wished these matters altered or abolished, he could reconcile it

with his conscience to remain still Dean of Bocking, and conform to the new regulations. He even took the Covenant, and is said to have sat in the Westminster Assembly. But after the utter defeat of the Royalists at Naseby, after the Presbyterian party in the Parliament had yielded entirely to Cromwell and the Independents, Gauden's heart yearned towards the captured King. He could not absolve him from all blame; but he had been severely punished, and had learnt, he hoped, a lesson from his misfortunes. It was better that he should return to power than that the State should be governed by the Ironsides, the Church by Seventh Monarchy Men. Such was the feeling of most moderate men in 1646 and 1647. And then it was, Gauden tells us, that he commenced to write the "Eikon." His wife and his two curates, Gifford and Walker, were acquainted with his project. The book at first was to have been called "*Suspiria Regalia*," and the design was to pretend that these were papers left behind by the King at Holmby, and accidentally discovered by the publisher. The manuscript, when nearly complete, was shown to Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury; he expressed his approval, but said that there ought to be two more chapters written—one on the Common Prayer Book, and the other on the denying His Majesty the attendance of his chaplains. Duppa had been a chaplain to the King; Gauden had not; so the Bishop himself added these two chapters, now cc. XVI. and XXII. The next thing was to submit it to the King for his approval. But this could not be done, for the vote of non-addresses had been passed on January 13th, 1648, and it was treason to communicate privately with the King. But Gifford, the curate, wrote out a fair copy for His Majesty, and at last an opportunity occurred. The Commissioners went to Newport on September 18th, 1648, and the Marquess of Hertford, who attended on behalf of the King, was accompanied by

Bishop Duppa, who took Gifford's manuscript copy with him. He found an opportunity to read a few chapters to Charles, and left the manuscript with him. But events were hurrying to a close. The Marquess returned from his fruitless errand, convinced that the case was desperate. Then came the news that the King was to be brought to trial. Further communication with him was impossible. Gauden took his old manuscript, added the last chapter—The Meditation on Death—and sent the work to the press, in hopes he yet might save the King's life. Gauden also designed the frontispiece, of which Mr. Stock gives us a *facsimile*. It represents the King as kneeling at an altar, spurning with his foot the golden crown of this world's vanity, *splendidam at gravem*, with his hand accepting the Christian crown of thorns, *asperam at levem*, while his eyes are raised to heaven in expectation of the heavenly crown, *beatam et aeternam*. Behind him are three emblems—the sun shining all the brighter through a cloud; a rock in the midst of the waves, *immota triumphans*; and a palm-tree struggling ever upwards in spite of every obstacle. (I doubt if any devices could have been chosen *less* applicable to Charles I.) Walker, the curate, received the book and the picture, duly sealed up, from Gauden's own hand, and conveyed them to one Peacock, who put the packet "in a trunk between the Lady Warwick's points." So it travelled up to London, and there Peacock delivered it to the Rev. Mr. Symmonds, who took it to Royston, the printer. "Royston never knew anything but that it was of His Majesty's own penning." But the work did not come out in time. Mrs. Gauden says those in power interposed and stopped the printing. Possibly, too, the picture was a long time in the engraver's hands; it is, certainly, as we see it in the early editions, a carefully-executed plate. The work appeared on February 9th, ten days after the King had been executed.

The appearance of the book created a great sensation. Its immense popularity was due no doubt in great measure to the critical juncture at which it appeared. The regicide Parliament at once set to work to find out the publisher. Among the King's papers brought from the Isle of Wight they found the copy that Duppa had left there, with a few alterations and interlineations which they recognised to be the King's. But in whose hand was the body of the book? Gifford's writing was unknown to all the experts. It was clear, too, that the book as published was the original, without the royal emendations. A committee was appointed to investigate the matter, and Symmonds was captured in disguise. Gauden, hearing of this, set off to escape to the Continent, and got as far as Yarmouth; but poor Symmonds died in prison before the Commission had time to take his evidence; so nothing could be discovered, and Gauden returned to Bocking. It is said, but on very doubtful authority, that he was asked once or twice during the Commonwealth if he was not the author of the book, and that he denied it; at which no one would be surprised. It is also said that both he and Gifford in sermons preached on the anniversary of the King's death alluded to the book as being the King's; this also is very natural, if true.

Milton was commissioned by the Parliament to reply to the "Eikon Basilike," and produced the "Iconoclastes." He professes throughout to deal with the work as genuine, though, from many expressions, it is clear that he entertains doubts respecting the authorship. He alludes once or twice to the King's "secret coadjutor," and to "his household rhetorician." But, of course, his business was to deal with the matter of the book, by whomsoever written; and he relentlessly exposes the fallacies of the writer's arguments, the falseness of his assertions, and the hollowness of his expressions of devotion. Cromwell is said to have believed that the King was the author of the book, on

the express ground that "he was the greatest hypocrite in the world." Milton's attack called forth three answers, the *Eikōn ἀκλόστος*, and the "Princely Pelican," and the "Vindiciæ Carolinæ." There followed a rejoinder on Milton's side, the *Eikōn ἀληθινή*, the author of which, in his frontispiece, represents a divine behind a curtain, dictating the book to the King, who is placed at his desk writing. It is said that the divine is intended to represent Bishop Juxon. And this again was followed by an *Eikōν ἡ πιστή* in reply.

At last came the Restoration. Gauden's hopes rose at once. He told the Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Morley, the great secret that he was the real author of "Eikon-Basilike," and was assured that there was no preferment he might not hope to obtain. Morley informed Clarendon. They agreed not to tell the King as yet; but Gauden was at once appointed chaplain to Charles II., and on Nov. 3rd, 1660, he was created Bishop of Exeter. But this did not satisfy Gauden. Exeter appears then, to have been but a poor bishopric, worth only £500 a year. He writes direct to Clarendon, after he has been but a few weeks at Exeter, saying he would as soon have stayed at Bocking. He presents his claim almost in a peremptory manner; he names the *Eikōν Βασιλική* expressly, and urges the great service it had done to the Royal cause. He appeals to Duppa, who was then still alive, and newly created Bishop of Winchester, to confirm his story. He writes six letters to Clarendon, dated respectively Dec. 21st and 26th, 1660; Jan. 21st and 25th, Feb. 28th, and March 6th, 1661. This importunity was caused, no doubt, by the first appearance of that disease of which he afterwards died. Sir E. Nicholas wrote an answer on Jan. 19th, 1661; but Clarendon does not reply till March 13th, 1661. No doubt in the meantime Clarendon had been investigating the matter fully; had

applied to Duppa, and had questioned Royston, who also was still alive. But, when he does write, Clarendon unequivocally admits Gauden's claim, is full of apologies for delay, and of promises for the advancement of Gauden. The King and the Duke of York had been taken into the secret before Gauden left town for Exeter. Mrs. Gauden says that the King promised her husband the bishopric of Winchester; but, on Dr. Duppa's death, that was given to Dr. Morley. This was a bitter disappointment to Gauden, and greatly aggravated his disease. But he was consoled by being appointed to succeed Morley as Bishop of Worcester (May 23rd, 1662). Gauden did not live to enjoy his new dignity more than a few months. He died on Sep. 20th, 1662, at the age of 57, and his wife erected a marble figure of him on his tomb, holding a book in his hand, inscribed *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*.

Thus we see that Gauden lost no time in making his claim; that he preferred it boldly and unhesitatingly; that he appealed to the evidence of living persons, one word from whom would have convicted him of the most barefaced imposture, had his story been false. He did not appeal to the public; he loyally kept what he considered a State secret; he wrote only to those who ought to be informed of it, if true,—to those who had every means of inquiry at their disposal,—to those who were most concerned and interested in the question, and who were undoubtedly reluctant to believe his story true. But Clarendon was at last convinced; and, accordingly, throughout the whole of his writings, we find not a single extract from the "Eikon," not a single allusion to the existence of such a work. Moreover, Gauden's claim was successful! He received first one bishopric, and then another, at a time when ardent Royalists who had suffered exile for twelve years were eagerly clamouring for promotion, and denouncing him as "a false apostate." Here was a man who had done nothing

to promote the Restoration,—a man who had been living all his life in peace and quietness at Bocking, conforming to the Puritan church regulations. He had actually preached before the Long Parliament, and been rewarded with a silver tankard! He had even taken the Covenant! What possible claim had this timeserver on the Royal munificence, unless his tale was true? Can we believe that the King and his Ministers were all deceived by an impudent falsehood? Charles II. was a good hand at detecting an impostor, as we know from Oates' case. But it would have been madness for any one to set up such a claim as Gauden's falsely; for Duppa and Royston were still alive.

Mrs. Gauden lived till 1671, and left behind her an account of all she knew in the matter, from which I have quoted above. It was sent in a letter to her son, in which she says it will be "as a *Clavis*" to him—a key to the mystery—and it was accompanied by a "hogshead of sider." In 1686 there was a sale of the books of the Earl of Anglesey, and Millington, the auctioneer, put up for sale a copy of the "*Eikon Basilike*" which had belonged to the Earl. In turning over the leaves in the act of sale, he found a memorandum in the Earl's handwriting to the following effect:—

King Charles the Second and the Duke of York did both (in the last Session of Parliament, 1675), when I shewed them, in the Lords' House, the written copy of this book, wherein were some corrections written with the late King Charles the First's own hand, assure me that this was none of the said King's compiling, but made by Dr. Gauden, Bishop of Exeter; which I here insert, for the undeceiving others in this point, by attesting so much under my hand.

ANGLESEY.

This copy, with the King's own corrections, must have been the very copy made by Gifford and sent to the Isle of Wight by the hand of Bishop Duppa. It would be a wonderful discovery if this copy could be found. It is not now among the records or in the library of the House of Lords.

There can be no doubt that the facts stated by the Earl of Anglesey are true. For Burnet, in the "History of his own Times," Vol. I., tells us that in 1673 the Duke of York, afterwards King James the Second, told him plainly "that the book was not of his father's writing, and that the letter to the Prince of Wales (last chapter of the "Eikon") was never brought to him. He said Dr. Gauden wrote it." Still, the accidental discovery of this memorandum raised a great discussion. Dr. Hollingworth, in 1692, published a "Defence of Charles the First," in which he relied chiefly upon some very hear-say evidence which he had raked together at third or fourth hand, to the effect that while the King was a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, he used to be constantly writing, and that some of his servants, when he went out for a walk in the garden, would pop into the room and read what he had written. And, of course, when the "Eikon" appeared, and everybody said the King wrote it at Carisbrook, these servants were ready to declare that *that* must have been what they saw the King writing, and what they so rudely read. In this book Hollingworth denounces "a certain Essex Doctor of Divinity," whom he accused of spreading "a false story." This unoffending D.D. in Essex was no other than Mr. Walker, now Dr. Walker, who had been curate to Gauden at the time the book was written, and who was now upwards of seventy. Being thus harshly attacked, Dr. Walker was bound to reply, and, in the same year, he published a tract which bears on the face of it every sign of veracity and trustworthiness. It is moderate in tone; it states facts clearly and with abundant detail; and even Dr. Wordsworth acquits Walker of any intention to deceive, and is driven to conjecture that he was deceived by Gauden. Dr. Walker confirms Mrs. Gauden in all material particulars. He tells us that many of the expressions in the devotional part of "Eikon Basilike" were familiar to him, for he had heard Gauden use them frequently in his

prayers both in church and in his family. The good Doctor, after thus giving his evidence, died while it was in the press. To me Dr. Walker's pamphlet appears decisive. Remember that he had no possible interest in the matter, personal or pecuniary; that his evidence was not volunteered, but was only given after he had been uncourteously attacked by Hollingworth; and that it is confirmed by the undoubted statements of the royal brothers, and by the letters of Gauden and Clarendon, which exist down to the present day. In short, to believe that King Charles I. wrote the "Eikon Basilike" requires us to believe that Gauden, his wife, and his curate joined in a base conspiracy, and that Charles II., James II., Clarendon, Morley, and every one who was most concerned in maintaining the royal authorship, acquiesced contentedly in a false claim, which would infallibly have been detected on the slightest investigation of facts which were ready to their hand.

But Mr. Scott, in his Preface to this edition of the "Eikon," claims to have discovered fresh evidence in favour of the King, and makes this his excuse for reopening the controversy; and such new evidence, he declares, is both internal and external. The external evidence consists chiefly of letters written by various courtiers of Charles II. *after* the book had appeared, alluding to it as the work of the late King. Two of them are drafts of letters for Charles II. to sign, and it is very possible that he did sign fair copies of such letters, though that does not appear. As all these gentlemen had been abroad in Paris or Jersey for years before the King's execution, and stayed there till the Restoration, they could not possibly have known anything about the matter, and their testimony is absolutely worthless. Moreover, if they had entertained any doubt about the authorship, they would not have avowed it: it was clearly politic to allow the English public to remain in ignorance. But it is most probable that they really believed the work to

be the King's. For when Gauden in 1660 first mentioned to Charles II. that he was the author, the King replied that he never knew it "till then, but thought it was his father's, yet wondered how he could have time, and observed that it was wrote like a scholar as well as like a king; and said that, if it had been published sooner, it might have saved his father's life" (Mrs. Gauden's narrative).

Mr. Scott also relies on a broadside advertisement by some bookseller of the new edition of the work published in December, 1660, under the patronage of Charles II. This, of course, alludes to the book as being written by Charles I. The bookseller could never have heard of Gauden's claim; and even if he had any misgiving on the subject, it would be against his interest to spoil his market in the very hey-day of the Royalist reaction by flinging doubts on the authenticity of the work he wished to sell.

The only other piece of external evidence adduced in this preface relates to the so-called "Naseby copy." It is well known that at the Battle of Naseby the King's cabinet, containing the Queen's letters to him and copies of the King's answers, fell into the hands of the Parliament. These the Parliament immediately published, for they displayed the King's hypocrisy and treachery in all their blackness. There is a separate chapter on this occurrence in the "Eikon," but it contains no allusion to any part of this book having been in the cabinet, or having been captured with the Royal letters. And indeed, if any such manuscript had been captured, how would the King have ever regained possession of it? But we know that there were some other papers taken in the King's cabinet, besides those which the Parliament published. There was a manuscript memorial of the events of the war up to April, 1645, prepared by Sir Edward Walker, the King's secretary-at-war; and there does seem some reason for supposing that this manuscript *was* returned either to

the King or to Sir E. Walker, in 1647, when all danger was past. It may have been from this incident that an idea grew up, long after the "Eikon" was published, that the King's original manuscript had fallen into the hands of his enemies at Naseby, but had somehow been miraculously recovered! "This book," says Sanderson, in his History of King Charles I., "whilst in loose papers (ere it was complete), and secured into his cabinet, that being lost, was seized by the enemy at Naseby fight; but these papers happily rescued, and so came to His Majesty's hands again." There is a similarly loose expression in the "Princely Pelican." But there is absolutely no evidence to support this assertion. It is true that in 1703 a Mr. Young, of Plymouth, asserted that Dr. George Bull had, in 1701, written a letter to his curate Cornelius, informing him that in 1656 (forty-five years previously!), a Dr. Gorge had told him (Bull) that he (Gorge) was present at Naseby, and that he was "employed after that defeat by his Majesty to retrieve certain papers lost in his cabinet, in which some private thoughts and meditations of that good King were set down, the loss of which troubled him more than all the other papers of his which fell into his enemies' hands that day. It was with some difficulty that they were obtained from the conqueror, but restored they were." How or by whom they were restored, we are not told. But subsequently the legend was completed by the introduction of a soft-hearted Parliamentary major, who read the royal manuscript after the battle, burst into tears, and, full of contrition, succeeded in inducing Fairfax to restore it to the King, and then went away vowing that he would never fight against so good a monarch any more! And there is a good deal more hear-say evidence to the same effect, narrated at third or fourth hand, more than fifty years after the occurrence, and bearing all the marks of falsehood in its loose generality and absence of detail. Here is one instance.

Dr. Long, who wrote a reply to Dr. Walker, asserts that in 1699 a Luke Eales had told him that, dining once with the Earl of Manchester, "some years before the Restoration (how many I cannot tell)," the Earl declared that when "the cabinet was taken at Naseby fight and brought to him, he found in it, in loose papers, the aforesaid book, written with the King's own hand." Not a word as to the restitution of these papers to the King! But of this piece of evidence it is sufficient to remark that the Earl of Manchester was not at Naseby at all; he had formerly been in command of the Parliamentary forces, but was removed by the Self-Denying Ordinance in 1644. No credence, in short, is to be attached to evidence of reports and rumours collected by an irresponsible pamphleteer for his own purposes so long after the event. Mr. Scott is a firm believer in the existence of a Naseby manuscript of the "Eikon," though he limits it, I know not on what authority, to the first seven chapters. But even he admits that all the proofs previously adduced in its favour, "taken collectively, are not so weighty or decisive" as his own "newly-found Memorandum."

This fresh piece of evidence is an entry which has been discovered at the end of a copy of Earle's Latin version of the "Eikon," now in the library at Lambeth Palace. It is said to be in the handwriting of Dr. Tenison, who was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1694 to 1715. It runs as follows:—

"D. Mew L^d B. of Winchester has often told me (& He repeated it again before y^e B. of Peterburgh in y^e B^r Chāber on Jan. 30th. 1699-8 bef: we went to West: Abbey) that at Naseby-fight, he saw y^e K^e Closet Keeper before y^e fight began, carry out the Kings Papers, to y^e Camp; and y^e aft^r y^e Fight, he saw divers of Them torn & amōgst these fragm^{ts} took up some pieces of *Eik: Bas:* written wth y^e Kings own hand.

Tho. Cantuar."

But this scarcely deserves more attention than Luke

Eales' testimony. A says that B told him in 1699 that he (A) had picked up a bit of paper fifty-four years previously, and read it amid all the din and bustle of a battle-field, and that he is now of opinion that what he then read was part of a book published four years afterwards! Dr. Mews remained Bishop of Winchester till November 9th, 1706; so that he must have been very young in 1645. We are not told in what capacity he was present at the battle, or on which side, or how so young a lad came to be familiar with the King's handwriting. But, assuming that he did pick up some papers written by the King after the battle, of what value is his recollection of their contents after an interval of over fifty years? It is not as though the "Eikon" was then an existing work. He could not *recognise* these papers as part of a published book. He does not say he preserved them. He must have carried the words in his memory till the book appeared—words read in all the hurry either of flight or of pursuit—and, after a calm reflection of half a century, he gives us his opinion that the words he read in manuscript correspond with some part or other of the printed book. Had he said, "What I picked up was such and such a paragraph, or part of such and such a chapter of the royal work," I should have attached more importance to the venerable Bishop's recollections.

It has always seemed to me that those who maintain the existence of a Naseby copy seek to prove too much. Prior to this defeat the King had no occasion to pose as a Blessed Martyr. His cause had been generally triumphant; at all events, he had himself endured neither "solitudes" nor "sufferings." Moreover, even in the first seven chapters of the book there are allusions to events subsequent to that battle. And it is impossible not to see that this fresh piece of evidence—Bishop Tenison's memorandum—is utterly inconsistent with all the previous evidence on the point; for if Dr. Mews saw these papers loose, they could not have

been 'secured into the cabinet,' as Sanderson asserts; and if they were torn up and scattered over the battle-field, they could never have been recovered and restored to the captive King, either by Dr. Gorge or Major Huntingdon!

Next, Mr. Scott presents us with seven new pieces of *internal* evidence. The first is the title of the book—"Εἰκὼν Βασιλική, the pourtraicture of his sacred Majestie in his solitudes and sufferings." Mr. Scott argues that, had the book been printed after the King's death, as Mrs. Gauden says, Charles I. would have been styled "his *late*," and not "his *sacred* Majesty." We can scarcely fancy Charles describing himself as "his late Majesty," it is true! But the answer is obvious. The book was undoubtedly written while Charles I. was still alive, whoever was the author; and it first appeared on February 9, 1649, ten days after the King's death. Whether the type was actually set up before the execution or not cannot matter, for of course the printer would not deviate from the manuscript before him. Surely the epithet '*sacred*' is sufficient for the most ardent Royalist; it carries with it a flavour of '*divus*,' and so would mean more than '*late*.' To say "his late sacred Majestie," might imply that the sanctity had now worn off! Anyhow, I note that the very book-seller's placard on which Mr. Scott relies as external evidence, and the date of which is certainly subsequent to the Restoration, alludes to Charles I. as "his Majestie" simply, without the addition of any epithet "*late*."

Then Mr. Scott calls attention to the initials G. D. at the end of the verses, explaining the frontispiece. These, he says, stand for Gulielmus Dugard, the Head Master of St. Paul's Grammar School, whom he deems the author of the verses. This may be so; though others might take the initials as hinting at GauDen. But the point is absolutely immaterial, because there are *no* verses explaining the frontispiece, and *no* initials G. D. in the earliest editions.

The next argument is still more trivial. Just under the initials G. D. in the ordinary editions runs a Greek motto—*Τὸ χεῖ οὐδὲν ἡδίκησε τὴν πόλιν οὐδὲ τὸ κάππα*. I confess I had no notion from what work this line was a quotation, and I doubt if many of my readers could tell me. But Gauden knew; in a sermon preached on the anniversary of the King's death, he rightly refers this line to the Misopogon of Julian the Apostate. I should have thought this was a point in Gauden's favour; but Mr. Scott will not allow it, for in the same sermon Gauden assumes that the passage refers to Constantine, and Mr. Scott thinks, from a study of the chronology, that Julian must have meant Constantius, the son of Constantine. A man may easily make such a slip in a sermon; it may have been a printer's error; or, again, it may have been in accordance with the received chronology of the time: for Gauden lived before Gibbon. But what has this alleged error to do with the authorship of the "Eikon Basilike?" There is *no* Greek motto at all in the earliest editions of the book. After the work had become popular, some verses in English explaining the frontispiece were inserted, and later some Latin lines to the same effect, and this Greek motto, were added by some one,—certainly not by Charles I. I wonder how much that unhappy monarch knew about Constantius or the Misopogon of Julian the Apostate!

From the frontispiece to *Finis*! At the very end of the book there is a motto, "*Vota dabunt quæ bella negârunt*." Dr. C. Wordsworth had long ago pointed out that this motto was also the conclusion of a poem written by King Charles I. at Carisbroke Castle called "*Majesty in Misery*." The coincidence is, no doubt, an argument, though but a slight one, in favour of the royal authorship; but Mr. Scott has found the same idea, or at least a corresponding one, at the end of Chapter XVIII. in the words, "What we could not get by our *treaties*, we may gain by our prayers." And

he says that the words occur also in the explanation of the frontispiece of which he is so fond ; but I cannot find them there, either in English or in Latin. But, even if this were so, how would it strengthen Dr. Wordsworth's argument ? This triple repetition, if it did exist, might be some evidence that the book was written by George III. ! But it does not in any other way impair the claim of Gauden, unless, indeed, Mr. Scott is prepared to go to the length of asserting that Doctors of Divinity *never* repeat themselves. Not only does Mr. Scott not strengthen his great leader's argument, but by his next assertion he positively weakens it ; for, unless I misunderstand him, he asserts that the motto at the end appears first in Dugard's edition, " being, no doubt, added by himself." If such were the fact, the coincidence on which Dr. Wordsworth relies would at once be explained away. I should declare that Dugard had seen the King's poem, and, being struck by the concluding words, had added them also to the " Eikon." But it is not so. Had Mr. Scott taken the trouble to refer to the original first edition by Royston, which is in his own British Museum, he would have found the motto there, as in every other edition. Mr. Scott, in his anxiety to prove that his client, William Dugard, wrote the lines explaining Gauden's figure of the kneeling King, forgets that it is on the first edition, and on that only, that the authorship of this work must depend. After the book was once published, Gauden, of course, never meddled with it ; he wished every one to suppose it was the King's own composition.

So far we may say of Mr. Scott, "*hæret in cortice*," for he has but dealt with the title-page, the frontispiece, and the finial. But in his next piece of evidence he does seem to pierce the outer rind, and to attack the book itself. There is in the King's Library in the British Museum a copy of Bacon's " Advancement of Learning," said to have belonged to King Charles I. It has lain for years under a

glass case, open at the collection of *antitheta* in Book VI. And to Bacon's *pros* and *cons.* a few more have been added in the body of the book in a hand which undoubtedly resembles the King's. Now, assuming them to be in Charles's hand, assuming them also to be his original composition, and then assuming further that they closely resemble the "Eikon" in style, we should arrive at an argument of some weight in favour of the King. But of the second assumption, Mr. Scott gives us no proof at all, and as to the third he has found but one parallel passage on which to establish the resemblance. He sets out the whole of the *antitheta* (there are but twenty-three of them) in the Introduction in order, as he says, "that future readers of the 'Eikon' may find out other parallel passages for themselves." I fear that the readers will not succeed where their editor has failed! And what is Mr. Scott's *one* parallel passage? The royal copy of Bacon contains this manuscript note under the head of "Innovation":—"He that Innovats hath need to be verry Wyse, for he taxes all Men of Ignorance," and in Chapter XVI. of the "Eikon" we read:—"So hardly can the pride of those that study novelties allow former times any share or degree of wisdom or godlinesse." This is, of course, a commonplace and obvious sentiment: the original of both versions may very possibly be found in Hooker. Bacon, in his "Essay on Great Place," advises us to "reform, therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons." I do not for one moment suppose that any of these *antitheta* are the King's original composition. Such collections of maxims were common in those days. Sir Edward Nicholas made one; there are two or three in Bacon's works, called Apophthegms, Elegant Sentences, and Short Notes for Civil Conversation. In the "Advancement of Learning" Bacon advises young men to collect such commonplaces, and those alleged to be in the King's handwriting

may well have been selected by him as an exercise under the direction of his tutors, and subsequently entered into the volume which contains this recommendation. It would not be difficult to discover whence they were derived. Thus one of the King's apophthegms is:—"He that will not apply new remedies must never cure new diseases." Bacon tells us in his *Essays*: "He that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils." Another of the King's sentences is, "Naturall Witt, destitute of Learning, is but lyke unpolished Marble." Bacon, in his "Essay on Studies," says:—"Natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study;" the same idea differently expressed. The King writes:—"All Envy proceeds from a known self-unworthinesse." Bacon:—"Envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self." Bacon, in his "Essay on Suspicion," says, "In fearful natures they gain ground too fast"; the King puts it thus:—"Suspition alwais proceedeth eather from Feare or Gilt." Another of the royal apophthegms, "Love is the Mother of all noble Actions," reminds us of Spenser's line, "For love is Lord of truth and loialtie." I have thus hastily dealt with six sentences out of the twenty-three, but no doubt a scholar intimately acquainted with the literature of the days of Elizabeth and James I. could easily trace every one of these apophthegms home to its source.

And now, having finished his arguments, Mr. Scott concludes with what we lawyers call "a bit of prejudice." He has found a letter by Gauden to Henry Cromwell, which he characterises as fulsome. It certainly is complimentary. But all letters written in those days by Churchmen to men in power were invariably complimentary, if not fulsome. I think Henry Cromwell deserved the praises here bestowed on him by Gauden, who writes apparently at the bidding of the Lady Frances Rich, Henry Cromwell's sister and the wife of Gauden's former pupil. The letter certainly

proves nothing more than that the writer was a bit of a time-server, which I think we knew before. But its artificial style interlarded with moral maxims closely resembles that of the "Eikon."

The only remaining piece of evidence is one adduced by Mr. John B. Marsh, in the May number of *The Antiquary*. He has found in the Record Office a form of prayer, in the handwriting of Charles I., written on the blank half-sheet of a list of the Court preachers for Lent, 1631. It is derived partly from the Book of Common Prayer and partly from the Bible. There is no reason for supposing it to be Charles' own composition. Mr. Bruce thought it was a copy made by him from some known form; perhaps one of the Lent preachers dictated it. Now, to most editions of the "Eikon," though not to the original edition, there is attached an appendix, headed "Private Prayers used by His Majesty in the Time of His Sufferings." These were added by Dugard, the printer of the later editions, after the book became well known. In all probability they are prayers which the King had really used for years. For the second prayer in the appendix, and that discovered by Mr. Marsh, are undoubtedly two versions of the same composition. That in the King's handwriting has an introductory collect not in the prayer in print; while the latter, on the other hand, has a long passage inserted in the middle which is wanting in the former; and there are a few other verbal discrepancies. Very possibly the prayers in the appendix are recollections of prayers which the King frequently used, supplied from memory by some officer of his household. But this throws no light on the authorship of the "Eikon;" for, as I have said before, there are *no* such prayers in the original edition of the book.

Is it not strange how the advocates of the royal authorship linger round the frontispiece and the appendix, and revel in memoranda written in the next century, but never

dare to face the book itself? No impartial critic reading the "Eikon" in the light of our modern history could possibly ascribe it to the King. Charles Stuart could never have written thus of the Covenant, nor of "my Lord of Strafford's business." He would surely have thrown more life and passion into the whole work. He would, at least, have displayed some of that special knowledge of men and of events which he must have pre-eminently possessed. But here the style is stiff and artificial; the arguments cold and rhetorical; the book treats only of matters of common knowledge; and the reflections drawn from them are common-place. And then on almost every page come allusions to Absolom or Pharaoh, Naboth or Elias, Job, Jeroboam, or the Sabæans, which all point to the Doctor of Divinity. And of this our author is fully sensible, for, at the end of a prolonged argument on Church government, based on the epistles to Timothy and Titus, he makes the King remark (with much truth): "This I write rather like a divine than a prince," c. XVII. Milton, in reference to the affected antithetical style, remarks: "These petty glosses and conceits are so weak and shallow, and so like the quibbles of a Court sermon, that we may safely reckon them either fetched from such a pattern, or that the hand of some household priest foisted them in" ("Iconoclastes," 452). It is not a little curious that Sanderson, who firmly believes that the King was the author, says in its praise: "It is not unlike the gravity of Master Hooker's style in his 'Ecclesiastical Polity.'" And Gauden, we know, had studied Hooker, and written his life, and edited a folio edition of the whole of his works!

We conclude, therefore, that the "Eikon Basilike" was in all probability written by Bishop Gauden, and that, in any case, it certainly was *not* written by Charles I.

W. BLAKE ODGERS.

THE TWELFTH GERMAN PROTESTANTENTAG.

IN the present disturbed and complicated condition of ecclesiastical affairs in Germany, the annual meetings of the *Protestanten Verein* must have an unusual interest for English readers. The retirement from office of Dr. Falk, the *Cultus Minister* of Prussia, some ten months since, closed a period of seven years' activity, in which an earnest effort was made to bring order out of the ecclesiastical chaos, left behind by his reactionary predecessor. In spite of occasional errors of judgment and displays of weakness, Falk deserves high praise for perseverance in an undertaking of no ordinary difficulty and magnitude. He had to struggle against the dead weight of Conservative influence in high quarters, the opposition of unenlightened bigotry, and the subtle tactics of the Ultramontane leaders in and out of Parliament. And under his more Conservative successor, the Established Church of Prussia has fallen in a still greater degree out of harmony with the modern spirit. The rank and file of its clergy seem opposed to freedom in every form, and their religious teaching runs almost in direct contradiction to popular belief. The Prussian Government apparently hopes to secure political obedience, and to check the growth of Socialism, by reviving faith in the old Lutheran doctrines. But the masses very decidedly refuse to accept the mediæval theology as a means of solving the great problems of existence. And, in consequence, the devotees of the Augsburg Confession

are chiefly found in those circles where clerical influence and Conservative tendencies are strongest, and unfortunately this section of society has of late been imbued with a fanatical and persecuting spirit.

It may be supposed that little interest will be roused by the doings of the largest State Church of Germany, so long as its organisation, doctrine, and discipline are so ill adapted to the needs of the time. It is generally recognised that it is utterly unable to reconcile the combatants in the present keen struggle between classes and parties throughout the Empire, or to exercise a salutary influence in mitigating the evils now wasting its material and moral strength. Hence the attention of foreign critics has of late been chiefly centred on the Liberal movement within the Churches, the leaders of which find their rallying point and centre of operations in the *Protestanten Verein*. This association, which has about 80 branch societies, about 600 direct members, and 26,000 members of the local unions, has its headquarters in the capital, where a band of able Liberals, both clerical and lay, have to stand vigilantly on guard to prevent encroachments on their rights and privileges. The numerical strength of the *Verein* lies, however, in the north-west and south of Germany, Bremen taking the lead on this side the Elbe. Since 1865 this Protestant Union has done good service in upholding the right of free inquiry and freedom of conscience in matters of faith, and in seeking to promote a healthy revival of popular religious life and the harmony of all churches in the unity of the spirit.

The twelfth *Protestantentag*, or general assembly, of the members of the Union was held in Gotha, from May 18th to 20th, under very favourable circumstances. Members were present from all parts of Germany, besides delegates from England, Holland, and Switzerland. An enthusiastic but solemn feeling pervaded the gathering, as if all present

felt the greatness and sacredness of the work to be accomplished. Of the early conspicuous leaders of the movement, only one was present, Dr. Carl Schwarz, Court Preacher of Gotha; but his remarkable gift of oratory and great personal influence helped to atone for the absence of others who have passed away or retired from public life. Schwarz was the soul of the assembly, and, in spite of broken health, he spoke with all the vigour and impressiveness of his earlier days. Few men in the ranks of the German clergy have had such opportunities as he for carrying their Liberalism into actual practice. As *Oberhofprediger*, General Superintendent, and member of the High Church Council, he has exercised an energetic and consistent surveillance over the churches under his care, and opposed firmly any vexatious oppression of clergy or laity on grounds of belief. Under his guardianship, the Orthodox lion and the Liberal lamb have been so reconciled as to lie down together in peace, while in Prussia the most unpromising measures are adopted to reduce the assertion of the more advanced opinions to a mere shadow on the wall.

Along with Schwarz, the leading men of a younger generation are now associated, such as Pfeiderer, P. W. Schmidt, Holtzmann, and Manchot, and such laymen as Lammers of Bremen, Siemons of Elberfeld, and Emminghaus of Gotha. The rank and file of the delegates (who numbered nearly two hundred) were chiefly young clergymen from the smaller German States, Prussia for obvious reasons sending very few representatives. Had health and strength been granted him, Dr. Techow, of Berlin, the President of the Verein, would, doubtless, have been present; but when the other representatives left the city, he was hovering between life and death, and the melancholy tidings of his end soon followed them to Gotha. At the previous assembly of the Association at Hildesheim, he presided over the meetings with a courtesy and clearness

of judgment, which showed that no fitter man could have been found for the post. His death cast a deep shadow over the assembly; but all felt that his seventy-three years had been so full of good deeds and Christian usefulness that his summons was only a call to repose and peace. Vice-president Schröder, a Prussian lawyer, presided in his stead, a man of polished manners, but apparently only moderately endowed with the enthusiasm of humanity. It was only on occasions when Dr. Schwarz filled the chair that the latent Teutonic *Gemüthlichkeit* made itself felt in full measure throughout the auditory.

As usual, the more earnest work of the Assembly was prefaced by an informal social gathering, and next morning the opening service was conducted by Pastor Zwingli Wirth, of Basle. This selection of a preacher of the Reformed faith is a gratifying sign of broadening tolerance and sympathy between the two great Reformation Churches. The sermon was fashioned after the true Swiss model, a more fervid and outspoken utterance than is common with German preachers, and also more tersely and sententiously expressed. This difference between German and Swiss style was long ago correctly noted by Luther, only in a different sense. And perhaps a comparison between the calm and polished discourses of Pfleiderer and the impassioned appeals of the late Friedrich Langhans, of Berne, might illustrate the difference of idiosyncrasy and national spirit. Pastor Wirth insisted strongly on the necessity of the Church being free and for the people, if it was to be truly Protestant, and, at the same time, the Church of the future. He would gladly see the old distinctions vanish and a union of all hitherto conflicting elements attained through the recognition of the principle that "where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

The first public meeting was held in the hall of the

Ernestine Gymnasium, at which Pastor Schmeidler, editor of the *New Congregational Messenger*, gave an address on German Protestantism and the State Church of Prussia. He alluded specially to the vexatious oppression of Liberal pastors in North Germany, especially since the appointment of the two Court preachers, Kögel and Baur, as members of the Supreme Church Council. The debate was opened by Dr. Schwarz, in a speech which, like the sermon of the morning, sent a wave of enthusiasm over the meeting. With an unsparing hand the speaker depicted how the spirit of true Protestantism was being quenched in the Prussian Church, and how religion was being made the handmaid of oppression and a watchword of political warfare. He further described the proceedings of the late Prussian Synod in anything but flattering terms. Its endeavour to pervert the educational machinery of the State to reactionary purposes, its fulminations against freedom and progress, and its obedient and subservient majorities, all showed it to be a packed assembly and no real representative gathering of the national Church. A set of theses, expressing the substance of the address and principal speeches, was unanimously adopted at the close of the meeting. In the evening, besides a meeting of delegates, at which much useful detail work was done, a large gathering was held to welcome the Verein to Gotha and to give opportunity for the greeting of foreign guests. Dr. Schwarz welcomed the delegates in the name of his fellow-townsmen, and *im Sinne des Herzogs Ernst*; while Dr. Manchot gave, figuratively speaking, the right hand of fellowship to the foreign visitors.

Next morning (May 19th) Pastor Cropp, of Moorburg, preached an earnest and thoughtful sermon on the text, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." This was succeeded by the second public meeting, at which Pastor Frikhoffer, of Bremen, gave an address on "The Home

Mission of the Protestanten Verein." This ought to have been given by Pastor Kradolfer, whose name is so well known in Bremen as a Christian philanthropist, as well as a man of fine culture and exquisite literary taste. Unfortunately, illness prevented his attendance; but his substitute performed his difficult task with marked success. An interesting discussion followed on practical methods of humanitarian effort, and an appropriate list of theses was adopted at the close. A large company sat down to dinner in the afternoon, toasts and speeches being interspersed between the courses in German fashion. And as, towards the close, Zwingli Wirth, in eloquent and stirring language, proposed success to the principles, the rights, and the spirit of the Protestanten Verein, a vehement burst of applause showed in what an earnest and enthusiastic spirit the Liberal Church clergy of Germany are standing on guard, and defending the threatened religious liberties of the Empire. Multitudes of their compatriots are at present unable to appreciate their motives, or to repay their services with gratitude or praise; but the leaders of the movement are inspired by higher motives than the hope of mere popular applause or notoriety, and, knowing that great results are often but slowly matured, they are resolved to persevere, in spite of present discouragement or scanty support.

Hamburg.

J. R. HANNE.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

GARRISON AND THE "LIBERATOR."

MY DEAR SIR,—I must not let this day, which marks the first anniversary of my dear father's translation, pass without returning you my thanks for the April number of the *Modern Review*, containing Mr. Dorling's admirable summary of his life and public career, and I beg that you will communicate to the author the satisfaction with which it has been perused by me and other members of my father's family, as well as by Mr. Oliver Johnson, whose book is made the basis of the article.

There is only a single passage in the article to which I can take exception, and that is on page 366, where Mr. Dorling says, "It does appear to us that probably rather more subjects than were either suitable or profitable, may have been mixed up in the literary publications of the Anti-Slavery cause at that time." And he then proceeds to instance the fact, as if in confirmation of this statement, that "Amos A. Phelps, a confessedly-earnest and true-hearted friend of the cause," withdrew from it because, as he alleged, "the Society is no longer an Anti-Slavery Society simply, but in its action a Woman's Rights, Non-Government, Anti-Slavery Society."

I think it only justice to say that the official publications of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, their numerous tracts and pamphlets, and their organ, the "National Anti-Slavery Standard," were never open to any such criticism or complaints, as they confined themselves rigidly to the Slavery question, and did not pretend to discuss the numerous questions which the *Liberator* freely admitted to its columns. But the *Liberator* was my father's special and private property, and the organ of no society or body whatsoever. For himself he claimed the right to freely discuss any question he chose in his own paper; but he fully recognised the importance of the Society having an organ which should confine itself wholly to the main question, and represent the organisation which was formed espe-

cially to abolish slavery, and he ever gave a hearty support to the *Standard* for that reason. But while he was devoting his own labours almost entirely to the same cause, his interest in such matters as Peace and Non-Resistance, the Sabbath Question, the Woman's Rights Movement, &c., was too great to permit his pen or tongue to be silent about them, and he never believed that he retarded one good and unpopular cause, even though it was struggling hard to maintain itself against every opposing element, by avowing his adhesion to another which he knew to be also founded on the eternal principles of truth and right and justice. And I think events fully justified him. His withdrawal from the World's Anti-Slavery Convention of 1840, because his sister-delegates were not admitted, gave the cause of woman an impetus which it has felt ever since, and did far less to injure the Anti-Slavery cause than the narrow and exclusive action of the Convention. The progress of liberal thought and discussion in America owes a vast deal to the breaking-up plough of the discussions on the sanctity of the Sabbath, and on the infallibility of the Bible or of any book, in which my father engaged thirty or forty years ago, and the Anti-Slavery movement helped along a score of reforms without detriment to itself. John Stuart Mill expressed this admirably in his speech at the London breakfast to my father in 1867, when he said: "The heart and mind of a nation are never stirred from their foundation without manifold good fruits. In the case of the great American contest, these fruits have been already great, and are daily becoming greater. The prejudices which beset every form of society, and of which there was a plentiful crop in America, are rapidly melting away. The chains of prescription have been broken; it is not only the slave who has been freed—the mind of America has been emancipated."

One thing should be borne in mind always—namely, that these seemingly extraneous questions had after all a direct connection with the Anti-Slavery movement, though their discussion was not sought by the Abolitionists, but was forced upon them by their enemies and by those who cared more for their creeds and their churches than for the crushed and bleeding slave. My father and those who loyally followed him to the end of the struggle had at the outset to vindicate the right of free speech and free discussion. When they were attacked for holding Anti-Slavery meetings on Sunday, they had not only to assert that there was no holier or more deeply religious movement than the

crusade for the slave, but to prove that not one day only, but all alike were "holy," and to quote to their evangelical assailants the views of Luther and other leaders of the Reformation on the Sabbath. When the apologists for slavery quoted the Bible in support of slave-holding, it was not enough merely to seek another interpretation of the passages they cited, or to attempt to reconcile them to other parts of the book which the Abolitionists were in the habit of using so effectively; it was necessary to maintain that the rights of human nature rested upon no book and no parchment, but existed before them all, and were inherent. When Abby Kelley, a faithful young Quaker woman, whose labours as an Anti-Slavery lecturer had been of inestimable value, was placed upon a business committee of the Anti-Slavery Society, and objection was made because she was a woman, was it to be admitted for a moment that women must not speak and labour for their sisters in bondage, or, if at all, only in a separate organisation, when so much more effective work could be accomplished by joint and united action? And when some of the Abolitionists, whose declaration of sentiments at the outset had insisted that they were to use only peaceful methods to abolish slavery, formed a Non-Resistant Society—an independent society, by the way, and in no wise connected with the Anti-Slavery Society—did it become those evangelical ministers who claimed to be disciples of the Prince of Peace, the most conspicuous and powerful example of non-resistant principles that the world has seen, to taunt them with being a "Non-Government Society," because they gave their first allegiance to a Higher Power than any human Government which rested on force? There is little doubt that Mr. Phelps bitterly lamented the step he took, and that his shame and mortification, as he discovered the real purposes of those who had seduced him, did much to hasten his death. He was an able man, and his early services to the cause deserve lasting remembrance.

Believe me, very truly yours,

FRANCIS J. GARRISON.

Roxbury, Mass., May 24, 1880.

ALL contributions to the popular knowledge of our national literature are welcome; and especially so are those systematic efforts which exhibit its growth and its strength as shown in its greatest masters. Nothing is so calculated to give intellectual health to a generation enervated by conventional and popular

literature as the study of the best works of the past. This is the more true when such study is pursued under the guidance of really competent critics. It is to afford an introduction, under such guidance, to the most characteristic works of the great poets that the most recent selection from the English Poets has been published.* The difference of the selection here made lies chiefly in the fact of its being the work not "of one writer, but of many. It was," we are told in the preface, "on this plan that M. Crépet's excellent book, '*Les Poètes Français*,' was constructed twenty years ago; and what he then did for French poetry we here wish to do for English poetry—to present a collection of what is best in it, chosen and judged by those whose tastes and studies specially qualify them for the several tasks they have undertaken."

The result of this combined labour is a selection from the poets with attached criticism superior to anything we possess, or that has been hitherto attempted. The work, when complete, will consist of four volumes, closing with Keble and an essay on his writing by the Dean of Westminster. The volumes before us extend from Chaucer to Dryden. "I am engaged to write little Lives, and little Prefaces, to a little edition of the English Poets," wrote Dr. Johnson to Boswell. The engagement was not literally kept. The lives were often long, the prefaces became serious criticisms, and no poet was noticed who flourished before the Restoration. In the work before us the life of each poet is briefly indicated by a few facts and the dates of his principal works. The critical essays attached are models of condensed, clear, and interpretative writing. Of these the first most worthy of notice is by Mr. Lang on "Ballads." As it was impossible to arrange them by date of composition, he has distributed them under classes as the Historical, Romantic, Supernatural, &c., the criteria of selection being their poetical power and charm. Their origin is, in nearly all cases, a matter of doubt. Their subject and incidents are found in all European countries; and in treatment, Mr. Lang considers the lays of rural England are inferior to those of more northern origin. "They lack," he says, "the picturesqueness, the simplicity, the felicitous choice of expression, the fire, the speed of the best European *volkslieder*." Selections from Spenser are introduced by his most

* The English Poets. Selections, with Critical Introductions, by Various Writers, and a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold. Edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co. 1880.

recent biographer, the Dean of St. Paul's; Shakespeare by Professor Dowden. The drama, properly so called, finds no place in this collection; but the songs and sonnets of the dramatists are included. More than thirty pages are devoted to Shakespeare, containing four-and-twenty sonnets, besides the songs and extracts from his poems. The preface is highly interesting and original. Professor Dowden declines to trouble himself with the inquiry, "Who is this Mr. W. H., the inspirer of the sonnets?" remarking that the knowledge is not essential to the understanding of the poems. The explanation of their scheme and meaning renders them perfectly lucid and connected. How far this has been considered satisfactory by critics of Professor Dowden's previous works on Shakespeare, we do not know. It is eminently reasonable. Robert Herrick, "sweetest of English pastoral poets," finds a fitting welcome to an audience that knows too little of him. Mr. Gosse, who has made the selection from his poems, has a high admiration for his works. He speaks of him as "a Pagan and a hedonist," and as reverting only naturally to the primitive civilisation of Europe. Of his chief work, he says, "there is not a sunnier book in the world than the 'Hesperides.' To enter it is to enter a rich garden on a summer afternoon, and to smell the perfume of a wealth of flowers and warm herbs and ripening fruits." Milton has, perhaps, a larger space awarded to his selections than was necessary for poems in every one's hands. But who could occupy it so worthily? Mr. Mark Pattison, who so recently contributed the monograph on Milton to the series of "English Men of Letters," writes the notices of the selected passages. A student of poetry desirous of discerning that which is excellent, and of the power of expressing the emotion excited by the perception, can hardly do better than read attentively and repeatedly these few pages on John Milton. Professor Ward does more than ample justice to Dryden; he is generous even to his defects. Admitting the truth of Wordsworth's remark that there is not "a single image from nature in the whole body of his works," Mr. Ward contends that "Dryden is to be ranked with the grandest of English poets. The irresistible impetus of an invective which never falls short or flat, and the savour of a satire which never seems dull or stale, give him an undisputed place among the most glorious of English wits." This judgment seems to conflict with the conclusions of Mr. Arnold, in his general introduction to these volumes. There we read that the poetry of Dryden and Pope is

that "of the builders of an age of prose and reason. Though they may write in verse, though they may, in a certain sense, be masters of the art of versification, Dryden and Pope are not classics of our poetry, they are classics of our prose." This is surely a more just conclusion than that "Dryden is to be ranked with the grandest of English poets."

The introductory essay by Mr. Matthew Arnold is of conspicuous worth even amongst his own critical writings. The importance attaching to poetry of the highest excellence is shown most clearly by the need which all spiritual natures have of some stay as the intellectual forms of religion are breaking up. Poetry nourishes and preserves the emotions as they detach themselves from false and delusive dogmas. "Our religion," says Mr. Arnold, "has materialised itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea is the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry." Poetry is concerned with life; it is the application of ideas to life; it is at bottom a criticism of life. It is "a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty."

Such being Mr. Arnold's view of poetry, of its paramount importance, of its high destinies, and knowing, as we all do, what his estimate of popular religion is, we may from other motives than literary gratification seek from him the knowledge of what poetry is at its best. We do not understand him to say that poetry and religion are identical; the first is rather hand-maiden of the second. The dangers which beset poetry are twofold, the one arising from the style and language of the poet, the other from grounds personal to ourselves—our affinities, likings, and circumstances. Quoting a few lines of the great masters as types of poetic truth and beauty, Mr. Arnold points out that better than maxims of critics, or principles for guidance, are concrete examples. Nevertheless, he afterwards adds "that the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing, in an eminent degree, truth and seriousness." We have not space to show how this principle is applied to poets of different epochs. It is enough that we call attention to a work of this high order of poetry and criticism, adding such slight explanations as a reader may be ex-

pected to desire. But we cannot refrain from referring to what we venture to consider a courageous as well as a penetrating criticism on Burns. He is chosen by Mr. Arnold as an instance of the personal estimate interfering with the real estimate of poetic work. The world of Burns is described as a "world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners." Four times within a paragraph of a score lines these words recur, till the iteration becomes tiresome, and suggests a defiant mood on the writer's part. It is admitted that Burns often triumphs over his world; but not even then where most Scotchmen have felt that he did. Several passages of undoubted power and pathos are quoted, but, brought to the test of seriousness and absolute sincerity, they fail. They lack "the accent or the poetic virtue of the highest masters." Still, lovers of Burns may be proud to know that his *Jolly Beggars* "has a breadth, a truth, a power, which make the famous scene in Auerbach's Cellar, of Goethe's *Faust*, seem artificial and tame beside it, and which are only matched by Shakespeare and Aristophanes."

MARK WILKS.

SCOTCH sermons, indeed!* And who is likely to read them in these days? The words are associated with portentous length of deliverance, dreary platitude, dry, hard, and pitiless sequents. When first we saw the title, we thought of the late Mr. Buckle, and we called to mind our own experience in Scotland, when we used to listen now and then to some stalwart Calvinist divine quoting, with vehement emphasis, dreadful words alike from Scripture and the Confession of Faith. But who are the preachers who have composed this volume? There is the regnant orator of Scotland, Principal Caird, of Glasgow University; the all-too-subtle reasoner, Professor Knight, of St. Andrew's; that fine mixture of the man of the world and the theologian, Dr. Storey, of Roseneath; the outspoken and most tolerant of gentlemen who occupies a pulpit, Dr. Cunningham, of Crieff; the Rev. Mr. Stevenson, of Glamis, who manages to combine point with breadth of treatment; and others who will live in the memories of men after they have passed away from earth. But Scotch sermons! They may have been preached in Scotland by Scotchmen; but they depart very widely from the traditional type. Nay, in the preface it is indicated that this volume is

* Scotch Sermons. 1880. London: Macmillan and Co. 1880.

“the work of those whose hope for the future lies . . . in a profounder apprehension of the essential ideas of Christianity, and specially in the growth . . . of such a method of presenting them as to show that they are equally adapted to the needs of mankind, and in harmony with the results of critical and scientific research.” There is not a single element of the old Scotch sermon in the volume, unless it be that of intensity. There is a complete absence of dogmatism and the theology of the Confession—at least, of its narrowness, and its gloomy prospect for the future ; and only the richer juices of its devout and glowing heart. It is, in short, the proclamation of religious Free Thought by the foremost minds within the pale of the Church of Scotland.

The sermons run mostly in pairs—that is to say, in a majority of instances there are two by the same author, working out the same principle on two different lines of treatment. The place of honour is given to two discourses by Principal Caird, and to those who have any knowledge at all of the author, we have no need to say that they are at once filled with thought and eloquently expressed. The first has for its theme *Corporate Immortality*. This theme is splendidly worked out. The vital interest of each individual of the race in corporate humanity is clearly proved, and it is shown what influence each one may contribute, in the present, to the future of the world. The reformers and martyrs of bygone times, who passed away without seeing the desire of their hearts, are shown to have attained those desires in the present good of men. The discourse swells and thrills with the glorious faith that no good effort has ever been thrown away, but, mingling with the general life of the human race, has helped to lift it to a higher level. The second sermon—*Union with God*—is the same idea carried up into the sphere of the consciously Divine, and is a fine exposition of the thought that the unity of Christ with God is typical of the possible unity of each individual of our race with the Father.

In *Homespun Religion*, Dr. Cunningham urges that every duty rightly done is religiously done ; and that every sphere of life is sacred to him who is sanctified by conscientiousness. This is shown to be the case alike in the instance of Christ and the common every-day working-man Christian. “The mission of Christ was not really different from that of any other Christian,” he says, as each has his work and duties imposed by God. *The Religion of Love*, by the same author, is a discussion of the prin-

ciples on which conduct is based ; and the conclusion is drawn that love is the source of the most heroic lives, as the state of the affections really determines quality of character, and so man's spiritual destiny.

In the Sermon on *Law and Miracle*, Mr. Ferguson contends that the verifying faculty in man's nature is of higher importance in religion than any appeals to the senses ; for "Christianity is no rigid system of dogma, or of ecclesiastical forms, elaborated long ago, and incapable of growth or change. It is rather a living organism, drawing nourishment to itself from every side, and affected by the life-pulsations of every age" (p. 70). The miracles do not evidence Christ, but he them. While Mr. Ferguson believes in the miracles, he also believes that they indicate the fact that Christianity has to do with the healing of men's bodies as well as their souls. And this view is important, inasmuch as science in our day has produced a state of mind which predisposes men to reject miracle. Knowledge of other systems of faith prevalent in the world in which miracles play a large part, has also the same tendency. Addressed to the senses, they are for the benefit of the eye-witnesses, and not for after-ages. In the *Vision of God*, Mr. Ferguson contends that our common humanity is the most perfect revelation of God ; by which he is led to the conclusion that the perfect human nature of Christ was the full revelation of the Father. For though "God's ways are higher than our ways, and His thoughts higher than our thoughts," yet justice and mercy and righteousness, as we know them, are counterparts of justice and righteousness and mercy as they are in God ; the Divine goodness differs from what appears to us as goodness, not in kind, but in degree (p. 95).

Professor Knight is the author of the next two discourses. Here we enter a different sphere of thought from that which we have already traversed. Professor Knight weighs the relative merit of varying orders of mind, and enters into a defence of the Church of Scotland as by law established. He contends that men have no right from the mere detection of blemishes in an institution which it takes great acumen to perceive, to take part in its demolition, for it will be increasingly difficult to found new institutions as society advances (pp. 109, 110). It seems to us that the preacher in this instance has pierced so far below the point at issue, that he has left kindling above his perception the great question of our

age. The separation of the Church from the State is not a question of demolition, but of the change of one of the relations in which it stands to another institution—of setting it free to do its own special work in its own way. It would still exist, and we believe in a healthier condition than it is now in. As for its becoming increasingly difficult to found new institutions with the advance of society, is it not all the other way? Modern history is against the worthy Professor; as the establishment of the Wesleyan Church throughout the world, the building up of the Free Church in Scotland, the establishment of Board schools throughout the whole country, the organisation of Mechanics' Institutes, and the modern Post-office, Co-operation, and other institutions, testify. The fact is that a race of real living men will always be sure to produce organisms through which their life may work; while unvital souls will allow those they have inherited to rot. Of course mankind will never be able to do without the past as a teacher; but, as a *master* imposing its special forms upon them, they will become more and more able to do without it. In the second of his two able discourses, *The Continuity and Development of Religion*, the Professor declares Agnosticism to be the most subtle and dangerous enemy of religion in our time. And we believe he is right. To us it seems only Atheism with a mask on; it is the old voice saying the same things in another language;—if we may be allowed the figure, it is less Satanic, and more Mephistophelean; it does not shock so rudely, but it is more apt to seduce. In this discourse our author has some fine suggestive writing, which we must commend to the reader's attention, though we pass on for want of space for extracts. He has evidently no desire to return to the past, as continual growth is characteristic of mankind. The intuitions of men are constantly increasing in keenness and clearness (p. 124), which leads him to the conclusion that religion must be a permanent necessity to men. It is a suggestive discourse, and one provocative of much thought.

In the *Law of Moral Continuity*, by Dr. Mackintosh, we have an illustration and expansion of the poet's idea that

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.

The impression might be left on the mind by this discourse that the past of men is a sort of fatalism from which they could not escape; but in the next discourse, *The Renovating Power of Christianity*, this impression is entirely removed. Dr. Mackintosh makes the suggestive remark that "when we say that evil habit

is self-perpetuating, we speak of a tendency, not of a necessity"; and that "renovation is gained by the wicked, not so much by the sense of moral obligation as by the power of some new hope, some new interest or affection, which is called forth by the revelation of Divine grace" (p. 170). We believe Dr. Mackintosh has here touched on a great fact of human life, for it is in the kindled heart that new power is generated for the use of the moral will. Convictions may be clear, and have little strength, but a spark of love fires them with energy. In developing the thought of this discourse Dr. Mackintosh declares, "that man is man, and master of his fate, is the witness of the inmost consciousness. He is man because he is master of his fate, and not the absolute thrall and slave of circumstances" (p. 172). "The power of a new life resides in the conviction that the past has no claims upon us; that no objective atonement is necessary; that all we have to do is to shake ourselves from the evil that cleaves to us; that the obstacles to our deliverance lie wholly in ourselves, and not in God." "The guilt we contract is not a fate riveted upon the soul, but an incubus, a burden which may be rolled off, though often with painful efforts, from our shoulders" (p. 188). Very different teaching this from that of the Confession of Faith—far truer, we contend, and at least far more hope-inspiring. With characteristic suggestiveness Dr. Mackintosh deals with the old Reformation which broke with Rome because Rome had lost its power of lifting the life of man; and the new Reformation, in the midst of whose movements we are, which is a protest against making any faith or dogma, which is not necessary for lifting the human life, a condition of salvation (pp. 189—90).

Mr. M'Farlen's sermon on *Authority* is a temperate, well-balanced, but effective argument against the infallibility and authority of the Bible, and an assertion of reason and conscience as the final standard of appeal in religion. To accept the infallibility and authority of Scripture is "to abandon the Protestant position. It is to acknowledge the authority of our fellow-men speaking without as superior to that of reason and conscience speaking within. It is to call some other than God Father, some other than Christ Master" (p. 214). To all who imagine that religious reverence would be lost with the old notions about the Bible we commend the diligent study of this discourse. In *The Things Which Cannot be Shaken* the same author sets down—first, righteousness as described in the summary of Christ's teachings in the Sermon on the Mount; second, that there is a God, and

that He is seeking all mankind as sharers in His righteousness and blessedness ; third, the doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood ; and fourth, that man is the heir of a personal immortality, as the truths most secure. In other words, he contends that Duty, God, and Immortality are the things in religion that can be shaken out of their place by no assault.

The Successors of the Great Physician, by Mr. Allan Menzies, has for its theme the question relative to the miraculous element of the Gospels, "What are we to think of this feature of the life of Jesus? If we do not spiritualise this part of the history, what lessons are we to deduce from it?" (p. 248). The discourse is a fine one, the principle of which may be summed up in the words, "The impulse which prompts any man to deny himself in order to do good to others, and to win for them what they cannot achieve for themselves, is essentially a Christian impulse, and connects the man who lives in its power in a real and historical bond with him who claimed for his kindred all who did the will of his Father" (p. 252). In other words, all who are doing unselfish work for the welfare of the world are continuing the works of Christ, and are his successors. There could be nothing broader or more truly Christian. A second sermon by Mr. Menzies has for its theme *The Christian Priesthood*; and in this he urges the right of the individual spirit, as well as the duty, to commune with and serve God without any mediating power between them.

In *Assembling of Ourselves Together* Mr. Nicholl shows the power of the social element in men both as a unifying and a disintegrating influence, and then in its religious workings. Religion is the only real unifying power among men, because it alone deals with universal principles ; all other influences, after their first impulse is spent, tend to disintegration. This position is both ably and ingeniously argued out.

In *Individualism and the Church* Mr. Rain enters into an exposition of the principle that institutions, sacerdotal or otherwise, are the servants and instruments of men, not their masters. As such they are necessary and useful, but as masters they are simply evils. In *The Pharisee and the Publican* he classes the Pharisee as the representative of the conventional type of men who have a definite standard of duty furnished them, and who never make any progress ; while he makes the Publican the representative of that class which, wanting a precise standard, are ever striving after something better than they already possess, and so do make progress.

In *Eternal Life* Mr. Semple contends that this life does not consist in duration, but in a condition of the soul, just as knowledge is a state of the mind. In other words, it is spiritual life, which may be enjoyed in time as well as in eternity. Mr. Patrick Stevenson also handles this subject, taking the same text as a starting point for his discourse. His conclusion is exactly the same as that of Mr. Semple, though, of course, he uses other phraseology and different illustrations in the body of his sermon. Both discourses are worth the study of those who are interested in the question of the Scriptural meaning of the term.

In *Religion, Theology, Ecclesiasticism*, by Mr. John Stevenson, we have an able endeavour to make clear the fact that "the sphere of religion is spiritual; the sphere of theology intellectual; and sphere of ecclesiasticism political." If this distinction could only be universally understood, much confusion of thought and heart-burning would be saved to men.

In *Unity* Mr. P. Stevenson urges that Christian union is not oneness of creed or sameness of ceremony, but oneness of spirit; that "it is already vain, and will become increasingly so, for churches to seek to force thought and worship into any final grooves" (p. 363).

In the discourse which follows, *Christ's Authority*, Dr. Storey administers a rebuke to those unspiritual natures, who, when new light and higher truth are presented to them, instead of asking "What character has it?" demand, "What authority has it?"—what external claim has it to be received with respect? "Authority has no power," says the preacher, "except so far as it has its witness in itself." Again: "Every truth, every teacher, is not to be judged by what is external—authority, name, or position; but by what is internal—by character." "'By their fruits ye shall know them,' is a universal rule" (pp. 376-7). The same preacher is the author of the last discourse in the book, on *Christian Righteousness*, which he defines as not only doing the thing that is right, and preserving a fair outward exterior; "action is not enough; thought and intention and desire must also be ruled" (p. 388). Christian righteousness is faith in God as revealed by Christ, carried practically into life, until it is built up into character—not in imputed righteousness, but in actual possession and practice of it.

In thus giving the essential thought of each of these remarkable discourses, we have been compelled, through the limits of space, to omit many fine passages of eloquent illustration and able

argumentation. But we may say that we have read this volume with undiminishing wonder as we have turned from author to author. They each and all proceed to deal with their themes as if there were no such document as "The Confession of Faith," or at least as if it were not the standard to which they and their Church are tethered. They ignore its existence with sublime indifference, and, rising above "the thick and murky atmosphere of creeds and catechisms," they go back "to the simplicity of Christ" (pp. 358-9). This volume is more than theological literature; it is the manifesto of a party. It is also an attempt to pour new wine into old skins (see Preface, p. 1), which seems to us to endanger both wine and skins.

The predominating characteristic of the book is clear-headedness. The writers have far more of the rational element which instructs the understanding and distinguishes things that differ than of the prophetic spirit that vivifies and kindles, and so produces reformations. For great redemptions come from accession of life to the souls of men, not simply from an intellectual recognition of errors in old systems of thought. Still, the book indicates the tendency to a change in the religious ideals of the people of Scotland, which, as it operates, will diffuse broader and brighter conceptions of life, duty, and destiny. For the ideas of the thinkers of one generation are apt to become the convictions of the next generation. Moreover, the writers of this book are not alone in the position they take, representing the Established Church, as they do. Professor Robertson Smith, of the Free Church; Fergus Ferguson and David Macrae, lately of the United Presbyterian Church, are engaged in spreading essentially the same views. Would that along with clear, intellectual vision there were combined the intrepidity which is the real want of our age! If the authors of these sermons would only be true to the heroic demands of their position, and so, also, to the real demands of our time, and leave the Church which is pledged to the Confession of Faith, and by which they are tethered to Calvinism, long left behind by the convictions of all enlightened men, they would produce a reformation in Scotland that would be as grand a manifestation of moral manhood as the exodus of 1843, and as deep and wide in its influence on the national mind as the Reformation of the sixteenth century. For the people would follow their leaders in a sacrifice like this—they are prepared for it—where they hesitate to join men who speak to them from without, even when they embody in

their words their innermost convictions. But let these men pass away without doing this, and, the Confession still remaining, the reformation may be delayed till the solemn mockery of professing what is not of conviction eats out all real religious life from the heart of the nation and moral soundness from the conscience; revolution or reaction will be the consequence, and solemn responsibility rests upon them, even though their inconsistency be unconscious.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

DR. CAIRD'S Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion* will possess for most readers in this country the charm of novelty in addition to its intrinsic philosophical and literary worth. The able treatises in which other eminent Scotchmen, such as Dr. Tulloch and Dr. Flint, have recently endeavoured to substantiate Theism and to demolish anti-theistic theories, have been constructed on the old lines, and display no radical departure from the ordinary method of Theistic and Christian apologists. This cannot be said of the present work. The Principal of the University of Glasgow has essayed a far more enterprising task. Like his gifted brother, Professor Edward Caird, he has been a diligent student of the Kantian and Post-Kantian systems of German philosophy, and in the book which we are briefly noticing he professedly adopts the main principles which Hegel has laid down in his "Philosophy of Religion." Professor Green, of Oxford, has, in his introduction to Hume's philosophical writings, to some extent anticipated Dr. Caird in this importation of Hegelian views into British philosophy and theology. In the case of both the Glasgow theologian and the Oxford professor, we think their readers will in general regard them as more intelligible and more successful when they are exposing the baseless nature of sensationalism and materialism, than when they are aiming to expound and establish their own positive doctrines. Of Dr. Caird's work, accordingly, the more important portions seem to be those in which he examines and rejects the Agnosticism of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and shows the futility of Dr. Tyndall's contention that religious *emotions* may be cherished in the absence of all theological *ideas*. In reference to the former of these topics Dr. Caird maintains that Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the Relativity of

* An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion. By John Caird, D.D., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. Glasgow: James Maclehose. 1880.

Knowledge precludes him from his alleged assurance that an Absolute exists :—

It is impossible to hold at once that human intelligence is limited to the finite, and that it is cognisant of an existence beyond the finite ; or, otherwise expressed, that all knowledge is relative, and yet that we know the existence of the Absolute.

Nor will our author admit that, as Mansel says, the Absolute could supernaturally reveal a knowledge of itself to a being who has only faculties for relative knowledge :—

If thought is, by its very nature, imprisoned in the relative, supernatural aid can no more communicate to it a knowledge of the Absolute than it can convey ideas of colour to a man born blind.

The doctrine of the really relative character of men's knowledge is necessarily false, for the very assertion that knowledge is relative, implies the cognition of that which is not relative, for the knowledge of opposites is one. To the objection of the Agnostic that the Absolute by descending into our thought has lost its absoluteness, and become coloured or conditioned by the consciousness that contemplates it, Dr. Caird replies by enforcing his fundamental principle—the principle upon which all the reasoning of the book finally turns—that there is, and can be, no Absolute independent of thinking mind. Thought and Being are essentially one. On this all-important matter, which he who embraces Dr. Caird's religious philosophy must first thoroughly master, and in reference to which we fear the British mind will prove dull of apprehension, it is better to let the author speak for himself :—

The illusory notion of a reality existing beyond consciousness is, perhaps, due in some measure to the obvious truth that there *are* innumerable realities which exist beyond the knowledge or consciousness of the individual. The affirmation that all reality is relative to thought is by the unreflecting mind confused with the obviously absurd assertion that the world exists only as *we* think it, that it is our poor thought that creates and uncreates the world. But it is one thing to say that no reality exists prior to my individual thought of it, and another thing to say that thought or intelligence is presupposed in all objective reality. To deny the former assertion is only to maintain that the existence of the individual is contingent and limited in time, and that its knowledge is partial ; but to deny the latter is to subvert the fundamental basis of all knowledge, and to reduce the intelligible world to chaos.

This view is repeatedly expounded and enforced throughout the volume, and it is argued that, as it is of the very essence of the Absolute that it should be relative to thought or consciousness, we have a scientific grasp upon it and can advance in our knowledge of it. The second chapter is devoted to an attempt to refute those who say that our knowledge of God and divine

truth is *intuitive or immediate*. Rejecting the view that our religious ideas are a product of association, Dr. Caird says, "We are not thereby driven to the theory that they have their source in inexplicable intuitions." These ideas can, he thinks, be scientifically established; and the all-sufficient justification which lends to any moral or spiritual idea the highest necessity is "that it can be shown to be a necessary moment of that organic whole, that eternal order and system of which universal truth consists, and which is only another name for Him who is at once the beginning and the end of all thought and being." These moral and spiritual ideas arise, we are told, "in unconscious obedience to the hidden logic of a spiritual process." The inevitable rise of such religious ideas constitutes what Dr. Caird calls "the Necessity of Religion":—"To show the necessity of religion is to show that the religious relation—the transcendence of all that is finite and relative, and the elevation of the finite spirit into communion with an Infinite and Absolute Spirit—is a thing which is involved in the very nature of man." In justification of this he proceeds to argue that all doctrines which stand in the way of our apprehension of our religious relations turn out when examined to be really illogical and absurd. At the opening of the book this was shown in the case of Mr. Herbert Spencer's doctrine of Nescience; it is now further shown in the case of Materialism. Our very notion of Matter involves not only sensations, but the action of a spiritual Self, a self-conscious Ego, "which is not in this or that sensation, but common to all sensations, to which they are each and all referred, and which locks them together in the unity of thought." To make possible for us the very existence of molecules or atoms, we must needs presuppose that thought or thinking self, which the materialists treat as educed or evolved from them. Having thus shown that Thought is the *prius* of all things, our author argues that the thought of which we thus speak is not individual or private thought, but that the mind is impelled onwards by its own inward dialectic until it finds its goal in a Thought which is universal and absolute—a Thought or Intelligence on which all finite thought and being rest.

In treating of the relation of the individual thought to the universal and absolute thought, Dr. Caird gives beautiful and forcible expression to many ideas which are generally considered "mystical," such as the blending of the finite and the infinite in human nature, the identity of God's consciousness and of human

consciousness in man's higher life; but he maintains, on grounds the validity of which we are not always able to discern, that these seeming paradoxes, to which all religious experience bears testimony, are not to be held on a merely "intuitive" or "mystical" tenure, for they are seen to be both intelligible and necessary when we pass above the sphere of the ordinary understanding, and in the light of the speculative idea of religion recognise the higher unity which takes up into itself these seemingly incompatible ideas. In this portion of the treatise there are many grand thoughts which readers who cannot follow the Hegelian dialectic will nevertheless joyfully appropriate as happily expressing, if not logically solving, the sublime mysteries in which our deepest religious consciousness is embosomed.

In the small space at our disposal we have only been able to sketch in faint outline the drift of this profound, but to us not wholly satisfactory, work. While heartily commending it to our readers' careful attention, we can only hint at one of the several lines of criticism to which it seems to us fairly open. The author disclaims all Pantheistic leanings; but can a philosophical system which resolves all reality, including the Will, into thought and its necessary developments, so separate the activity of human thought from that of Divine thought as to leave to man any real freedom of moral action, any true power of choice, so that we may say of any man's character or conduct that it might have been different from what it actually is? It seems to us clear that such a system is as rigidly deterministic in its character as is that of Spinoza, and as surely removes the rational basis of all moral responsibility and all true ethical emotion. It is the boast of Hegelianism that it reconciles contradictions by taking them up into some higher truth. It will be found, however, that the contradictions which it succeeds in so harmonising are *apparent* contradictions only, whereas Freewill and Necessity are *real* contradictions; and accordingly, as we should expect, the Hegelian doctrine does not furnish the least help towards their reconciliation. We are told that the higher idea which does justice to the rightful claims of both the rival doctrines is the idea that man's true freedom consists in developing himself from within according to the necessary laws of his nature. This notion, we submit, is no reconciliation; it is merely a re-statement of the doctrine of necessity, and a negation of man's moral freedom. It plainly denies to man any free power of choice between obeying and

disobeying the voice of the Father within him, and in doing so comes into direct collision with the facts of our moral consciousness. In this collision we seem to see the final wreck of the grand schemes of philosophical thought to which the genius of Spinoza and of Hegel have given birth; though, no doubt, each of these systems embodies and emphasises new and essential truths which will pass into the future philosophy of religion, disengaged from the Pantheistic errors with which they are now associated.

C. B. U.

SOME BOOKS ON THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

MR. LE PAGE RENOUF'S Hibbert Lectures on the Religion of Ancient Egypt,* bear throughout the marks of profound learning. His thorough mastery of the texts enables him to treat the most difficult and intricate questions with adequate scholarship, and his views are always enunciated with the cautious reserve of the true student. Full acquaintance with the literature of his subject supplies him with ample evidence of his positions, and gives to the judgments which he passes on the opinions of fellow-labourers the weight of disciplined knowledge. Readers will miss the glow of enthusiasm which contact with the extraordinary remains of Egyptian religion so frequently inspires; but they will find abundance of dry light, sometimes let in with unexpected interest upon dark places. Thus nothing can be more valuable than the inquiry into the meaning of the term *nutar*, by means of a comparison of the passages in which it occurs (p. 93 *seq.*), and the determination of its significance as "power." From the earliest times, so Mr. Renouf informs us, the Egyptians spoke of the *nutar* in the singular number, and he feels justified in interpreting it as "the true and only God." Whether all scholars will accept this solution, as the author evidently hopes, cannot be at once predicted. It is a pity, however, that this fundamental question is not reached till the third lecture; we could well have spared some of the familiar facts in the earlier portion of the book, and especially the well-known quotations from the writings of Gardner Wilkinson, Fergusson, and Stanley, for the sake of such important discussions. The nature of the *nutar* having been ascertained, it next becomes necessary to fix the relation to it of the *nutriu* or "powers."

* Lectures on the Growth and Origin of Religion, as illustrated by the Religion of Ancient Egypt. By P. Le Page Renouf. London, 1880.

This leads the way, of course, to the investigation of the sources and character of Egyptian polytheism. At this point Mr. Renouf invokes the aid of mythology, and vindicates the application to Egyptian conceptions of the same principles of interpretation which have been so fruitfully applied to primitive Aryan thought. For this there is, indeed, ample justification; and we regret that the author has not thought it worth while to devote more attention to the separate presentment of some of the innumerable variations of the same great theme. Mr. Renouf does not appear to bring out into sufficient distinctness the peculiar limitations which necessarily characterised Egyptian mythology. These arose from the physical circumstances of the country. A valley, hundreds of miles long, and but a few miles broad, till its expansion in the Delta, bounded on either side by almost impassable wastes, skies in which there was no rain, snow, hail, nor any of that scenery of the heavens which has always been so infinitely suggestive, left only the river and the desert beneath, and the sun, moon, and stars above, as the objects of attention. Of these the sun and the river, as the great fertilising agencies, necessarily entered into the largest number of the phenomena of life, embraced within the earth and sky. Day and night supplied the common type of one great contest—between light and darkness; the successions of reproduction and decay with a perpetual sameness amid endless change were the symbols of the other,—between life and death. Physical conditions left much less room for variation in Egypt than in many other countries. The order of nature forced itself more prominently on the mind as a palpable fact, undisturbed by sudden change. This was early recognised and embodied in the conception of *maat*, of which Mr. Renouf has given a most interesting analysis. We look, however, in lectures designed to illustrate “the origin and growth of religion,” for more than specimens of the methods and results of philological inquiry; and the two discourses devoted to the gods of Egypt and the doctrine of the life after death fail to give full prominence to the peculiar way in which the material and the spiritual were intertwined so as in a manner to support each other. It would have been helpful, also, had the learned author discriminated more clearly between different phases of religion in Egypt at successive periods. The extreme simplicity of the tombs of the early dynasties, the absence of hymns before the eighteenth dynasty, the extraordinary development of the doctrine of a future life as exhibited in the sepulchres of the

Middle Empire, the rise of the worship of Amon under the sovereigns of Thebes till it approached a most elevated monotheism, the decline of the belief in immortality under the Ptolemies,—on these and other topics we would willingly have heard more than the too scattered hints which this volume contains. But the immense complexity of the subject necessitated a selection among its details, and Mr. Renouf felt bound to present some of the lower as well as the higher features of the cultus he describes. The lectures are cast, therefore, into the form of disquisitions on separate groups of topics in which chronological considerations could not so well be kept in view. Whatever may have been omitted which we could wish to have been said, no student of the religion of Egypt can dispense with this book. It will not only put him on the track already taken by other scholars, it will supply him with the careful conclusions of an independent mind. We trust that though Mr. Renouf has been obliged to decline the important labour of the collation of the texts of the Book of the Dead, he will be able to continue the translations of which these lectures afford so many new and valuable specimens.

The extraordinary industry of M. François Lenormant has brought forth a new volume, in which the brilliant Akkadian scholar appears in a fresh rôle. The treatise on the "Origins of History according to the Bible and the Traditions of Eastern Peoples,"* is a systematic attempt to illustrate the opening chapters of the Book of Genesis from the vast stores of Asiatic mythology. The present work consists of eight dissertations intended to cover the ground from the Creation to the Deluge. To these is prefixed a new rendering of the Hebrew narratives, distinguished according to their Elohist or Yahvist redaction; while a valuable series of appendices contains a mass of extracts and translations from Mesopotamian, Phœnician, and classical texts. It is impossible to do more than call the attention of our readers to the important contributions made by M. Lenormant to the elucidation of the origin and meaning of the ancient Hebrew legends. The work abounds in happy suggestions and combinations which, even if unsound, are at any rate stimulating, and open up new lines of inquiry. The fourth and fifth chapters of Genesis receive much more attention from M. Lenormant than from many professed commentators, with some highly interesting

* *Les Origines de l'Histoire d'après la Bible et les Traditions des Peuples Orientaux.* Par François Lenormant. Paris, 1880.

results (see, among other noteworthy items, the explanation of the Hebrew *robéts*, Gen. iv. 7, from the Assyrian *rabats*). On the other hand, some topics are omitted which might well have demanded careful treatment. Thus, the adaptation of a series of eight creative acts to the week of six days of work and one of rest, in Gen. i., is altogether ignored; and though the story of the tree of life and the first sin obtains ample illustration, the Garden of Eden, with its four mysterious rivers, finds no place; yet scholars have been eagerly searching the Chaldean inscriptions for some clue, and not wholly without success. When M. Lenormant has given us so much, however, it may seem churlish to complain that he has sometimes held his hand; but some of his far-fetched parallels might well have been spared, for the sake of exacter discussion of difficulties nearer home. But it would seem that these stories—those of the Deluge, for instance—have been brought into his pages from Central Asia, from Europe, from America, from China, and from India, with the purpose of doing more than merely illustrate the Biblical narrative. They are called in as witnesses. They testify to the universality of a tradition. They preserve the remembrance of a real event. When we encounter M. Lenormant on this ground it is difficult to say what is his real purpose. Is it, after all, to establish a certain amount of truth for these primitive legends? The answer must be found in the remarkable preface in which M. Lenormant frankly takes his readers into his confidence. He is a Roman Catholic; but he is at the same time penetrated with the spirit of historical criticism. He declares himself pledged to no theory of the authorship of the Mosaic books; he is free to dissect their documents—provided he believes in their inspiration. What he finds in the first chapters of Genesis is not a revealed narrative, but a human tradition gathered up by inspired writers as the most ancient memories of their race. "It is not a story dictated by God Himself, the possession of which has been the exclusive privilege of the chosen people. It is a tradition, the origin of which is lost in the night of the remotest ages, and which all the great peoples of Western Asia possessed in common, with some variations." Where, then, does the inspiration lie? In the new spirit animating the narrative, in the severe and lofty monotheism which has transformed the coarsest ideas into the vehicles of the noblest moral and spiritual truth. It matters not whether this was the work of Moses or of Ezra. The Church has always taught that divine

inspiration was maintained in the Synagogue till the Advent, and the character of the supernatural aid granted to the writers of the Biblical narratives is independent of the determination of their dates. M. Lenormant must justify himself to the authorities to whom he acknowledges submission. The friends of historical criticism, in spite of the occasional limitations which sometimes warp his view, can have nothing but the heartiest welcome for so powerful an ally.

M. Barth has reprinted from M. Lichtenberger's "*Encyclopédie des Sciences Religieuses*," an admirable sketch of the Religions of India.* It is a bold undertaking to compress into so short a compass so vast an amount of material; but M. Barth has a firm grasp of his subject, and a clear sense of order and proportion. He is thoroughly at home in the enormous literature which at first baffles and bewilders the student, and his references are exceedingly judicious and suggestive. More important still is his perception that the successive phases of religion can only be adequately explained when their antecedents have been fairly set forth. Thus his account of Buddhism, though it is in some respects the slightest and weakest part of the treatise, contains several very useful remarks on the relation of the system of the Pitakas (in which M. Barth thinks, and assuredly thinks correctly, that he finds many additions to the primitive teachings of the Master) to the different schools of Brahmanism out of which it emerged. The author also keeps in view the distinction between the scholastic religion founded on the ancient rituals, and the popular deities who came to receive general veneration, and had their own separate cultus. The discussion of the Vedic religions leads the way to Brahmanism, which developed in two directions, one of rigid tradition, the other of free philosophical speculation. The chief lines of debate are traced with skill, and the story then passes to Buddhism and Jainism. It is to be regretted that the writer has not dealt at greater length with the ethical side of the religions which he presents. In Buddhism the moral ideal assumes so much prominence, and plays so important a part in the way of salvation, that the stages of the Noble Eightfold Path ought not to have been passed over in silence. The last section of the book deals with Hinduism, after the decline of the enthusiasm which the myriad followers of the Blessed One had at first awakened, and for some centuries sustained. The shifting conceptions of Siva, Vishnu,

* *Les Religions de l'Inde*. Par A. Barth. Paris, 1879.

instance, of which a second edition has at last appeared, on the religion of the Parsees, he is apparently not familiar.

The debate on the conditions of happiness is pursued with learning, spirit, and acumen. Not even German professors could, indeed, carry such multitudes of apt citations at their fingers' ends; but the exaggeration may be forgiven for the sake of the convenience and attractiveness of form. If the method of inquiry has a weakness it is that, not philosophical truth, but the way to enjoyment, is made the ostensible object of pursuit. The upshot of a series of conversations between representatives of every ancient and modern philosophy, every Eastern and Western creed, is curious. Evangelical and Broad Churchman, Buddhist and Evolutionist at last agree that the development of "an harmonious character" requires "a new Nirwāna."

The stages by which it may be reached seem to be these: detachment from worldly boons by the *knowledge* of their insignificance; attachment to our fellow-men from *sympathetic pity* for their sufferings and struggles; zealous exertion for their benefit from affection and *benevolence*; and, finally, *contentment* through the consciousness of discharging these duties in unselfish purity of motives (p. 471).

The principles required for this development of character are—

The Stoic's unshaken Fortitude through the dominion of reason; the Hebrew's or Christian's peace through the union of the soul with the Eternal; the Epicurean's fearless Freedom through the conquest of superstitious fears and beliefs; the Monist's deep and vivid Sympathy with every creature and all creation; Spinoza's Intellectual Love of God, that is, the love of truth for its own sake, with the serene clearness it engenders; the Buddhist's humble Resignation, Compassion, and unselfish Benevolence; and, lastly, the Greek's Idealism and Refinement manifested in Beauty and Art (p. 482).

Finally, Buddhist and Hindu, amid the gratulatory smiles of all the rest, shake hands over a philosophy of life in which Theism and Pantheism are left an open alternative. This daring effort of a distinguished scholar deserves the respectful attention and will enlist the curious interest of the reader. We only wish that a Christian Theist, as well equipped in a discriminating and constructive criticism of the New Testament as Gregovius in that of the Old, had had the *entrée* of Cordova Lodge.

IN a little work by Mr. Sharpe,* extending to no more than eighty-six pages, the attempt is made to establish a chronology of the journeys and Epistles of Paul, the various data from

* On the Journeys and Epistles of the Apostle Paul. By Samuel Sharpe, Author of "The History of Egypt." Second edition, enlarged. London: John Russell Smith, 36, Soho Square. 1879.

the Acts and Epistles being woven into one statement. Believing the Acts to be a trustworthy history, and the thirteen canonical Epistles of Paul to be actually written by him, Mr. Sharpe naturally believes it to be possible to combine the results of the two sources in one harmonious view. The failures of previous writers to accomplish this task (for Mr. Sharpe is convinced by the reading of Baur that they are failures), he considers to be due to the wrong order in which the Epistles have hitherto been arranged, and to various mistakes of translation. The criticism of Baur, he considers, falls to the ground, in so far as it proceeds upon that faulty chronology, and Baur would have stood on safer ground if he had judged the Epistles not so much with a view to their religious and philosophical opinions as to their biographical contents. In this little book, accordingly, we have a table containing the proposed chronology, with a condensed narrative. The scale of the work excludes anything like detailed demonstration or reference to authorities, and it is sometimes difficult to make out how far Mr. Sharpe is acquainted with the course of discussion on the subjects he deals with, or on what grounds he has been led to his conclusions, which are often somewhat remarkable. His proposal that the chronology of the subject should be settled first, and form the basis of discussions on the doctrine, is, if this prove possible, a very rational and even tempting one. If this were possible, many controversies would at once be superseded, and solid historical results would speedily be obtained as to the course of thought in the first Christian century.

The foundation-stone of Mr. Sharpe's chronology is the date he assigns to the Epistle to the Galatians. He holds that it was written from Philippi, when the Apostle was setting out on his last journey to Jerusalem—that is, A.D. 57. What seems to have led Mr. Sharpe to this date is his belief that in this Epistle the Apostle Paul refers to the Epistle of James, which, again, he holds to have been written by James to correct misunderstandings arising out of the Epistle to the Romans, here assigned to the year 51. Having obtained a date for the Epistle to the Galatians, Mr. Sharpe holds that by an amended translation of a verse in it he is able to fix the date of the Apostle's conversion. In Gal. ii. 1 he proposes to give to the words *δὲ δεκάτεσσόντων ἐτῶν* the sense "during fourteen years," so that the Apostle would here be stating that not after but at some time during the fourteen years following his first

visit to Jerusalem he again went there—perhaps that he went there several times. These words thus fix the interval between the Apostle's first visit to Jerusalem and his writing to the Galatians. Taking the Epistle to have been written at the end of these fourteen years, and adding the three years previously mentioned, Mr. Sharpe obtains for the conversion of the Apostle the date 41. The journey to Jerusalem with Titus was in the year 46 (the second year of the fourteen), and the third visit, recorded in Acts xv., in 48. In 53 he paid his fourth visit to Jerusalem. It is stated that the Apostle was released from his imprisonment and then wrote the three Pastoral Epistles before the great fire at Rome.

We fear that Mr. Sharpe's chronology will not meet with much acceptance. His proposed rendering of Gal. ii. 1 is quite inadmissible from every point of view. For one thing, the Greek does not allow of it. Again, the Apostle distinctly intimates that when he wrote to the Galatians he had paid only two visits to Jerusalem; according to Mr. Sharpe, he had paid four. Other examples of the expedients to which Mr. Sharpe has recourse in order to establish his harmony are, that in Acts xx. 3, where it is said that the Apostle passed through Macedonia and came into Hellas, he maintains that Hellas is not the same as Achaia, and that Paul cannot accordingly have visited Corinth on this occasion; and that in 1 Thess. iii. 5, *καὶ γὰρ* is translated, "I, a second time," which it cannot possibly mean.

Mr. Sharpe's book contains many curious and interesting things, but the task he has set himself is, we fear, an impossible one. It is no less than to establish by circumstantial evidence, by pointing out a number of undesigned coincidences between the Acts and the Epistles, the trustworthiness as a history of the first, and the authenticity of the whole of the second. Such coincidences as may be legitimately proved—and they are many—can count in favour only of those parts of the Acts in which they occur, for it is well known that in other parts of the Acts phenomena of a different nature are found. And, with regard to the Epistles, it is out of the question to suppose that the settling of their chronology can ever take precedence of the discussion of the doctrines they contain, and the question of authorship which some of them raise.

ALLAN MENZIES.

THE "Efficacy of Prayer,"* by John H. Jellett, B.D., will interest many of our readers. It is a book characterised by diligent impartiality in the admission of arguments, and admirable candour in stating their bearing and force. It displays a high appreciation of the moral element in human nature, and insists on estimating the character of God from the best and highest feelings present in man. We are told, rightly enough, that the question of prayer is practical, and must receive a practical solution in one or other of two ways: you either pray or you do not pray; and those who do not adopt the former course cannot merely suspend their judgment as they may on points of theory. The intellectual temptation of to-day, as the new Bishop of Liverpool lately remarked, is to remain an honorary member of all schools of thought, but in the case of prayer this attitude is obviously equivalent to its rejection. It is worth while recognising this fact as a reason why more attention should be paid to the subject, but the dilemma will hardly bear a greater strain than this; and Mr. Jellett's warning to doubters that they must somehow meet the difficulties arising from the common custom of mankind, the general teaching of the Bible, and the special injunctions of Jesus Christ, is a mode of arguing more likely to distress the conscientious than to influence the indifferent. Mr. Jellett boldly claims that it is not inconsistent with our highest idea of the character of God to believe Him susceptible of emotion, and capable of being influenced by the petition of one whose desire is accompanied by trust; but he does not fairly meet the objection that everything which is for our real good will be given to us by God of His own accord, and rather strangely fails to quote the well-known argument that it may be right and wise to grant a thing which is asked for, and to withhold the same thing if unsought. He does, however, meet the assertion that interference implies imperfect machinery by showing that there are ends which the most perfect of machines would be inherently incapable of accomplishing; and he deals generally with scientific objections to prayer in an effective manner, proving, if proof were needed, that it is only scientific hypotheses and inferences based on too narrow generalisations, not facts established, or likely to be established, by any strict scientific method, which are fatal to a belief in the efficacy of prayer. We notice, however, one serious omission here. Our author contends, rightly enough, that prayers for moral and

* Donnellan Lectures for 1877. London: Macmillan, 1880.

spiritual blessings are often as much petitions for miracles as many a request for material gifts ; but he seems not to care to notice the fact that prayer is still truly effective, though the received strength or peace is the natural result of real communion with a high and holy Mind, and finds a parallel in the intercourse with human friends whose characters are purer and nobler than our own.

The Biblical argument is stated with fairness and moderation, but is shorn of its full strength by the absence of what modern criticism alone could supply—viz., the recognition of a great religious development in the history of Jewish thought from Moses through the prophets and the priests to Jesus Christ, and a critical estimate of the comparative authenticity of the various sayings ascribed to Christ himself. The suggestion to test prayer by experiment in hospitals is easily shown to be inadmissible, but the argument from statistics founded on observation is not to be so disposed of, and remains to the last an obstacle which our author confesses himself unable wholly to remove.

Thus the book is overweighted ; its candour is too great to allow the exclusion of adverse facts, and yet it will not part with aims and conditions which the devotion of former generations has sanctified. The result is eminently characteristic of the religious conclusions of our time. A strong probability is claimed on behalf of the efficacy of traditional prayer ; we are asked to fix our eyes on this, and gulp down the remaining difficulties ! It will be a new thing under the sun if an earnest religious faith can thus be implanted and fostered. Surely a better hope lies in a line of thought far simpler and far deeper. Perhaps the less we talk about the *efficacy* of prayer the better ; what we need is a profound sense of its *reality*. And for this God hath not left Himself without a witness in the world. He spontaneously reveals His existence and His method of communicating with us, by the breathings of a spirit, the utterance of a silent voice, which the unspoiled soul instinctively recognises as addressed to itself, but coming from some source outside self, higher and holier than self. Equally instinctive and inevitable is the attempt to speak back in reply ; this is as natural to the human race as it is to the little child to make its first response to the mother's talk. Soon, however, comes the craving to know that prayer is heard, and this assurance can be had only when prayer is felt to be answered. But an answer need not necessarily be an assent, still less involve an interference with nature ; it may be a

refusal, it may be a fresh direction, it may convey that support which is naturally involved in realising the protecting presence of a mighty Friend ; it may take a hundred different forms, but in every case be felt to be an *answer*, and to give the required assurance that the prayer was not spoken into vacancy, but found an attentive ear, that it was listened to by a Spirit who did not disdain to hearken and make response according to our need. Biography, both in the Bible and out of it, affords overwhelming testimony of the way in which holy men and women have been confident that their prayers were heard because they were answered, and assuredly it was this same experience which inspired the solemn assurance given by Christ to his disciples, " Ask and ye shall receive." The promise is not that we shall receive whatever we ask for, but that something shall be found by those who seek, that some answer shall be returned which will help us to say, " Thy will be done." Thus it was with Christ himself, and it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master. Out of experience such as this there springs the absolute conviction needed to make prayer permanently real, the consciousness of being regarded by a higher Presence, of speaking to and hearing from another Person, of holding spiritual communion with the unseen God. This conviction gained, questions about what we should pray for, and how we should pray, sink into comparative insignificance : experience gradually teaches us on such points, and we feel quite content to learn gradually ; at first to think and speak as a child, and, as we become men, slowly to put away childish things ; to rely more and more upon the steadfast purpose, and adapt ourselves to the ways, of a Providence which we trust further than we can understand, rather than to be perpetually seeking favours, and longing for the changes which seem desirable to our half-enlightened eyes ; while, nevertheless, in any moment of passionate desire or of prostrate weakness, we simply let the lips speak out of the abundance of the heart without a thought beyond, and become once more as a child sobbing itself to rest on its mother's knee. It seems desecration to turn from the oft-repeated record of experience such as this, and coldly inquire about the efficacy of prayer, or, in plain English, ask what we *get* by prayer. We should study more what we can give, and think less of what we may get, and so seek to counteract the excessive self-consciousness and undue tendency to criticise, which so often unfits the present age for great achievements.

H. SHAEN SOLLY.

MR. CROZIER'S treatise, "The Religion of the Future,"* consists of a series of able essays, literary and philosophical, which do not at first sight appear to have organic unity, but, nevertheless, each of them will be found by the careful reader to contribute to the fuller understanding of the author's idea of that coming form of religious faith which, he believes, is gradually emerging out of the prevalent Materialism and Agnosticism. The first essay is a careful study of Carlyle's genius, and a useful and interesting outline of the chief features in his writings. Particularly striking and valuable is the exposition and defence of Carlyle's doctrine that the intellectual and moral faculties "are but different sides of the same indivisible Unity—a living Mind." Then follows an essay on Emerson. Here Mr. Crozier appears to us to be even more thoroughly at home than when depicting and estimating the Chelsea seer; and the more we study the essays in this volume the more they impress us with the feeling that the author's mind is substantially of the Emersonian type. In the case of Mr. Crozier, as in that of Emerson, we find it difficult, if not impossible, to extract from his writings any well-defined theological or philosophical system, though occasional passages of considerable force and beauty indicate the general direction in which his belief and sympathy tend. With him, as with Emerson, Spirit is primary and causal, Matter secondary and dependent. With perhaps greater definiteness than Emerson, he refers the universe to the creative action of a Mind or Will; and the materialistic cosmogonies and utilitarian ethics, which are now so popular, meet in his pages with sharp criticism and emphatic condemnation. Especially is this seen in the third essay, in which he examines Mr. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles." The main achievement of this rather long paper is the contention, and we should say the successful contention, that Mr. Spencer's claim to have harmonised Religion and Science is entirely groundless, and chiefly owes its plausibility to an equivocal use of the expression, "Persistence of Force." Mr. Crozier thus introduces this portion of his critical review:—"That Mr. Spencer uses the Persistence of Force in the two incompatible senses I have indicated will now be shown. On examining his account of the Law of Evolution, and how it followed from the Persistence of Force, we saw that the Persistence of Force could only mean

* The Religion of the Future. By John Beattie Crozier, M.B. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1880.

the *sum-total* of the forces of Nature, which (although undergoing endless metamorphoses) remain always the same in quantity. But when he makes it the object of Religion, he represents it as the *Cause* of these forces." The Persistence of Force when used by Mr. Spencer in his scientific exposition indicates simply Nature, or Matter; while religion has for its object that which lies *behind* Nature. On this ground Mr. Crozier justly concludes that Mr. Spencer's system is merely a very elaborate Materialism, which is as incompetent to satisfy the intellectual craving for an adequate Cause, as it is incompetent to satisfy the heart's yearning for an object of Love and Trust. The views set forth in the essay on Herbert Spencer will be found further supported and illustrated in the two remaining papers—one on "The Constitution of the World," and the other on "God or Force." We are not always able to follow Mr. Crozier into the details of his theory, but his fundamental teaching appears to be sound and well-reasoned, and to truly indicate the quarter whither we are to look for the dawning of a new era of philosophical insight and religious faith.

The title of Mr. Crozier's book is almost identical with that of a treatise by Mr. W. W. Clark.* In other respects, however, the two books bear but a slight resemblance to each other. Mr. Clark's book combines an able polemic against the dogmas and exclusive claims of "orthodox" Christianity, with the thoughtful treatment of such high themes as "Evil and Suffering," "Conscience, its place and function," &c. The author's position both as a controversialist and as a Theistic teacher, seems to be very near to that of the Rev. Charles Voysey. About half the book, however, treats of a matter with which, so far as we are aware, Mr. Voysey has not expressed any sympathy—namely, the explanation of the supernatural element in the Biblical narratives by reference to the alleged facts of modern "Spiritualism." Though much is said by Mr. Clark on this subject, his own experiences do not seem to have been of a very clear and convincing kind. He falls back for the most part on quotations from Prof. Crookes, Mr. R. D. Owen, &c. No doubt he is quite justified in claiming for these alleged phenomena calm and careful examination; and to those who readily accept all the miracles in the New Testament, yet con-

* A Forecast of the Religion of the Future, being Short Essays on some Important Questions in Religious Philosophy. By W. W. Clark. London: Trübner and Co. 1879.

temptuously pooh-pooh Spiritualism, he utters no unreasonable remonstrance, when he says:—"From the standpoint of reason, I fail to see why the unimpeached testimony of living men and women, in an age of scepticism and science, open to test and examination, should be less trustworthy than the statements of Luke the physician, Matthew the tax-collector, or a few Galilean fishermen—men who lived in a very superstitious and unscientific age." He might have stated his case even more strongly, by referring to the fact that it is impossible to demonstrate the *first-hand* character of the evidence in the Gospels. It is by no means improbable, we think, that several of the abnormal phenomena, which we find recorded in connection with early Christianity, belong to the same class as some of the phenomena to which Spiritualists bear testimony. If we are told that from the body of Jesus there proceeded much "psychic" force, and that this circumstance accounts for his possessing the gift of healing, we can only reply that possibly it may have been so. We do not see, however, that any light is thrown on the utterances of Jesus and Paul by insinuating that they may have a similar "spiritual" origin to that claimed by Mrs. Tappan or Mr. Morse for their "Inspirational Orations." Jesus gives a simpler account of the matter, when he finds the source and explanation of his divine teaching in the inspiration of "the Father within him." In reading Mr. Clark's book we have been reminded of a thought which has often occurred to us before, that the acceptance of "spiritualist" ideas by students of the Bible seems to paralyse to some extent the operation of their critical faculties, and we find them accepting with astonishing credulity all the wonderful stories in the New Testament as historical, with only such modifications as are necessary, that they may be "spiritually" interpreted. Thus, Mr. Clark is disposed to believe just so much of the story about dead persons emerging from their graves, at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus, as suits his spiritualistic hypothesis. He is satisfied that the bodies did not rise from the graves, for "spirits" are not in the habit of thus utilising their defunct bodies; but at the same time he sees no reason to doubt that the spirits did "materialise" themselves, and in that guise made an unexpected appearance to their astonished relatives in Jerusalem. For ourselves, we are disposed to believe that there is a real analogy between this New Testament story and some "spiritualistic" stories, an analogy, however, much deeper and more

significant than that to which Mr. Clark wishes to direct attention.

The intellectual atmosphere of Dundee has for several years been favourable to liberal religious thought, and the spirit which animated George Gilfillan seems to be speaking now from several pulpits in that busy town. We suppose the congregations continue to call themselves orthodox, and perhaps in their collection of hymns a strong flavour of orthodoxy is still to be found, but if Mr. Horne's sermons* are a fair sample of the liberal theology of Dundee, it would be difficult to say wherein it differs from Christian Theism. There is not a sermon in this volume that might not be preached with acceptance from the freest pulpit in the land provided the congregation were intellectually competent to appreciate the rather abstruse reflections into which Mr. Horne at times conducts his hearers. He is an earnest thinker, imbued with recent culture, and his expositions of the Bible always tell powerfully upon present thought and present duties. It is well that the discourses of such a genuine preacher should be published, but Mr. Horne would have done more justice to himself and to the public if he had taken the trouble to revise them for publication, for the form "in which they were delivered from week to week to my congregation," is neither so graceful nor so logical as it might have been made, and as it should have been made for permanent preservation.

C. B. U.

READERS of the *Theological Review* who remember the articles on Lessing, Goethe, Herder, Sebastian Franck, and Heinrich Lang, which appeared successively from the pen of Mr. Frederick Smith, will welcome their reappearance in a more convenient form, and with the addition of an "Estimate of Results."† In this age, when we have thousands of students of theology and no great theologian at whose feet they may sit, every earnest study of religious questions or of the religious teachings of the leaders of thought will find sympathetic and grateful readers, and certainly no reader who turns to Mr. Smith's little volume need be disappointed. It has the not too common merit of being just what it professes to be—viz., a volume of "Studies." There is always a probability that a short

* *Religious Life and Thought.* By William Horne, M.A., Minister of Lindsay-street Church, Dundee. Williams and Norgate, London and Edinburgh. 1880.

† *Studies in Religion under German Masters.* By J. Frederick Smith. London: Williams and Norgate. 1880.

paper, headed by the name of a celebrated man, may prove to contain only the most superficial "biographical" notice, giving the reader some information as to when and where and how he lived, but none as to his real life; or, on the other hand, only the lucubrations of the writer of the article on all manner of subjects suggested by the life or writings before him. Mr. Smith really gives us a reverent disciple's account of each great master in turn. He goes to each as a learner, not as a critic, and he tells us very simply, and yet very profoundly, what they have to teach on the all-important subjects—God, Religion, the Bible, and Immortality. Indeed, in the article on Herder, so true a disciple does he appear that it is sometimes difficult to say whether we have before us the thoughts of Gottfried von Herder or of Frederick Smith, until we come nearly to the end, where he makes it clear that he has simply been giving us a summary of Herder's thought. In his note to the concluding chapter, however, he informs us that these Studies "were, most of them, made when the writer was in more general sympathy with the thoughts and aims of his masters." The "Estimate" itself is written from a more independent position. The present opinions of one who has studied under such masters have considerable value, and his criticisms are thoughtful and fairly stated; but we are glad that the Studies themselves were written while the disciple was in still closer accord with his masters. Probably the accounts of Sebastian Franck and Heinrich Lang, the great free-thinkers of the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, will be found most interesting by the general reader. In the case of Lang it would have been better if we had had rather more of a biography, as we have of Franck; for both are about equally unknown to English readers. The most important, naturally, are the studies of Lessing, Herder, and Goethe. He who knows little of any of the five, however, may learn much; while he who knows much may probably still learn something by the perusal of Mr. Smith's "Studies." In Mr. Smith's own words:—

These men occupy high positions amongst the greatest minds of the world, and they bear testimony to the consolatory fact that human nature, in its normal condition, *cannot* leave religious questions alone. On the other hand, the same men testify by their lives and their writings that henceforth the spirit of man will never find rest in a religion that fails to satisfy the emotions, the conscience, and the intellect. And while they thus vindicate the reality and the rights of man's religious nature, they also illustrate the method by which it obtains satisfaction. They renounce as antiquated and unproductive the two opposing methods of sceptical rationalism and unreasoning credence, and inaugurate the fruitful method of sympathetic, docile, and reverent inquiry (p. 251).

F. H. J.

A VOLUME of popular lectures on the Religions of China, by Professor Legge,* is matter for hearty congratulation. These four addresses were delivered in the College of the Presbyterian Church of England, in London, and those students were fortunate who heard so clear and concise a summary of the conclusions he has communicated to the public elsewhere from the lips of Mr. Legge himself. Professor Legge maintains—with special reference to Tiele's opposite view—the essential monotheism of the old national faith, and he is not afraid to accept substantially the classic Chinese chronology which recognises the maturity of that faith at a date five thousand years ago. His defence of the real unity of the apparently dual objects of worship called Heaven and Earth, and the proper personality of that Being, must be either accepted or refuted. The ordinary reader will be guided in the choice of the Oxford or the Leiden professor as a teacher by the comparative weight he respectively attaches to life-long familiarity with Chinese letters, on the one hand, or a broadly based philosophical conception of religious evolution, on the other, as a qualification for entering into the inner meaning of the venerable systems of the Celestial Empire. Our lecturer's judgment of Tāoism is both startling and severe—

It was begotten by Buddhism out of the old Chinese superstitions. Its forms are those of Buddhism; but its voice and spirit are from its mother-superstitions, fantastic, base, and cruel (p. 202).

Yet we rejoice to recognise the broad and charitable spirit in which Mr. Legge approaches his inquiry. The defence of the ordinary Protestant Orthodoxy which he tacks on to his exposition is, we should have supposed, otherwise provided for in the English Presbyterian College. But let it be noted that the last word in his book, concluding a paragraph of sad and solemn protest, is that word of evil omen, "OPIUM"!

IT is a well-known fact that the Apostle Matthew, according to a very early testimony, wrote his gospel in Hebrew or Aramaic. The fact, indeed, has been by no means undisputed. It is not unusual for orthodox critics to call in question the credibility of Papias, and to ask in triumph, "What has become of this Hebrew Gospel? How is it that, if it ever existed at all, every trace of it has been allowed to vanish, and a forged gospel

* The Religions of China. Confucianism and Tāoism Described and Compared with Christianity. By James Legge. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1880.

been universally accepted in its place?" The answer to these questions is contained in the book before us.* Here is the Hebrew gospel. Here, at any rate, is a gospel which was written in Hebrew, and which, in the Church of the first four centuries, was generally believed to be the original Matthew. The truth is, the Gospel according to the Hebrews is generally far too lightly set aside as a purely apocryphal work. The external evidence in its favour is unusually strong, and the fact that the learned St. Jerome, who was minutely acquainted with it, having translated it into both Greek and Latin, believed it to be Matthew's, is a consideration of no small weight. It is not, however, necessary to suppose that, as known to Jerome, the Nazarene gospel was wholly free from corruptions. All that the cautious critic will venture to maintain is that it approached more nearly than any of our canonical gospels to the most ancient and authentic record of the life of Jesus. The acknowledged fragments of the Gospel according to the Hebrews (the unlearned reader must not suppose that the work itself has been bodily recovered) were first collected by Hilgenfeld in his *Novum Testamentum Extra Canonem Receptum*, and they have now been arranged and put into English by Mr. Nicholson, with the addition, as probable or possible fragments, of many other passages of uncertain origin. The reader will find the whole subject fully discussed in this scholarly work, which ought to have the effect of inducing orthodox critics to reconsider some of their judgments. R. B. D.

IT is tempting to write at greater length than here and now is feasible on the text afforded by the little volume which commemorates the centenary of Channing's birth.† Much has indeed been said about the great American evangelist; yet much remains to be said. With perfect unanimity his eulogists have selected Channing's sense of the dignity of man in communion with God—protest against New England Calvinism—as the distinguishing mark of his gospel. And, indeed, no other verdict could have been found. Channing's theology and his anthropology

* The Gospel according to the Hebrews: its Fragments. Translated and annotated, with a critical analysis of the external and internal evidence relating to it, by Edward Byron Nicholson, M.A. London: Kegan Paul and Co. 1879.

† The Centenary Commemoration of the Birth of Dr. William Ellery Channing, April 7th, 1880. Reports of the Meetings in London, Belfast, Aberdeen, Tavistock, Manchester, and Liverpool. London: British and Foreign Unitarian Association. 1880.

were the two facets of one glittering thought. That thought is reflected at every turn by his calm, flowing, and perspicuous style. This is the perfect instrument of his mind and conscience. Macaulay, the creator of a style in every way contrasted with that of Channing, estimated the latter very cheaply. Yet, as pure literature, it is possible that of the two famous essays on Milton, Channing's, slowly taking possession of the reader's heart, may outlive Macaulay's, though this carry the reader's suffrage by storm.

Naturally, much has been everywhere said of Channing's part in the movement against slavery. Not yet, however, does his conduct seem to us to have been quite accurately judged. Certainly not by Mrs. Chapman, who, in this connection, says, "He had neither insight, courage, nor firmness."* But the fact remains that, splendid as were his services by speech and writing in the second half of the fourth decade of this century, through that lustrum of agony, the first half, he kept a lamentable silence. He who attributes this to lack of courage shows utter inability to gauge a noble character. The silence sprang from an exaggerated fear of throwing undue blame, and a shrinking, however conscientious yet fastidious, from the burning temper of the martyr abolitionists. We cannot subscribe Mr. Thomas Hughes's account of the matter. "On the whole," so he contends in his apology, "we shall best serve God's purpose by bearing steadily in mind, that the victory of the Son of Man was won for our race by Him of whom it is said by the inspired seer, 'He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.'" This may, or may not, have been said in reference to him to whom Mr. Hughes applies it. It constitutes, however, hardly the most faithful portraiture of him who poured out, in lava stream, the holy invectives of Matthew xxiii., or who shook the temple with the divine wrath which overturned the tables of the money-changers and drove out those who sold doves. *That* Son of God, at any rate, mild when the blows fell on his own meek head, cried aloud and lifted up and caused his ringing voice to be heard afar, when cruel wrong was done to his fellow-men or a vile traffic blasphemed the pure majesty of God. Channing is great enough without exaggerations or distortions; but justice demands a protest when the prophetic vehemence of the earlier abolitionists is made a foil for his tardy, though finally powerful and fearless, pleadings for the freedom of the slave.

* Harriet Martineau's Autobiography. Vol. iii., p. 152.

We observe that Mr. Hughes, publishing his interesting address elsewhere,* speaks of Channing as brought up, indeed, among Unitarians, but practically withdrawing from them in after life,—an exact reversal of the facts. The Dean of Westminster, again, stringing together a few scattered phrases uttered in diverse connections, would minimise his Unitarianism. Others follow suit. Although neither the life nor the writings of Channing furnish the least justification for such a course, it is doubtless adopted from a silent sense that there are harmonies deeper than the discords of dogmatic divergency. Channing was always a fervent Unitarian ; but his Unitarianism was of that nobler type which lays little stress on the technical side of its doctrine, but rather rejoices to see in the character of Christ at once the reflection of the Father and the ideal of humanity. It is, however, a fine testimony to the breadth of his spirit, that as each craftsman thinks Shakespeare must have been of his trade, so each ecclesiastic inclines to claim Channing as of his church. This volume is certainly a very palpable instance of “book-making ;” but the theme is a noble one, and the addresses of Dr. Martineau, Mr. Baldwin Brown, Mr. Thom, and others, are of permanent literary worth. We should have preferred a selection of these as a fitting wreath on the tomb of Channing, without the votes of thanks, the appeals for local missionary societies, or the long lists of doubtless excellent gentlemen who, to their own loss, were “unable to be present.”

* *Macmillan's Magazine*, May, 1880.

THE MODERN REVIEW.

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CRITICAL METHOD.—II.

(iii.)

THE historian, as we have seen, submits all his documents, in the first instance, to literary criticism, and thus endeavours to satisfy himself as to their authorship, their antiquity, and their character. Should they contain *accounts* of past events, he next proceeds to investigate their trustworthiness, or, in more general terms, their relation to the reality. But it often happens, especially in Biblical criticism, that these two operations cannot be conducted to a satisfactory conclusion each by itself in its natural order. In this case the critic modifies his method, and adapts himself to the special exigencies of the case. He combines the literary with the more properly historical aspects of his critical investigation, allows the one to throw light upon and guide the other, and by this combined application of the two arrives at an adequate conception of the fact or the series of facts which he is engaged in examining. *The hypothesis* concerning the past, *which has been found adequate to account for the documents*, is what he finally accepts and delivers as history.

Such was the result of our previous investigations. And accordingly we may define historical criticism as the

attempt to find an hypothesis that accounts for the documents, and, if several such hypotheses present themselves, the selection of the one which appears on comparison to have the greatest probability in its favour.

It is hardly necessary to lay down any express conditions with which the critical hypothesis must comply, or to establish any standard of comparison by which the conflicting possibilities must be tried ; for it stands to reason that no hypothesis can be entertained unless, in the first place, it answers its original purpose of accounting for the form and substance of the document in question, and unless it is also admissible in itself, which implies, of course, that it does not conflict with any well-established fact. It is obvious, too, that the more support it finds in the historical connection into which it must enter, the more confidence it deserves. And, finally, no one will deny that an hypothesis confirmed by analogy deserves the preference over one which violates or at least finds no support in it. Should there be anything in this brief summary which does not at once explain itself, we may fairly expect it to be cleared up by the examples of the working of the Critical Method, which I promised to append to the description of its nature.

Now, there is no better means of bringing out the special characteristics of any procedure than to compare or contrast it with some parallel procedure in the same field ; for the very comparison forces us to notice the particular points which might otherwise easily escape us. And in the case in point we all know that there is a certain method which claims to be critical, but which, as a matter of fact, is the direct negation of criticism. I mean, of course, the *apologetic* method, which sets itself to defend a foregone conclusion by all the means it can command. Whatever the grounds may be upon which the foregone conclusion rests, the apologetic method itself is always and everywhere essentially the same. In the case of historical investiga-

tions it may be applied either by itself or in that special form technically described as "harmonistic-apologetics," or more briefly "harmonistics." Here, then, we have the twofold contrast, in the light of which we are now to examine the working of the critical method.

The Book of Daniel, to which I have already referred,* is for several reasons specially well suited to furnish us anew with illustrations. The problem it presents is comparatively simple, inasmuch as we are not encumbered with parallel accounts in the Old Testament with which those in the Book of Daniel have to be harmonised; but, in spite of this, it is still difficult, and, at the same time, of the highest interest. The historian of Israel and of Israel's religion has to assign a place to this book and its author, and to decide whether or not to incorporate its first six chapters in his account of the Babylonian captivity, which will of course assume a very different complexion according to his decision. A secondary reason for selecting this book is that the apologetic method, as applied to it in our own day, is illustrated by a document as good as contemporary, and clothed with the highest official authority.†

Let us see, then, how the apologist approaches the Book of Daniel. His firm conviction that it contains pure history is obvious at once, for before he has proved or even examined its trustworthiness, he sketches "The Life and Times of Daniel," and discusses the purposes of Providence in raising up such a man as Daniel, and ordering his lot in such a way. Nor is it long before we are told the grounds upon which this conviction rests: namely, "the reception of the Book of Daniel" first by the Jews and then by the Christians. Now, the fact is beyond dispute that the Jews really did include this book amongst their sacred writings, and that they have always attached a high value to it; but

* P. 482.

† The Holy Bible, &c. (Speaker's Commentary), Vol. VI. pp. 210, *seq.* The Book of Daniel, by the late H. J. Rose, B.D., and J. M. Fuller, M.A.

as an argument for its antiquity, or more specifically for its origin during the Babylonian captivity, this circumstance is worthless. The history of the Old Testament Canon leaves the amplest possible room for the hypothesis of a later origin. The apologist, therefore, has to force such a significance upon the canonicity of the book as will make it preclude the possibility of its composition in the Maccabæan period; and in order to do so he puts aside everything which points to the lateness of the date at which it was received into the Canon—such as its exclusion from a place amongst the Prophets and its inclusion in the “*Hagiographa*” or third division of the Old Testament, or the silence of Jesus son of Sirach concerning Daniel and his fortunes. On the other hand, great weight is attached to any scrap of evidence which appears to imply that the book was already in existence in the Persian period, however trivial or even absurd it may be. To this latter category belong the Talmudic statement that “the men of the Great Assembly (Neh. viii.—x.) wrote Ezekiel, the twelve minor prophets, Daniel and Esther,” and the story in Flavius Josephus that the Book of Daniel was shown to Alexander in the Temple at Jerusalem, his attention being specially called to the prophecies of his victories over the Persians—presumably without the announcement of his own fall and the breaking up of his kingdom “to the four winds of heaven” (ch. viii. 8; xi. 4)! Finally, “the New Testament and the Church” are summoned, though not, as we might have supposed, simply to vouch for the canonicity of the book from about the beginning of our era onwards. This is all that any historian could ask them to prove if he were really in earnest with his investigation, but, on the contrary, the apologist makes the words of Christ (Matt. xxiv. 15) “invest with dignity and inspiration the author He is quoting,” so that Christ “forbids us to believe the author of the book a Maccabæan scribe or an Egyptian

enthusiast." But, we ask, if this is a fact, if it is really true that "the Lord of Daniel hath borne testimony to the words of His Prophet by the mouth of His Holy Son," what was the use of entering upon a scholarly investigation at all, as if there really were anything to investigate, or as if any considerations of scholarship on either side could have the smallest weight!

The apologist has now prepared his reader to hear how things really stand with regard to the Book of Daniel. Had he been told at once what is now to be communicated to him, he might perhaps have been disturbed. But after this preparation, his peace of mind will not be endangered by the information that there are some "difficulties connected with the book." These difficulties refer in part to the prophecies, in part to the miracles, and in part to some of the historical statements contained in the Book of Daniel; and, seeing that they have been set forth again and again, one would think that the apologist would find it an easy task to reproduce them fairly; but, as a matter of fact, he does not succeed in doing so, and no one who contests the authenticity of the book could accept his statement as an impartial account of the position of the controversy. And is not this quite natural? The apologist does not *see* the difficulties as they really are. From his point of view, they are simply so many attacks upon a conviction he cherishes, or upon an authority which he reverences as supreme. How is it possible that he should appreciate their significance? His answers accordingly are often quite beside the mark, especially in reference to the prophecies and the miracles. As regards the contested historical statements, some of them are supposed to be justified, whilst in the case of others we are given the choice between two or more solutions of the difficulty, and the residue are to wait for future discoveries—of cuneiform inscriptions for instance—which will undoubtedly clear up

everything that still appears strange or obscure. We are therefore assured that nothing forbids us to accept the Book of Daniel as a product of the period of which it treats. That the prophet himself wrote it all, from beginning to end, is, indeed, incapable of proof; but how does this affect its value, inasmuch as in any case it is substantially authentic and trustworthy?

We need not stop to prove that this is not the way to go to work. This is not criticism, though it presents itself as such, but its direct negation. Imagine a judge conducting an inquiry on such principles! We will content ourselves with simply placing the true method by the side of this pretence of criticism. Space forbids our going into detail;* but the main outlines are really all we require to enable us to form a judgment. We need not act as though the subject had never been investigated before. The researches of the last hundred years have finally disposed of certain hypotheses which might be considered possible in the abstract. We are justified in assuming that the Book of Daniel is not a mere collection of fragments, but a single whole. It lies before us substantially in the form in which it was composed by its author, and bears no trace of interpolations. As to its origin, we have to face this simple alternative: It was written either by the man whose name it bears, soon after the end of the Captivity, or else during the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, soon after the beginning of the Maccabæan revolt. There is no third possibility.

Now it is evident at once that the external testimonies about the Book of Daniel leave the choice between these two hypotheses perfectly open. Its reception into the Old Testament Canon decides nothing essential as to its antiquity; for it is just the question when this reception was effected. The most ancient witness to the canonicity

* See the author's "*Historisch-Critisch Onderzoek enz.*" Vol. II., pp. 416—472.

of the book is the author of the first of Maccabees (chap. ii. 59, 60), who puts a reference to the third and sixth chapters of Daniel into the mouth of the dying Mattathias. But this author wrote after the death of John Hyrcanus, in 106 B.C. (chap. xvi. 24), more than sixty years after the beginning of the revolt, when there had been plenty of time to take up Daniel into the Canon, even if it was not written till the year 165 B.C. And as for Mattathias himself, it will hardly be maintained that the evidence of a man who lived two generations later *proves* that he actually used those very words as he was dying. Again, the Greek translator of the Proverbs of Jesus son of Sirach (later than 132 B.C.) knows of a collection of sacred writings divided into three parts; but there is no evidence that the Book of Daniel had a place in it. There is room, therefore, for either of the two hypotheses mentioned above. But we may go beyond this, and assert that there are certain facts which give the greater probability to the hypothesis of the Maccabæan origin. Jesus son of Sirach (about 200 B.C.) makes no mention either of Daniel or of his three friends, although a place might have been given them with such perfect appropriateness in his "Song of praise of the Fathers" (chap. xliv., *seq.*). What can the reason be, except that he did not know the book of Daniel? And, again, in the Jewish Bible, why does not Daniel stand amongst the Prophets? It is there that every one would look for it, and there accordingly, it was transferred as early as in the Alexandrine translation. But in the Hebrew it stands in the third division, which contains the Hagiographa and amongst them the very latest of the books of the Old Testament. There is no natural and really satisfactory explanation of this fact, except the supposition that when the Book of Daniel became known, and was thought worthy of a place among the sacred writings, the collection of the Prophets was already closed. But I will not insist on this;

for I fully admit that external evidence alone cannot decide the question.

Then how about the book itself? Does it not claim to be the work of Daniel? The facts are these:—In chapters vii.—xii. Daniel always speaks in the first person, whereas in chapters i.—vi. he is uniformly spoken of in the third person, and sometimes in a strain of admiration which a man does not usually adopt when writing of himself (chaps. i. 17, 19, 20; v. 11, 12; vi. 4). Now it is true that this change of person may be explained by supposing that the real author of chapters vii.—xii. had reasons which appeared to him satisfactory for speaking of himself and his friends in such language as we find employed in chapters i.—vi.; but it is equally well explained by the contrary hypothesis that the author of chapters i.—vi.—to be distinguished from Daniel—introduces the latter as speaking in the first person in chapters vii.—xii. The detailed study of the two sections themselves must teach us which of the two hypotheses deserves the preference. Now the answer which this study gives us is so clear and emphatic that no sensible man could hesitate for a moment in his choice, were he not prevented by other considerations from seeing the facts as they really are. The panorama of the future unrolled in chapters vii.—xii. is not only incomplete, but incorrect, as far as regards the Persian period. With respect to Alexander the Great and his successors, it agrees with the facts. The measures taken by Antiochus Epiphanes against the Jewish religion are described down to the minutest details, and the beginning at least of the Maccabæan revolt is mentioned. But the author's knowledge does not extend beyond this point. The period at which the religious rites prescribed by the law were to be restored in the Temple of Jerusalem is more than once indicated, but in no instance correctly. The fall of Antiochus is looked for in a place and in a manner which

history has not confirmed, and the author had formed a dazzling conception of the subsequent events, which the reality contradicted in every point. So much for the prophecies. As to the historical statements of chapters i.—vi., wherever we are able to compare them with the well-established facts, we find them hopelessly at variance with them. The deportation of citizens from Jerusalem in the third year of Jehoiakim; Babylon at the time of its fall ruled by King Balshazzar, the son of Nebuchadrezar; the Babylonian monarchy succeeded by that of the Medes, and Balshazzar by "Darius the Mede,"—every one of these supposed facts is contradicted by the best evidence. What follows? To suppose that it is Daniel who tells us all this, and that *such* a picture of the future had been revealed to him in a wholly miraculous and mechanical manner, is nothing short of absurd; whereas it is perfectly natural that a man who lived during the persecution of Epiphanes should have had both the knowledge and the want of knowledge displayed by the writer of Daniel.

But however decisively our choice may be made already, we have not yet completed our task. We have done scanty justice to the Book of Daniel, when we have simply examined its prophecies in the light of their relation to the historical facts, and asked whether its narratives agree with established history. But when we go on to take a general survey, as we are bound to do, of the prophecies and the narratives together, considered as a single whole, it only becomes all the clearer that the hypothesis of the Maccabæan origin fully accounts for the facts. Under the pressure of fierce persecution a faithful Israelite, bending over the writings of the prophets (chap. ix. 2), might well conceive the hope that "the time of the end" had now come, that the redemption would soon arise, and the Messianic age begin. Firmly convinced that the faithful servant of Yahweh would never be deserted by his Lord, and

that the arrogance of the heathen who attacked the god of Israel would be put to shame by the result, might he not, must he not, encourage his companions in suffering and strengthen them to endure to the uttermost by setting before them, in the fate of Daniel and his friends on the one hand and Nebuchadrezar and Balshazzar on the other, the end which awaited them and the end which awaited their tyrants? But why adopt this special form? His expectations are such as the victims of persecution would cherish, the lessons of his narratives such as they needed; but what induced him to throw them into such a form? Why did he make Daniel the mouthpiece of a message which he might just as well have delivered as the word of Yahweh to himself? Why did he take the fortunes of these ancient heroes as the vehicles of the teaching he might so easily have expressed in some other way? A moment's reflection serves to banish these last doubts. No prophet had arisen in Israel for nearly three centuries. The time when "the Lord God would do nothing without revealing his secrets to his servants, the prophets,"* seemed to be gone for ever. Moreover, our author was distinctly conscious that his own conviction rested on a study of the prophetic writings and the earnest reflections to which it had given rise, and in obedience to this feeling he put the truths which he himself owed to the Ancients into the mouth of an ancient seer. And why should he not select Daniel, that pattern of devoutness and of heavenly wisdom, to whom even Ezekiel had pointed his contemporaries (chap. xiv. 14, 20; xxviii. 3)? If we are unable to throw any further light on this special point, it is simply because we do not know what traditions concerning Daniel were current at the time, and to what extent our author himself could adopt them and work them out. But this want of detailed information does not alter the fact that the general form of the book is in perfect harmony

* Amos iii. 7.

with the character of the beginning of the Maccabæan period.

Our hypothesis, then, is supported on every side, and there is not a single phenomenon under discussion for which it fails to account. Not one? But does it not compel us to deny all value to the Book of Daniel, and to brand it as an impudent forgery? Such appears to be the necessary consequence of the Maccabæan hypothesis, to those who are occupied in attacking it. But amongst those who defend it, there is not one who would accept this supposed consequence. The scholars in question may have an open eye for all that distinguishes the Book of Daniel to its disadvantage from the writings of the Prophets, and to the dark side of the influence exercised by the book; but this does not prevent them from doing full justice to the author, and giving him, unknown as he is by name, a place amongst the pious and heroic sons of Israel. It is altogether unreasonable to look down with contempt upon "a Maccabæan scribe or an Egyptian enthusiast." "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and religious faith even when it speaks in strange, nay, in offensive, forms, ought to be treated with respect.

The Book of Daniel itself may suggest an introduction to the second portion of our task—the illustration of the Critical as opposed to the Harmonistic Method. We have already seen that this book gives its own version of the fall of the Babylonian or Chaldæan monarchy. It represents the last Babylonian king as succeeded by Darius *the Mede*, who is already advanced in years (ch. v. 31), and who is followed in his turn by Cyrus *the Persian* (compare chap. ix. 1 with x. 1 and i. 21). And in accordance with these ideas the Chaldæan monarchy is made to give place to the Median, and that again to the Persian, in Nebuchadrezar's dream (chap. ii.), and in the vision of the four beasts and

the Son of man (chap. vii). It is true that the Median and Persian monarchies are considered as mutually connected, so that in another vision (chap. viii.) they are united under the symbol of a goat with two unequal horns; but they are nevertheless distinguished one from the other, and in order of time the one follows the other in the rule of Babylon. Now it is well known that numerous accounts of these very interesting events, especially the establishment of the Persian monarchy, have come down to us from antiquity, and that they neither agree with each other nor with the Book of Daniel. With the graphic and detailed narrative of Herodotus, and the account given by Xenophon in the *Cyropædia* we have been familiar since our childhood; and versions of the same events have come down to us from Deinon, from Nicolaus Damascenus, and from Moses Chorenensis, versions which differ from both the above, and also from each other.* Now what is the attitude adopted by modern historians in the face of all these divergent accounts? Some of the narratives are recommended by their antiquity, or by some other consideration. Amongst these are the accounts of Herodotus and that of Xenophon, who had visited Persia himself. Do modern scholars, then, consider themselves bound to reconcile all these accounts, or at any rate the oldest and best avouched of them, and then maintain the principal features of them as history? Not one of them thinks of doing anything of the kind. Historians who know what they are about, from Bähr † to M. Duncker and Canon Rawlinson, ‡ have contented themselves with framing an hypothesis which recommends itself by its intrinsic probability, and accounts for the rise and subsequent embellishment of the divergent

* Compare M. Duncker, "*Geschichte des Alterthums*." Vol. II., pp. 446—(2nd Edition).

† Ctesias Cnidii *Operum* [Reliquiæ (Frankf. 1824), pp. 85, *seq.*

‡ The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World. Vol. III., p. 225; IV., 354 (1st Edition).

narratives. They decline to believe, for instance, that Astyages gave his only child in marriage to a Persian, and thus, by his own act, transferred the supremacy from the ruling to the subject people. Cyrus, they tell us, was the son of the governor of Persia, or of the tributary prince of that country. But, then, what are we to say to the narratives, which tell us the other story with an unusual approach to unanimity? By carefully noting their origin and their tendency, and by looking at them in the light of all that we know from other quarters of the ideas entertained by their authors, we succeed in explaining how they were produced, and thus accounting for them quite satisfactorily. Though greatly tempted to show this in detail, I must content myself with a reference to the masterly treatment of the subject by M. Duncker.* He takes no notice of Darius the Mede. But history does not suffer by the omission, and it only remains for the Biblical critic to give a plausible explanation of the very divergent representation of events in Daniel—a task which he will have no great difficulty in accomplishing.

Now it is a curious proof of the power of tradition that the ordinary reader of the Old Testament does not perceive that it contains a conflict of evidence similar to the one we have now referred to, and that, too, as regards one of the most popular figures in the history of Israel—namely, *David*. Leaving the minor shades of difference out of view for the present, we may say that the Old Testament presents us with *three* types or versions of the character of David. We find one type in chaps. xi.—xxix. of the First Book of Chronicles, where David appears as the founder of the Jerusalem ritual; another in the superscriptions of the seventy-three psalms that bear his name, where David is the religious poet, the royal harp-player; a third in 1 Samuel xvi.—1 Kings ii., where David is the valiant

* Vol. II., 452, *seq.* (2nd Edition).

warrior, the freebooter, the prosperous monarch, the weak father. It need hardly be said that these types are connected with each other. The Chronicler, it is true, omits many circumstances with which he was well acquainted, such as David's adventures under Saul and Ishbosheth, and (which is more significant) the stories of his domestic life (2 Sam. ix.—xx.) and the contested succession (1 Kings i.); but he takes up into his narrative other statements of the Book of Samuel (chaps. v.—viii., xxiv., &c.). And again, the psalm of consecration for the worship at Zion given in 1 Chronicles xvi. 8—36, is taken from our collection of Psalms, though it is not one of those which are there ascribed to David. In the same way there are points of contact between what we have called the second and the third types. For instance, in the appendix to the Second Book of Samuel (chaps. xxi.—xxiv.) the eighteenth Psalm is given as a poem composed by David (chap. xxii.) and what appears there as his swan-song (chap. xxiii. 1—7) is not unlike some of the Psalms. Moreover, in the body of the continuous narrative itself, David appears as a poet (2 Samuel i. 18—27, iii. 33, *seq.*) and as a skilful player on the harp (1 Samuel xvi., xviii.). This makes it all the more natural that we should begin by regarding these three types as the different aspects of a single character, and endeavouring to unite them all in our conception of the historical David. In other words, we imagine—without of course formulating the idea distinctly in our own minds—that the three authors divided the work amongst them, and supplemented each other's omissions. This is the unconscious harmonistic of the layman which is afterwards deliberately worked out by ecclesiastical scholarship, and is still employed, in its entirety or with some qualification, by the apologist. Why should we shrink from saying that the task becomes more hopeless every day? The three types cannot be welded into real unity. They refuse to the last to blend together. In the earliest account

of David's last days (1 Kings i. 1—ii. 11) there is no room for the great assembly which is described in 1 Chronicles xxviii., *seq.*, and the Chronicler's version is certainly not meant to supplement the older narrative, but to supersede it by something more edifying—or less scandalous. Indeed, the same might be said of everything which the Chronicler adds to his predecessors. His David, who does not think himself pure enough to build a temple to the Lord because of the blood he has spilt in war (chap. xxii. 8, xxviii. 3), differs widely indeed from the warrior of the Books of Samuel. And so again does the poet of the Psalms. Between the ideas as to the forgiveness of sins that lie at the foundation of Psalm xxxii., and the sacrifice of Saul's descendants in expiation of their father's guilt (2 Samuel xxi. 1—14), the chasm is wide. The pure monotheism of the Psalms was hardly professed in the home where the *teraphim* lay ready to hand on an emergency (1 Samuel xix. 11—17). The pious sentiments expressed by David from time to time in the older history (1 Samuel xxvi. 19; 2 Samuel xvi. 25, *seq.*; xvii. 10, *seq.*) are essentially different in tone and character from those embodied in the majority of the Psalms that bear his name. Expressions such as that in Psalm xviii. 21—27 would be strange enough in the mouth of a man whose public and private life were disfigured by so many blots. But enough! We were bound to *test* the hypothesis of the unity of the three types, but in order to *maintain* it we should have to accept a psychological absurdity, or, if we could not reconcile ourselves to that, we should have to distort the facts. We must, therefore, make our choice, and that choice, which can only be in favour of the Books of Samuel, must be decisive. We cannot be content, as some have been, with giving up the Chronicler, or some, or even most, of the superscriptions of the Psalms. Such half measures may remove the most glaring contradictions, but they leave

others untouched. It is only when we strictly confine ourselves to the Books of Samuel, and especially to the oldest narratives embodied in them, that there rises before us a true historical figure which towers above its surroundings no doubt, but nevertheless belongs to them, and moreover is in its place between the ruggedness of Israel's heroic age just closed, and the succeeding days when Solomon built a temple to Yahweh, but also raised the sanctuaries of Astarte, Molech, and Chemosh (1 Kings xi. 5—7).

But whence come the other types, and whence, we may add, the traits in the Books of Samuel themselves, which are barely or not at all consistent with the really historical conception of which we have just spoken? Before answering this question, let me just remark that the preceding sketch of the application of the critical method would place it in a very false light if it were regarded as complete. As a matter of fact, of course, the investigation has been carried down to the details, or rather has started from them. The result, as far as the Chronicler goes, is to show that his representations are not only impossible to accept in the mass, but are also severally and individually either contradicted by older accounts or in themselves highly improbable. And so, too, the authority of the superscriptions of the Psalms has long been undermined. The great majority of them are glaringly incorrect. Moreover, it has been shown, on internal and external evidence alike, that all these superscriptions are of late origin, not older than the time of the second temple, and, therefore, separated by centuries from the age of David. Accordingly it is far from capricious or violent to yield to the demonstrated necessity, and surrender these two later types in favour of the older conception founded on the Books of Samuel. But the question still remains, how these later types arose, and our hypothesis as to the historical David cannot be regarded as established until it has given a satis-

factory answer. As a matter of fact, however, it complies with this requirement perfectly. David was not forgotten by his people. Political circumstances naturally led to an ever-increasing appreciation of his person and his work as the unifier of Israel. In the eyes of posterity he became more and more completely the model of an Israelitish king, and the natural consequence was that he was idealised. The hope of the regeneration of his dynasty, and at a later period of its restoration to the throne—the Messianic expectation, in a word—must have worked powerfully in the same direction. And meanwhile the religious convictions of the highest minds in Israel were undergoing a marked change. The conceptions of Yahweh, and of the religion which was acceptable to him, were constantly being elevated and purified. This could not but have an influence on the current ideas concerning David. He, too, must be remodelled as the conceptions of God were changed, if he was still to remain what his own contemporaries had thought him—"the man after Yahweh's heart." The poetical and musical powers which he really possessed according to the most ancient traditions could only be thought of as exercised in glorifying the god of Israel. And thus it happened, probably at a comparatively early date, that religious poems were ascribed to him and to his contemporaries. And when, after the Babylonian Captivity, the poetry and music of the Temple had pushed forward from their old basis with a new and vigorous development, nothing was more natural than to regard David as their founder. This again paved the way to the related but far from identical conception of his person and work which is given us by the Chronicler. After the reform of Ezra and Nehemiah (440 B.C.), religion became more and more closely identified in many minds with the ritual. The arrangement of the Temple and the regulation of its worship must now be assigned to no less a man than

David, or if possible even to Yahweh himself (1 Chronicles xxviii. 19). Unquestionably, it was Solomon and not David who had actually built a house for the Lord, but David had not failed to make preparations for the great work (compare 2 Samuel viii. 10, *seq.*). Why then should he have concerned himself with nothing but the Temple choirs? Why should he not also have arranged and classified the priests, the Levites, and the porters? To ascribe to him all the measures which the Chronicler enumerates seemed nothing more than the necessary filling out of the meagreness of the ancient tradition. In the opinion of one to whom "a day in God's courts was better than a thousand," the "man after Yahweh's heart" could not have done less than is here set down.

Now the factors into which these types of the "man after Yahweh's heart" have been resolved in this rapid sketch are no mere imaginary quantities. Each one of them is taken directly from the reality. Had I been able to work out the problem more elaborately, and include, for instance, the history of the Mosaic legislation, all this would have appeared more clearly yet. But even as it is, we have seen enough to justify us in declaring that, given the veritable form of David as we have restored it, its transformation, and just such a transformation as we have traced, was an historical necessity. Thus it appears that our hypothesis, which was at first recommended solely by its own internal probability, completely accounts for the whole material which the historian finds to his hand.

Our review of the three types of David is something more than one out of many examples of the application of the critical as opposed to the harmonistic method. It throws light upon the origin and growth of the historical narratives of the Bible in general and explains the influences that have been at work upon them. Now we

may sum up these influences under the name of "the religious factor" in the composition of history, and may go on to declare that the recognition of this factor, and the application of our knowledge of it to historical researches, is what distinguishes the criticism of to-day from that of past times. Were we to ask the opponents of modern criticism what they conceive to be the special mark of its method, they would answer "the 'tendenz' theory," and in so answering they would also give the reason why they must decline to follow the predominant school of criticism, though they are very far from wishing to be thought uncritical in consequence. Their account of the state of things is much as follows: The advocate of "the 'tendenz' theory," when considering a Biblical narrative, does not inquire into its historical foundation in fact, but simply into the writer's purpose in composing it. He assumes it as certain *à priori* that the author must have had some special design, that it was not his intention, or at least not his only intention, to relate what had really happened, but that he wished to produce a certain impression, to give emphasis to some special exhortation, or to enforce his own religious ideas. Now, of course, there is no harm in these motives in themselves, but, nevertheless, if we know that a man is swayed by them, we at once suspect, if we do not absolutely reject, his testimony as to the facts of history. The advocate of "the 'tendenz' theory," accordingly, destroys the whole value of historical evidence by his unfounded suspicions. . . . So far our opponents! Now we can but partially adopt their conception of the critical method. Their one-sidedness is indicated by their predilection for the expression "tendenz theory," since it does not describe the modern method completely, nor, therefore, fairly. It is true that we recognise a definite "tendenz" (or tendency to make the narrative subserve some religious idea of the writer's own) in many of the Biblical narratives,

but we are far from supposing that this tendency was simply arbitrary. The historian, of course, displays his facts in a special light *in order that* others may take a special view of them; but he does so first and foremost, *because* he sees them in that light himself. This latter fact, which is the really important one, is entirely obscured by the nickname "tendenz criticism." The Biblical writers really *saw* the people and facts in the light in which they show them to us. But in that case how is it that they so often represent them as different from what they really were, and even from what previous historians had declared them to be? It is because each of them had his own point of view, which differed from that of his predecessors. At first it requires a considerable effort to understand this fully. We are accustomed to try, at any rate, to prevent our personal opinions and sympathies from influencing our conception of the past. And, what is more, if we made no such effort we should be acting wrongly. But why is it in our power, and consequently a part of our duty, to act thus? Because our personal convictions are, at least relatively, independent of the past, and it is therefore no necessity, or at any rate no vital necessity to us, to change our conception of the past with our own changing convictions. In former ages, this was not so. "Historical fact" and "truth" were identical. Just because the truth was supposed to have come straight from God, without any intermediate agency, it must also be supposed to have been perfectly revealed from the very first; and therefore the insight into God's nature and will which had really been gained at a later time was unintentionally antedated and ascribed to a high antiquity.* The idea of historical development was still to be born. As yet men did not and could not know how the nascent truth

* Compare C. Holsten, "Zum Evangelium des Paulus und des Petrus," (Rostock, 1868), pp. 196, *seq.*

shakes itself loose with many a strain and struggle from the error with which at first it is entangled, how it unfolds itself freely for a time, and then once more enters into fresh combinations, from which it must again disentangle itself hereafter. The theism of those days held truth to be as unalterable as He from whom it flows, and was even inconsistent with the modern theory of "a progressive revelation," which is really nothing but a compromise between the genuine supernaturalism and the theory of development. The consequence is obvious, and hardly needs restating. In ancient times, and specifically in Israel, the sense of historical continuity could only be preserved by the constant compliance on the part of the past with the requirements of the present—that is to say, its constant renovation and transformation. This may be called the law of religious historiography. At any rate, it dominates the historical writings alike of the Israelites and of the early Christians. To the three stages of the development of religion in Israel, the prophetic, the Deuteronomic, and the priestly, answers a three-fold conception of Israel's history.* Again, in the Apostolic and post-Apostolic age, the Judæo-Christian, the Pauline, and the Alexandrine conceptions of Christianity followed each other, and not unfrequently came into collision; and accordingly we find in the Gospels a Judæo-Christian picture of the Christ, a modification of it in a Pauline sense by Luke, and then, as the result of the application of the Logos-idea to the traditional materials, a complete transformation and glorification of the teacher of Nazareth in the fourth Gospel. So it is, and so it must be. Inasmuch as the Christians who followed the lines laid down by Paul, and the disciples of the Christian-Alexandrine gnosis after them, could not possibly separate themselves from the Christ, to whom they were conscious of owing all their privileges, it became an his-

* Compare the author's "Prophets and Prophecy in Israel," pp. 406, *seq.*

torical necessity for the conception of the work of Jesus in the midst of his own people to pass through the same phases which the Christian idea itself had passed through. Allowing for the difference of the subject, we see the very same process at work in Judaism. The more detailed precepts and regulations with which the later Scribes supplemented the Mosaic Law, were really the work of these Scribes themselves, and consequently grew more numerous and more minute with every century. But in the opinion of the believing Jew, they were just as holy and divine as the Law itself,—and consequently just as old. They must, therefore, have come from Moses himself, though they were not written down by him, but uttered by word of mouth and so preserved from generation to generation. In the same way, doubtless, many a “scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven” was firmly convinced that the “new things” he was bringing out of his treasure-house were as old as Christianity itself.

We may seem to have wandered far away from our more special subject; but we have not really done so. The same necessity which forces itself upon the historian when dealing with the accounts of David meets him again at every point in his Biblical investigations. The attempt to harmonise, the hypothesis that the conflicting statements merely represent different aspects of the same thing, comes into collision with the facts not now and then, but constantly. There must be a reason for this, and it was worth while tracing it out and explaining it. We have now found that it is inseparable from the very nature of the documents upon which the Biblical critic has to work. Until this was understood, he had to content himself with unnatural, or even impossible, hypotheses. He could not venture to adopt any other course than that which he actually took; for he felt bound to assume that every story rested upon an actual fact, so that the only way of

doing justice to them all was to reconcile them with each other. This necessity is now removed. The contradiction in some instances was so palpable that it was simply impossible not to recognise it. The recognition was naturally followed, after a time, by the explanation; and the explanation, as our readers may now perceive, is of such a nature as to leave the characters of the writers wholly unarraigned, while it rather raises than lowers the value of the materials at command for the history of the spiritual development of Israel or of the Christian community. Even if it were otherwise, we should have to reconcile ourselves to it; but as it is, we have certainly no cause to complain. Criticism rids us of many a supposed fact for which, in spite of our belief in it, we could really find no place; and, at the same time, it takes us into the work-place of the religious spirit, and surely the more closely we have examined the workings of this spirit, the better we shall understand it.

(iv.)

I said at the first that it would not be necessary to justify the critical method—that it would be enough simply to describe it. Nor do I wish to withdraw from that position. But this does not preclude me from devoting a few pages, in conclusion, to the consideration of the complaints which are often urged against criticism. They are generally founded upon an imperfect knowledge of its real method, and are silenced at once by a true comprehension of it.

What sense is there, for example, in the assertion that the new Biblical criticism substitutes “theories” for “facts”? The meaning may perhaps be that it often leads to the rejection of what is represented in the Biblical documents as “fact.” But in that case its accusers should speak of “narratives” or “traditions,” which they have

surely no right to treat as the same thing as "facts." The critic has the utmost possible reverence for real facts; for he starts from the documents, keeps to the documents, and ends with the documents. These are his "facts," and he never lets them go for an instant. "Theories," which are not borrowed from the documents, and cannot be justified by them, he systematically rejects. Can the opponents of the modern criticism say as much with equal right?

There is just as little ground for the complaint that criticism is *destructive*. I am almost ashamed to repeat the simple and obvious statement that criticism cannot destroy anything in the world; and even if it could, it would take great care not to do so. It values its facts far too highly to be willing to lose any one of them, and only wishes it could increase their number. But it does not rob these facts of the character which they really bear, or represent them as being other than they are. Whatever its conclusions may be, for instance, concerning the historical bearings and the religious value of certain books of the Old and New Testaments, it does not deny that these books were received by the Jewish Synagogue or the Christian Church into their Canon; and it allows to this fact its full weight of significance. It is only destructive of those "theories" which have gathered round the fact in the course of ages, and are still maintained in certain quarters. For instance, there is the theory that the framers of the Canon never made mistakes as to the authors or as to the historical value of the books which they deemed worthy of a place in their collection. Thus it is probably true, though we cannot be certain of it, that the Scribes attributed Ecclesiastes to Solomon, and regarded the Book of Esther as pure history. This opinion—once more assuming that it really was the opinion of the unknown Scribes in question—we are quite ready to consider; but as for treating it with implicit reverence and blind assent, we cannot and must

not do anything of the kind. If the rejection or modification of such judgments as these is destructive, then, indeed, criticism often deserves the epithet in the highest degree. But how can this be considered a reproach by Protestants, who do not believe in an infallible church, and still less, we may presume, in an infallible synagogue !

Allied to the charge we have examined, and equally unreasonable, is the assertion that the new criticism is *negative*. This implies a contrast with *positive* criticism. But the two epithets are equally inappropriate. True criticism is always both negative and positive at once, and negative only in order to be positive. If the reality can only be reached by the rejection of a part of the tradition concerning it, surely no one would ask the critic to hold back. But possibly the meaning is that the hypotheses of criticism concerning the men and the facts of the past are far less beautiful and attractive than the traditional accounts of them, and that this justifies the ascription of a negative character to criticism. To this objection my answer is twofold. In the first place, no one destroys the ancient narratives. If they are really beautiful and attractive, they are so still, and nothing prevents our enjoying their beauty. It is true that we can no longer regard them as an exact impress of the reality, but does that deprive them of their æsthetic or religious value ? We do not despise beautiful parables or touching legends in other cases. And in the second place, we cannot allow for a moment that the pictures of the past sketched out by criticism invariably yield in beauty or religious value to the traditional representations. If it were so, we should have to reconcile ourselves to it, and, for the reason just mentioned, we should be able to do so. But, as a matter of fact, this is not the case ; indeed it is far from unusual for the criticism of the Old and New Testaments to *rehabilitate* their heroes ; and this is all the more significant because as long as the

critic is true to his principles, he is not in the least affected by any desire to place their actions in a more favourable light. Is it not highly noteworthy that so many of the reproaches, apparently well founded, which have been cast in ancient and modern times against the saints of Israel, fall away at once as soon as the narratives concerning them are cast into the crucible of criticism? To show this with reference to the patriarchs would compel me to transgress the limits laid down; and, besides, it might reasonably be asked whether modern criticism can really be said to rehabilitate them, however many scandals it removes, inasmuch as it regards them as personifications rather than persons. But take such a case as that of Samuel. If I am compelled to accept as history all that is told—no doubt with the idea of doing him honour—about his attitude with reference to the choice of a king (1 Sam. viii., x. 17—26, xii.), if I must believe the two accounts of the rejection of Saul (1 Sam. xiii. 8—14; xv.), and the story of the anointing of David (xvi. 1—18), then I can see no chance of rescuing Samuel, and I must throw upon him the responsibility of the disappointed hopes that followed Saul's elevation. It is criticism—*unprejudiced* criticism observe—which enables us still to reverence him as one of Israel's heroes. In a modified form the same phenomenon reappears in the case of David. Many of my readers are probably aware how unfavourably he is judged by no less an historian than Prof. Max Duncker.* Now I am quite willing to undertake his defence even against so great an authority, but it must be upon one condition—viz., that I may exercise criticism, and exercise it as freely as was indicated above. If I were compelled to accept the tradition as it stands, I should indeed be at a loss for an answer to more than one of the charges urged

* Vol. I., p. 589, *seq.* (3rd Edition). Vol. II., p. 180, *seq.*, of the English Translation by Abbot.

by Duncker. It is only when the image of David has been freed from all that later generations have thrown around it by way of embellishment, that David himself remains "a hero," and, even when he does not act heroically, "a man and a brother." And does not the same hold good of the New Testament characters? Paul certainly has gained rather than lost by the application of a severe criticism to the narratives concerning him. It is only by rejecting the well-meant apologetical statements of the Book of Acts (xviii. 18, xxi. 20) that we can acquit him of an "accommodation" of very questionable character.

There is a greater appearance of truth in the reproach that the results of criticism are *utterly uncertain*, and are sufficiently refuted by their mutual contradictions, and even in some cases by the wavering conceptions of one and the same critic. But we are not without an answer even here. Indeed, no great weight can be attached to the argument in any case, for difference of view concerning the truth is infinitely better than agreement in error. Criticism is no more refuted by a reference to its gropings after the truth than Protestantism was by "*l'histoire de ses variations*." The critics, indeed, have often followed a false track, and no doubt they are still going astray with regard to many details, for "*es irrt der Mensch, so lang' er strebt*;" but is that any reason why he should give up "striving"? We need not, however, confine ourselves to these general considerations. Our study of the critical method has furnished us with a complete answer to the objection we are now considering. In the first place, we have gained a clear conception of the enormous difficulties with which the historian of Israel and of early Christianity has to contend. The scarcity of the documents on the one hand, and their special character on the other, are constantly perplexing him. Though we could not accept the advice of those who urged us on this very ground to drop the whole investigation, yet we certainly must grant that nothing short of an additional

supply of documents could remove the uncertainty that now unquestionably exists. It is almost impossible, under these circumstances, that hypotheses should not be put forward which it is equally impossible to establish or to confute from the documents, and concerning which, therefore, no real decision can be reached. It is almost necessary that theses should be defended at the same time and with regard to the same subject which exclude each other, but are none of them excluded by the facts. And in the next place, our review of the Critical Method has emphatically directed our attention to the influence—always present, but often neglected—of *the subjective factor* in the composition of history. I described the task of the historian as the framing and verifying of hypotheses, because his work seemed to be most correctly and completely represented by this formula; and we now see that it had the additional advantage of bringing into prominence the enormous influence of the historian's personality, of his penetration, his gift of combining—in a word, what we may call his special genius. Ernest Naville has recently reminded us, with admirable skill, of the important part which is played by these subjective gifts even on the field of the natural sciences, in spite of their claim to objectivity;* and from the nature of the case their significance in the search for truth on the literary and historical fields is greater still. It would not be very surprising if a man were to shrink from the piles of historical works on the Old and New Testaments, determining to pass all this chaos of speculation on one side, and confine his attention to the sources themselves. But this would be extremely foolish, for he would be robbing himself, perhaps, of a good half of his material. Or is that too much to say? In such a case one can but speak for himself; but the author of the present article has no hesitation in declaring that he would be just as sorry to be deprived

* *La Logique de l'Hypothèse* (Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine). Paris. 1880.

of all that others have *seen* in the documents and the hypotheses they have framed, as to be deprived of the documents themselves. His experience has taught him that the facts do indeed speak, but that the ears often need to be opened before their voice can be heard. A knowledge of the critical method teaches us to understand all this, and so to appreciate the work of our predecessors; and it teaches us, at the same time, how unreasonable it is to complain of the constant change of critical results, or to make that change a reproach to criticism itself. Where subjectivity plays so important a part, the natural consequences of its action cannot possibly fail to appear.

This leads us to our concluding remark. Even with reference to the mental qualifications I have been speaking of, each one of us is the child of his times. Each successive generation has more positive knowledge than the one that went before it, and on the strength of its advancing culture it turns fresh eyes and a clearer glance upon the past. Hence it follows that the representation of any portion of the past reality made by one generation will not completely satisfy the next. History has to be constantly rewritten, even when the documents remain the same. But a conquest which has once been made is never lost. History is a progressive science, or, at least, it is so whenever the historian understands that he must not ignore the work of his predecessors, but must take it up into his own mind. How gladly ought we to reconcile ourselves to the "variations of history"! If the line is never wantonly broken, then these variations are ever closer approximations to the truth. We need not fear to let "our little systems cease to be" as soon as they have had "their day," for they were but "broken lights," and were not meant to be permanent. They have done their work if they have shown us some little more of that truth which "is more than they."

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THINGS NEW AND OLD IN ITALY.

ONE of the first and strongest impressions the traveller receives at the present day in Italy is the sharp contrast between the old and the new which meets him at every turn. There are no gradual transitions; no intermediate stages leading from the one to the other; everything is either brand-new or very old. You pass abruptly from the Middle Ages to the nineteenth century; from the dark, narrow, winding, dirty old street, offending your nose, but delighting your eyes with its picturesque architecture, rich colour, and breadth of light and shade, into the wide, straight Corso Vittorio Emmanuele,—every Italian town has a Corso Vittorio Emmanuele now,—built in imitation of a French boulevard, and as glaringly, staringly new as paint and stucco can make it. And the life in the old street and the new presents the same incongruous mixture. The ox-cart, probably unchanged since the days of Virgil, the sumpter mule and donkey with their primitive drivers, meet and mingle with the modern omnibus, the fashionable equipage; one group of figures looks as if it had walked out of a picture by Salvator Rosa, another out of the latest *Journal des Modes*. One's mind is set on edge by the rawness, the incongruity of the effect.

Nor does this contrast exist on the surface only; it runs throughout the whole life of the country. New institutions and old customs; a new nation, an ancient people; a mediæval Church, a modern constitutional kingdom; the

fifteenth century and the nineteenth exist side by side ; the two currents flowing in the same bed, yet as sharply distinct as the Rhone and the Arne below their junction. And, strangest of all, both seem to flow equally from the life of the people, and Pope and King, the living symbols of old and new, facing each other in irreconcilable opposition from the heights of the Vatican and Quirinal, are both equally popular.

The first impression, on comparing the old and the new brought into such close juxtaposition, is entirely to the disadvantage of the new. The old is the embodiment of long centuries of human faith and thought and passion ; it has the harmony, the fitness that belong to a natural growth, moulded by the surrounding conditions, and moulding them in return. It has all the sacredness of the ancient roof-tree, beneath which generation after generation has found shelter ; of the altar at which generation after generation has worshipped. The new, on the other hand, in the external forms it has taken, is altogether characterless and crude ; an imitation, not an indigenous production. It is as if the country had gone to sleep for three or four centuries, and then had been suddenly startled out of its slumbers and, only half-awake, had hastily set to work to dress itself in the fashion of the times, taking the nearest model at hand, without pausing to consider whether it fitted ill or well. And, in fact, this is very much what has happened. Italy *was* asleep for three centuries—sunk in the deep lethargy of religious and political servitude. From time to time a voice was raised, calling upon the sleepers to awake ; but it was silenced on the scaffold or in a dungeon, or choked in the mephitic atmosphere of sensual pleasure and grovelling superstition, carefully maintained by the powers that were. When the waking came at last, and Italy, from being a “ geographical expression,” became a political fact, and

sprang at one bound, as it were, from political nonentity to a place among the great Powers of Europe, she had necessarily to throw her new institutions into a foreign mould. The form her new freedom took was not and could not be of indigenous growth ; her new wine had to be put into new bottles, and naturally men say at first, "the old was better."

But how did this transformation, apparently so sudden and in such startling contradiction to all antecedents, come about? Few histories would be more interesting than one that should fully answer this question, and trace the links in the generation of the new from the old. It would be the history of Italian thought and feeling from the fall of the Roman Empire till now. But within the limits of an essay such as this, all that can be done is to bring out as vividly as possible the contrasting aspects of the Italy of to-day, and to indicate the main streams of influence which, working through the past, have made it what it is.

The Church of Rome is the root and centre, the living representative of the old in Italy, and it is she,—the heir of the Roman Empire, wielding an authority as universal and even more absolute, because swaying the inner as well as the outward life of men,—to whose all-pervading influence, subtle and constant as that of a law of nature, we must look for the moulding power that has fashioned Italian character and Italian history in its two aspects, religious and political. It may seem absurd to talk of Italian character and history, when every province now constituting united Italy, has had its own distinct character and history, and, excepting Rome and Tuscany, even its own written and spoken dialect. But true as this is, and marked as are the differences between Piedmontese and Sicilian, Tuscan and Neapolitan, Roman and Venetian, there is, nevertheless, a certain strain common to all ; a certain unmistakable moral and intellectual stamp, traceable to a common influence. This may be best

expressed generally as childishness or childlikeness, according as it is seen in its worst or best aspect. Childish superstition combined with childish irreverence ; a want of moral earnestness and of fixed moral principle ; a great dislike to moral responsibility ; impulsiveness rather than depth of feeling ; a general quickness and subtlety rather than vigour of mind ; gentleness and easiness of temper rather than strength and steadfastness ; light-hearted indifference to all matters above and beyond the immediate pleasures and interests of life ; a childlike unconsciousness of ridicule or disgrace from yielding to natural impulses good or bad ; *—these are the prevailing traits of the average Italian throughout the peninsula, and they are precisely those which might have been looked for as the result of the unchecked influence of the Church of Rome, prolonging moral childhood, keeping mind and conscience in perpetual leading-strings, and calling forth only the virtues of childhood,—submission and unconditional obedience,—while sternly repressing every attempt at independence of thought or conduct.

Let us now look at the effect on Italian society as a whole ; taking first the religious aspect which, in fact, includes almost all others, so entirely, under the Papal system, has religion penetrated and modified the whole of Italian life. Signor Minghetti, former Prime Minister during the stay in power of the Right or Constitutional Liberals, and still chief amongst the statesmen of Italy, sums up the general results on the nation as follows :—"A great mass of believers, yes, but more superstitious, or ignorant, or lukewarm in thought and feeling than believing ; another great mass of the indifferent or nearly indifferent, who, if they follow the external observances of religion, do it from tradition, from habit, from decorum,

* The extreme leniency shown by Italian juries to deeds of violence always supposed to be committed in hot blood, has its root in this feeling.

or from that calculation of probabilities of which Pascal speaks. Small is the number who profess religion, not merely in words, but in its true spirit; and opposed to these stands a minority hostile to Catholicism and, in part, to all religious ideas whatsoever, composed of men following science, business, politics, of those who call themselves the *élite* of civil society." *

Rafaele Mariano declares that Italy, the seat and stable centre of the Papacy, has ended by becoming the most irreligious among civilised nations. He goes on to say, that the deleterious effect upon the religious conscience of Italy, as the natural and infallible consequence of the oppressive action of the absolute power of Catholicism, not to mention the presence of the Court of Rome, is unanimously acknowledged by every thinker, every historian, from Machiavelli downwards; and elsewhere he quotes Machiavelli's words:—"We Italians have to thank the Papacy for this benefit, that it has made us, in religious matters, either indifferent or atheists." But the true cause lies even deeper than the external dominion of Rome,—in her materialising tendencies:—"Not only is her worship extrinsic and material; but, at bottom, her very conception of religious faith is resumed and resolved into a *cultus*. And the worship of images, the adoration of the saints, of relics, the jubilees, the pilgrimages, the indulgences and miracles are not extrinsic accidents, but essential and constituent elements of Catholicism. If they were suppressed, faith itself would be lost." † The Catholic organ-

* Stato e Chiesa, p. 221.

† Problema Religioso in Italia. R. Mariano, 1872. The author of this work is one of the ablest and most vigorous writers on religious questions in Italy, and has for years past devoted his great powers to the task of rousing the religious conscience of his countrymen and combating the deadly influence of the Papacy, though standing altogether apart from the Protestant movement. The work quoted above is unfortunately out of print, but his "*Cristianesimo, Cattolicesimo e Civiltà*" is well worth the attentive study of any one wishing to understand the present aspects and future prospects of religion in Italy.

isation is the negation of all inward and spiritual principle. "The laity stand on one side, the sacerdotal class on the other. The former is without the power to establish within their own consciences any direct relation with God" (p. 67).

Signor Bonghi, who was Minister of Education under the Minghetti Administration, though standing on a very different platform from R. Mariano, bears testimony to the same effect. In an article in the *Nuova Antologia* of June, 1878,* he says :—

In the first place, I find the general habit of religion become more and more external, and draw its life less from the sanctuary (*sacrario*) of the soul than from the rites, the ornaments, the numberless formalities, and a certain scenic apparatus, which, just in proportion as it attracts and kindles the imagination, dissipates inward compunction and meditation. Add to this that the extremely long and frequent repetition of the external acts (of devotion) in itself effaces the deep meaning of the ceremonies and symbols, and lends to these a material value which gradually confuses spiritual conceptions and intuitions. This result is the more certain that the language used in worship is unknown to the multitude, and to repeat a hundred times a series of sounds not understood by the mind, seems expressly devised to turn the pious into machines for emitting words and prayers into a coundrum. Add, moreover, that the Catholic religion admitting a sort of subordinate adoration to the saints and the Virgin, and even to their images and relics, it has always happened that the people have easily confounded the differences and gradations between them.

His general summing up of the effect of the system on moral character is as follows :—

. . . . In the vulgar is generated the fatal belief that the fundamental precepts of morality may be disregarded, provided that forgiveness is sought afterwards, though, assuredly, rather by the service of the lips than by the conversion and purification of the heart. And the moral sense fluctuates in so much the greater confusion and error as the use of indulgences has been

* Del Catechismo nelle Scuole e della Morale Cattolica.

preserved and extended; a use corrected and purified, no doubt, by the Council of Trent and by several wise pontiffs, but, nevertheless, pernicious to the minds of the people.

It may be as well to point out to non-Catholic readers, that indulgences, or the promise of so many days or years being taken off the time of expiation in purgatory, are offered for attendance at certain services in certain churches, without any mention being made, though, no doubt, intended, of the state of mind of the worshipper. "*Indulgenza Plenaria*" is one of the commonest inscriptions one sees written over the doors of churches in Italy, and it is no wonder that the external act of devotion for which it is offered becomes the only important part of the transaction in the minds of the greater number.

Count Terenzio Mamiani, representing a different school again,—that of philosophical theism,—says that "Even the Catholic clergy, especially in its lower grades, which are the more numerous and less ambitious, perceive in the present day the urgent necessity of correcting the use and application of their moral doctrines, and breaking, once for all, among the lower classes that shameful alternation between merrily sinning and repenting, and sinning again and falsely repenting, making easy penance and reparation for every abomination through confessions, rosaries, and absolutions; so that their religion seems to reduce itself to the miserable art of making game of (*gabbare*) the saints and the Lord God in such fashion as to transform into riot and disorder the greatest and holiest festivals of the Pontifical Calendar." *

It may be added here that the system of penances is demoralising in itself, consisting, as it generally does, in the endless repetition, necessarily becoming mechanical, of acts of devotion, or of bodily mortification, sometimes painful, sometimes loathsome, but, after all, always easier than the

* *Religione dell'Avvenire*. T. Mamiani (Milar, 1880); p. 15.

process of inward purification, which makes the sin more hateful than its punishment. An instructive light is thrown upon this system of penances by the quotations given by a contemporary * from the Abbé Gaume's "Manual for Confessors," published with a preface by the Rev. G. B. Pusey, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1878: "One who has a habit of blasphemy is recommended 'to make the sign of the cross several times on the ground with his tongue,' and daily to say some prayer as an act of reparation" (p. 52). Amongst the "easy penances" recommended, the confessor is advised to prescribe "five 'Our Fathers' daily for some time (p. 356); but lest the confessor should fail 'to impose suitable penances' for grave sins, he is taught at p. 365, that an 'Our Father' (we presume that one repetition is here intended) would be a very light penance for repeated adulteries or other impurities."

The book quoted from is French, but the doctrine is that of the universal Roman Church, and cases in illustration could be given from personal knowledge by every one who has lived much in Italy and amongst Italians.

The evidence hitherto brought forward as to the moral condition of Italy comes from outside the Church. Let us now listen to a witness from within—Padre Curci, the former friend and counsellor of Pius IX., and though expelled from the Order of Jesuits for his writings in favour of a reconciliation between the Pope and King through the abandonment of the temporal power, still a devoted son of the Church. In a very remarkable preface attached to his translation of the New Testament from the Vulgate, published last year, he laments the decay of Christian virtue, and affirms that of all that may be called Christian conscience, little or nothing remains except in theory, so that comparing the present with any other Christian century, it will be found, he believes, to be far

* *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1880—Ritualistic Literature.

inferior.* He attributes this result mainly to the ignorance both of clergy and laity of the life and teaching of Christ, which, he declares, to be the least known of all sacred subjects. "There is, indeed, the explanation of the Gospels, made on Sundays by the parochial clergy, according to the Tridentine prescriptions. . . . Also, on rare occasions, the evangelical facts and documents are mentioned from the pulpit . . . but he who has noticed the sad fact, and feels the ugly significance of making that which should be the daily bread of the faithful an exceptional thing, can only deplore, without wondering at it, that among Christian populations the Christian conscience should be already, in great measure, lost, and dwindles away more and more" (xviii., xix). He speaks in the strongest terms of the ignorance of the Scriptures among the clergy. "With us it is seldom enough that these great mysteries (of the life of Christ) are made the subjects of sermons or catechising, because too few are those capable of it; for it would require far graver studies than those which are usual at present in the Seminary, and which the young priest, when he leaves it, thinks of no more." Further on he complains bitterly that the concourse of people drawn together on the great Christian festivals is taken advantage of to preach up "some new objects of worship, which, like the fashions, are the more prized the newer they are, so that on the Feast of the Epiphany the people shall hear only about the works of St. Anthony, or at Easter and other festivals, the sermons shall be all in celebration of the newest miracle of some new saint or new Madonna"† (xxi.); and further on he adds, "There is no use in concealing it—the New Testament is, of all books, the least studied and read amongst us; insomuch that the greater number of the laity, even believers, instructed and devout, do not even know of the

* *Avvertenze Preliminarie*, p. xii.

† See on this subject an interesting article in the *Church Review* for Oct. 1879, on "Preaching and other Matters in Rome in 1879."

existence of such a book, and the larger part of the clergy themselves know little more of it than what they read in the Breviary and the Missal. Irrefutable proof of this may be found in our religious literature, in which there is not a subject, be it ecclesiastical, ascetic, or moral, or mystical, which does not appear more frequently than this"* (xxiii.).

On this point we have corroborative evidence from the exactly opposite quarter, Signor Ribetti, the able and cultivated Waldensian pastor in Rome, having told me that in his many controversies, public and private, with Roman Catholic priests he had found it an infallible means of disconcerting them to hand them a Bible and request them to point out in the original the texts they adduced in support of their arguments. They always quoted at second-hand, and knew nothing of the original sources, nor of the context which modified, or even entirely falsified, the inferences they drew.

I have preferred giving the testimony of native writers to the lax morality, the ignorance and superstitions bred of Papal absolutism in Italy, that no suspicion of English or Protestant prejudice may attach to it. But it is impossible to live in Italy with one's eyes open, and not receive daily confirmation of it. The grossness and the childishness of the superstitions strike one at every turn. Nothing seems too gross to be believed, not only by the lower classes, but by the upper and professedly educated. Padre Curci speaks of two instances recently come to his knowledge of supposed miraculous occurrences "of so strange a nature," he says, "that I should be ashamed to state them explicitly." But better as a test of the general tone and influence of a church on the conscience and habits of a people than any particular instances are the standards it sets up and the

* These statements may be considered to have received the sanction of the present Pope, who not only accepted the copy of Padre Curci's work presented to him, but ordered a number to be bought and distributed in the Seminaries.

examples to which it points the admiration and reverence of the faithful. Such a test may be found in the proceedings connected with the beatification of a certain Benedetto Giuseppe Labre, as set forth in a biography of him published on the occasion of the said beatification, the 20th of May, 1860, the authenticity of which is guaranteed by the imprimatur of the Vice-Gerant of the Lateran. A Frenchman by birth, he spent the last years of his life in Rome, where he died in odour of sanctity in 1786,—an odour which, in his case, as we shall see, must have been overpowering to unsanctified nostrils,—and where now, ninety-four years after his death, an active movement is going on, and money being collected in the churches to obtain for him final promotion to the rank of saint by papal canonisation. The man himself was a remarkable psychological phenomenon; one of those rare instances of a human mind so possessed and overshadowed by the sense of the spiritual and eternal, that the temporal and material faded into insignificance, and every energy of an evidently powerful nature was directed from boyhood upwards to the absorption of this life in the life to come. Refused admittance, on account of his youth and delicacy of constitution, both by the Trappist and Carthusian Orders, which he repeatedly sought to enter, he resolved, at the age of twenty-two, to adopt the life of a pilgrim, and subject himself voluntarily to a rule more rigorously ascetic than that of the severest monastic orders—a resolution he carried out to the extremest letter, without, apparently, a moment's failure till his death, from sheer exhaustion, at the age of 35. Clothed in rags, swarming with vermin which he carefully cherished, feeding on garbage, or taking as alms only the barest sufficiency to support life; sleeping on the bare ground, spending days and nights in prayer, and choosing the mouths of sewers as his favourite places of outdoor devotion, he wandered from shrine to shrine through

France, Spain, Switzerland, and Italy, and finally settled in Rome, where, from being the object of popular derision and insult, owing to his squalid and filthy appearance, he became a saint in popular estimation, so that at his death, as his biographer proudly mentions, not only the poor, but bishops, cardinals, the highest nobles, the greatest ladies in Rome, all grades of the middle classes, were among the crowds that pressed to visit the room where he died and to obtain some shred of his relics, and so filled with disorderly masses the church in which his funeral obsequies were performed, that the sacrament had to be removed from the altar for fear of sacrilege.

That such a life of voluntary endurance, and even courting of the pains and hardships human nature most shrinks from, should have made him a popular hero, is nothing wonderful; but the procedure for raising him to the rank of *Beatus*—begun immediately after his death, and carried on through seventy-four years under the direction of the highest ecclesiastical functionaries, with the approval of five successive Popes, till finally and successfully closed by the favourable decision of a sixth Pope, Pius IX., in 1860—makes the Church of Rome directly responsible for the standard of sanctity thus held up for popular veneration, and the ideal of Christian life presented for imitation to Christian men and women. Now, if we examine this ideal, we shall find it as far removed from the life of Him who went about doing good, and was among men “as one that serveth,” as it is possible to imagine; and the “new hero of Christianity,” as he is styled by his biographer, turns out to be only the hero of other-worldliness. His one aim and object in all his self-mortification was his own salvation, as is naively stated in the Papal Brief, raising him to the dignity of *Beatus*, which, after enumerating his renunciation of family, country, friends, all that is dear to man, adds the motive: “*ac deliciis recrearetur eternis, in quas*

omnia studia sua curasque defixerat." From the time of his writing a farewell letter to his parents, when entering on his pilgrim life, there is no record of his having rendered, or wished to render, a service, whether temporal or spiritual, to any human being, and though ready enough to pray for the souls in Purgatory, he refused his prayers to the living who asked for them, saying it was too burdensome to him. Of all the miracles attributed to him, and which are far more numerous than those recorded of Christ, there is not one performed by his intentional agency. All are due to the miraculous efficacy of his relics or portraits; the so-called servant of God served himself only. His aim was not to sanctify, but as far as possible to destroy his humanity, and the practical effect of holding his example up to imitation is to warp the moral judgment of the people, and bring them to the conclusion that if sanctity requires the sacrifice of all the natural affections, of the most innocent as well as the sinful desires and pleasures, they cannot be saints and human too, and may as well be sinners with the rest of their kind, and trust to the superabundant merits of such exceptional beings as Labre and his fellows to get them safe out of Purgatory after all.

It is worth noting that the book, which abounds with proofs that superstitions as gross as any in the Middle Ages are still subsisting in Italy and encouraged by the Church, is evidently got up for a wealthy class of readers, being a quarto volume, bound in red calf, gilt lettered, and stamped.

With this childish superstition is often mingled an equally childish irreverence. It is a not unnatural conjunction. Terror, not reverence, is the fruit of superstition, and religious awe is as foreign to the ordinary Italian mind as the "dim religious light" to Italian church architecture. The Italian of the lower classes prays to the Madonna and the saints with undoubting faith in their miraculous powers, and blasphemes them with equal energy if they do not

grant his prayers. Sometimes there is a tender familiarity in addressing the objects of worship,—a sort of appeal to their reasonableness,—as when a poor Florentine woman, who had undertaken, with several others, to keep a light burning before an image of the Saviour, was heard one night saying, as she turned away, leaving the lamp untrimmed: “*Buona notte, Jesu; l’olio e molto caro*”—“Good-night, Jesus; oil is very dear.” The English observer is continually struck with the absence in Italian churches,—not only in the congregations, but in the officiating priests of whatever grade,—of any sense of the solemnity of what they are about, of any sacredness in the place or service, which should exclude every act, word, or posture inconsistent with it. There is an utter want of dignity, almost of decent gravity, in the performance of even the most solemn ceremonials. This comes, in some degree, from the simplicity, the childlike freedom from self-consciousness, which is one of the charms of Italian character and manner, and which makes any thought of effect,—the posing of the Frenchman, or the *mauvaise honte* of the Englishman,—equally foreign to the Italian. So he is his natural, easy self in church as elsewhere, and thinks no more than a child would do of affecting what he does not feel. How little of religious awe is associated even with the most sacred or the most terrible of religious ideas in the minds of the people, was amusingly illustrated by the following story, told me by a friend long resident in Rome:—Last year, according to his usual custom during the Carnival, he treated his servants to the play, and next morning asked the maidservant what she had seen. “*Il Padre Eterno e l’Inferno*,” was the startling answer, with the addition, “*E ci si stava bene*”—“And it was very comfortable.” Her master mildly suggested doubts as to the person represented, and also that in the Inferno there would be flames; but she persisted in her view, and also

that, though there were flames, "*ci si stava molto bene.*" It turned out, on further inquiry, that what she had seen was a ballet representing Pluto in the infernal regions!

In point of fact, their church and church festivals are, to that class in Italy, quite as much a part of the diversion as of the religion of their lives. I remember once a strong opposition raised in an English country parish to the decoration of the parish church according to the then new ritualistic views, on the ground expressed by a sturdy yeoman that he did not want his church turned into a *theatre*. Now that is precisely what the Italian of the lower class does want. "*Panem et circenses*" was the cry of his forefathers under the Roman Empire, and the Church, when she succeeded the Empire, had to meet the same demand. She supplied the bread by alms-giving, the games by church festivals, and hence the mendicity and semi-paganism which are the curses of Italy to this day.

Beside this mass of superstitious belief, co-existing alas! with a not uncommon denial of all belief, there lies the great bulk of the indifferent,—those who have no distinct belief or disbelief, and to whom religion means only a routine of external observances as mechanical as any other habit. They get married, christen their children, minister to their sick, and bury their dead according to the rites of the Church of Rome, and would feel as uncomfortable in leaving off any of those observances as in leaving off their customary fashion of dress or living. And in some secret recess of their hearts there might be found a feeling that it is as well to make all safe, and to secure themselves against possible contingencies, through what a German writer has called "the great spiritual insurance office"—the Church. This tendency to reduce religion to mere habit is, of course, immensely fostered by the mechanical nature of so many of the forms of Catholic worship, and finds a congenial soil in the natural indolence of the Italian.

What is the use of putting a force upon one's self, of straining the mind to the lofty heights of faith, when, after all, the priest, whose business it is, will do all that is necessary, and take one's soul, if one has a soul, in an easy go-cart to Paradise, if there is a Paradise ?

These are the things which, becoming through long centuries of absolute sway the moral atmosphere of Italy, have, as by some insidious narcotic, lulled the conscience of the people and, according to the unanimous testimony of writers of all shades of political and religious opinion, have all but killed moral and spiritual life among them.

But, it will be asked, how, out of this inert mass, over which the old, represented by the Church of Rome, has not ceased to reign supreme, can have come to life the new, the modern kingdom of Italy, with its political and religious freedom, its modern science, modern literature, modern fashions of all kinds, good and evil, including modern scepticism and positivism, standing out in such crude and startling contrast with the old ? To explain this, we must recall a fact too often forgotten by those who have the government of human creatures, from kings to school-masters,—*i.e.*, that laws and institutions work on the minds subjected to them by two opposing forces,—attraction and repulsion,—and that while the pressure of external authority ensures the appearance of unconditional submission and conformity to the prescribed type, there may be going on all the time an under-current of intense hatred and opposition, gathering force from its compression, and ready, the moment the pressure is removed, to break forth and turn with its whole might against the authority which has kept it down. And where the authority is a temporal or spiritual despotism, under which independence of mind and character is a crime, and passive obedience the first of virtues, it will be found that the most vigorous minds, the most generous natures, will be arrayed on the side of opposition.

So it has been in Italy. From the days of Dante downwards every great Italian name will be found in the ranks of the enemies of the Papacy. Nowhere are its greed, its corruptions, its spiritual wickedness, and the evils following from its temporal power, denounced with such scathing force as in the verse of Dante, devout and fervent Catholic as he was. Nowhere is there more biting satire of the vices of her priests and monks than in the tales of Boccaccio, the poem of Ariosto. Nowhere has her deadly influence on Christian faith been expressed in stronger terms than by Machiavelli. And these are the classical writers of Italy, on which the students of each successive generation of Italians have been fed. In every department of intellectual and spiritual life we see the same phenomenon: Arnaldo da Brescia and Savonarola, the martyrs of religious reformation; Giordano Bruno, the martyr of scientific truth; and Galileo, only escaping martyrdom by denying the truth and abjuring the magnificent discovery which has been the cornerstone of modern science; and besides these great names the immense army of obscure, nameless martyrs, slowly done to death in prison, or slaughtered by a brutal soldiery or more brutal populace, led on by priests bearing the crucifix. Obscure, unknown, they fell; but each left in some living hearts a sacred memory,—a sacred fire of love for the cause in which they perished, of hatred for the power against which they fought in vain,—a fire hidden under the superincumbent mass of external authority, but which, when the hour came, was to burst its bonds, and, like the sudden outbreak of a volcano, to reveal at once its existence and its irresistible force.

It was the sense of common foe which created the ideal of Italian unity. The Papal policy had always been founded on the maxim, *Divide et impera*. It had always resisted, and called in the foreigner to resist the growth of any Italian State powerful enough to become independent of its influence. "It

required," says the Neapolitan patriot, Luigi Settembrini, "three centuries of foreign and clerical servitude, an accumulation of detestable iniquities, to make us all equal in misery and shame, to take from us that municipal feeling which gave us a distinct personality, and kept us always divided, weak, and enslaved." The means by which the ideal became a reality was the common Italian tongue. "The first thing we demanded," says the same writer further on, "when we felt ourselves once more Italians after three centuries of slavery, was our common language, which Dante created, which Machiavelli wrote, and which was spoken by Ferruccio. Know, finally, that many good men set themselves to restore the study of the language, and so did an eminently patriotic work, because our language is to us the record of greatness, of knowledge, of liberty, and the study of it was not a literary fashion, as the foolish believe, but the first manifestation of national feeling."* With this feeling grew up a common pride in the triumphs of Italian literature, Italian art, Italian science, Italian philosophy. Every man who stood on this glorious roll, whether Tuscan, Genoese, Venetian, Lombard, Roman, Neapolitan, spoke Italian as his own tongue, and was, therefore, first and before all a son of Italy. And so grew up the love of Italy as a common country, the mother sacred and beloved of all that was great and good and noble and free on the soil between the Alps and the three seas.

The book just quoted gives a vivid account of the manner in which this process of patriotic growth secretly went on during the dark years from the wars of Napoleon—which, the author says, profoundly shook the Italian mind, and awakened a new feeling developing gradually into the feeling of nationality—down to 1848. Himself a patriot

* *Ricordanze della mia Vita.* Di Luigi Settembrini. Napoli: 188. Second edition, Vol. I., p. 80.

of the purest type, the gentlest and tenderest-hearted of men, he expiated through fourteen years of imprisonment, ten of which were spent among the lowest class of criminals in the penal settlement of the island of San Stefano, the crime—he had committed no other—of having loved Italy and freedom, and used his influence as a teacher and writer in their cause. I commend the book to the reading of those inclined to fall into the present fashion of believing that the old *régime* was not so bad after all; that the sufferings under it were exaggerated for partisan purposes, and that but for Victor Emanuel's and Louis Napoleon's ambition and Cavour's intrigues, things might have remained and gone on very well as they were.* Settembrini's father, an advocate by profession, had taken part in the revolutionary movement in 1799, and the child Luigi, sitting at his mother's knee, heard him often, in the long winter evenings, relate the horrors and sufferings of the bloody reaction that followed. The child listened breathlessly to the tale, and when it came to some specially brutal act he shivered, and his mother would clench the hand she was sewing with, and grow pale. Later on the Austrians came, and the boy saw nothing around him but the misery and ruin of a foreign occupation. One day he heard the sound of a trumpet, and then a shriek of pain. His mother went to the window, and he followed her, but she caught his hand and fell to the ground. His father

* In the *Voce della Verità* of March 31, 1880, there was a triumphant article quoting the statement of a certain Italian publicist, Petrinelli della Gattina, to the effect that the revolutionary party, wanting to personify the atrocity of the Bourbon Dynasty in a living victim, "invented Poerio," whose martyrdom was "*una preta invensione convensionale rivoluzionaria della stampa Anglo-Francese e nostra.*" The motive of this audacious statement, made in defiance of the living memory of hundreds, and of the official records of the Neapolitan tribunals, is the desire of the Democratic Republicans, to whom the writer belongs, to darken the fame and destroy the prestige of the great patriots of the revolutionary period, who all, with the exception of Mazzini, rallied round the dynasty of Savoy, which the Republicans want to throw off.

said, "It is the lash," and closed all the windows. This was the punishment devised by the then ministers for *carbonari*, or those condemned as such. The sufferer was bound bare-shouldered on an ass, and lashed through the streets by the public executioner. "Never," says Settembrini, "have I forgotten the sound of that trumpet, that shriek, and my mother lying on the ground." The hatred of tyranny thus sown by the memories of childhood was fostered later on by his father's counsel and example, and by his studies in classical and Italian literature under masters who made them a training in high thought and patriotic feeling. The persecutions and martyrdoms he himself witnessed in 1820, 1823, and 1833 added fuel to the flame. The country ceaselessly harried by a brutal *gendarmerie*; old men, women, priests, tortured to extract evidence from them, untried prisoners bound hand and foot with fine whip cord, and subjected to the lash, in some cases to suspension by cords above a fire of wet straw; a daily oppression exercised over all classes down to the very lowest. "In every village the priest and the *gendarme* rode ruthlessly over the people. . . They left us not an hour of peace, but every day, in the public square and in our homes, they were ever near us, saying like the robbers:—'Give, or we will strike.' Such oppressions corrupt a nation to the marrow. . ."

But neither imprisonment nor torture nor treachery could crush the passionate desire for liberty continually breaking out in one form or another, and, as ever before, the blood of the victims became the fertile seed whence sprang their avengers. "We youths," says Settembrini, "laid up in our memories the names of those poor martyrs, especially of Canon de Luca" (an old man of 80, a deputy in the Parliament of 1820, who was degraded from holy orders and beheaded, and who on the scaffold prayed that an avenger should be raised from his bones). "We repeated his words

. . . and said, 'Who knows if we shall be able to avenge him?'

Another kind of conspiracy went on at the same time, . . . "without violent impatience, slow, continual, in which took part every cultivated person, all sensible people." It was carried on in various directions; by efforts at economical and social reform; by the study of the language, used especially by Professor Puoti as a means to awaken Italian thought and feeling. Then came a book "which made a profound revolution throughout Italy, the 'Primato' of Gioberti. We were slaves, divided, scattered, despised of foreigners who called us a degraded race, and Italy the land of dead, not living men; nothing more than a name retained in geography, and cancelled from among the nations of Europe, we ourselves held ourselves inferior to all others, . . . when this man said to us:—'You Italians are the first people of the world. . . ' Never was there a work of philosopher, or even of poet, or any other writer, more potent, more salutary than this." In 1848 these secret forces came to a head, and for one short year Italy seemed free, only to be once more crushed,—everywhere but in the little kingdom of Sardinia,—under the heel of the foreigner and of the Pope, brought back by French bayonets. Settembrini, who had never conspired but with his pen, was condemned to death, but respited and sent to the convict prisons for life with Poerio and so many others; and few records are more terrible and more touching than his account of what he suffered there, caged in one cell with the vilest felons, through year after year, tortured through every fibre of his being, and yet writing to the wife he adored that he would not accept the pardon likely to be offered him, for to accept pardon would be to admit guilt, and own that to love and serve Italy had been a crime.

At last in 1859 came deliverance at the price of exile to him, and in 1860, freedom to his country and to all Italy

except Rome. And so through slow, secret travail, and long throes of agony was born at last the new Italy, so often represented as the mere mushroom growth of popular passion and political intrigue, but in truth, the legitimate offspring of all that was best and noblest in the past, born as Bonghi says, of the very vitals of the people. With admirable political instinct the leaders of the national party felt that in the face of all the forces of the past concentrated under a single head, the Pope, the forces of the young nation must be equally concentrated under one head, the King. "I was a Republican in those days (of boyhood)," says Settembrini, "because in the Republic I saw liberty; to be a Republican now would seem to me to undo the country, and deliver Italy into the hands of the Pope and the foreigner; the Republic to-day would be a parricide. . . . So long as there is a Pope in Italy there must be a King, who alone can hold him within bounds, though himself a believer and a Catholic."

These words sum up the situation in Italy. On the one hand, the unchanged, unchanging and unchangeable Papacy, the grandest monument of the dead past, defying the present, claiming the future, and with sublime faith in its own immutability, saying to the tide of the world's life: Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther. On the other side, the kingdom of Italy, representing the living forces of the present, which have broken through the barriers the Papal power would have imposed upon them, as the Italian army broke through the old walls of Rome on the memorable 20th of September, 1870.

But the greatest danger of young Italy is to believe the battle won because the Pope is a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican and the King installed in the Quirinal. The Pope has lost his temporal power, but his spiritual power remains, and has rather gained by the loss of the former, and it is nourished alike by the best and the worst elements in human

nature. The ruthless stamping out by the Church of Rome of every attempt at religious reformation in Italy, whether within or without her pale, has produced in the popular mind a rooted belief that religion means exclusively Roman Catholicism, outside of which there can be nothing but deadly heresy or absolute denial; and her equally ruthless enmity to political as to religious liberty and her alliance with the foreigner, Austrian and French, to keep down national aspirations, has made religion synonymous with despotism, with mental and moral slavery. The patriot, the free man, in Italy has, from generation to generation, stood in necessary antagonism to the priest; yet it is felt by the leading men of every party, save the small school of scientific Atheism and Materialism, that the moral regeneration of the country depends on a revival of religious life among the people, of the moral sense and the moral judgment deadened by long disuse under Papal thralldom. The problem for every true lover of Italy is how to combine satisfaction for the deep human need of religious faith and hope and a religious foundation of morality, with the political and civil liberty, the enfranchisement from bigotry and superstition which have been won at such bitter cost. Of course, the Materialistic School, which includes the extreme Radicals and Republicans, do not admit that there is any problem to solve; reject every form of religion as alike born of ignorance and superstition, and assert that rational man can and should be taught to live on bread alone, a doctrine of negation which has been of the utmost use to the Roman Church, not only in Italy but all the world over, by driving into her arms thousands who seek a refuge from its dreary Gospel of Materialism. The Constitutional Liberals, on the other hand, represented by Minghetti* and Bonghi,† and comprising the soundest elements of the political life of the country, seek the solution in Cavour's formula: "A free

* Pio IX. e il Papa Futuro.

† Leone XIII. e l'Italia.

Church in a free State,"—which Minghetti's book above quoted was written to defend and expound,—and look for some change in the spirit of the Papacy which shall make a reconciliation between them possible. Another party far less numerous, probably, and less known to the general public, reject this solution as not only wrong in principle but specially inapplicable to the Italian State and Papal Church. They maintain that the Papacy cannot change without denying its very essence, and that salvation can come only from an anti-Papal religious reformation.

"This Italy cannot live, cannot maintain itself, in the long run, without religion," says Mariano.* "But its Catholicism is not a religion. Catholicism creates ignorance; destroys morality; kills the conscience. Hence the dilemma is terrible, but fatal—to die, or come out of Catholicism; to come out of it, if not altogether, yet to some extent, by creating differences, opposition, struggles in the popular religious conscience which shall revive it."

It is a revival of this kind which the Protestant propaganda, in all its forms, representing the traditions and spirit of the early reformers, is working with no insignificant success to bring about. The writers I have quoted above all address themselves to the cultivated intellect of the country; the Protestant reformers address themselves first and mainly to the people, and seek their converts as did the apostles and their Master in the market-place, in the workshop, at the plough, on the sea-shore, and of them it is also true that, "not many rich, not many learned, not many noble" are found among them.† Working thus, principally among the lower classes, they are little heard of by the

* *Cristianesimo, Cattolicismo e Civiltà. Introduzione*, p. 88.

† See for a very able and interesting account of the reform movements in Italy, in the past and present, both within and without the Church of Rome, and especially of the Waldenses, Leopold Witte's "*Italien*," which is the second volume of a larger work "*Bau-steine zur Geschichte des Gustav Adolph's Vereins*," 1878.

general public, and the successes or persecutions of the Protestant missionaries are as little heeded in the political and fashionable world of the Rome of to-day, as St. Paul and his band of Christianising Jews and Greeks in the Rome of Nero. Yet they have become a social force, though a latent one, and at the end of 1878 they counted in Italy 170 churches; 111 stations regularly visited; over 8,828 regular attendants at church; 40,000 to 50,000 occasional attendants; 4,744 scholars in day and evening schools; 2,995 in Sunday-schools,—surely no insignificant result, if it be remembered that it has been the work of 30 years only, from 1848, the earliest date alike of political and religious emancipation in any part of Italy. Amongst the Protestant communities, the Waldensian, and the Free Christian Church (*Chiesa Christiana Libera*) a seceded off-shoot of the Waldensian, are by far the more important, not only as regards numbers, organisation, and culture, but as of native not foreign growth, having their root in Italian, not English, Scotch, or American soil. The Waldensian Church has, moreover, the prestige of nine centuries of heroic tradition, the history of which may be summed up with literal truth in the words spoken by the Apostolic Father of the prophets of old—"Who through faith . . . wrought righteousness, obtained promises . . . out of weakness were made strong; waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. . . . Others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection. . . . They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy), they wandered in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth" (Heb. xii. 33-40). And through all these terrors, they kept alive in their remote Alpine valleys the sacred fire of pure Christian faith, which, so soon

as the victory of the Italian cause opened the doors, they carried with them from city to city, following with the Gospel of Christ the tricolour flag of Italy. The religious reformation has thus become the natural ally of patriotism, of the liberty and unity of Italy which alone made it possible. It is the old alliance of religious with civil liberty, which made the distinction between Protestant and Catholic, at one time, synonymous with freedom and despotism all over Europe.

Besides these organised Protestant bodies, there are individual agencies at work, one of which in particular, that carried on by Signor Capellini among the soldiers, is likely to have far-reaching results. The Italian army is one of the most important factors in the training of the people into a nation. Drawn by conscription from all classes and all parts of the country, it is the great school in which the young manhood of Italy learn that they have a common country, a common language, a common flag, a common law of duty and honour. It was among the soldiers of this army that Capellini, who had voluntarily joined it for love of the cause it represented, began his missionary labours; a single individual, unconnected with any religious sect, and supported only by his own ardent faith in the Gospel he preached. Himself strictly educated in the Roman Catholic faith, he had been converted by the perusal of some leaves torn out of a New Testament, which he had casually picked up in the barrack-yard. They were to him a revelation, as he describes it himself: "It was as if I came out of a dark room into the air filled with splendid light. My soul seemed to come out from the bondage in which it lay, to fly and expand in lofty regions. A strange joy made me happy."* From that moment he eagerly sought every opportunity of increasing his religious knowledge, and at last met one of the *colporteurs* employed by an

* *Memorie della Chiesa Evangelica Militare*. L. Capellini (Roma, 1880); p. 6.

English lady, Mrs. Burton, to distribute Bibles and tracts, and from him, for the first time, heard the Word of God explained. "From that evening," he says, "I had rest, peace, a living faith, a steady hope, love!" He began immediately to work among his fellow-soldiers, in which his rank as a sub-officer gave him great facilities, continuing his labours when his term of service, which included the war against Austria in 1866, was over, and, as soon as Rome became the capital, fixing his head-quarters there as the centre of the largest garrison in Italy. Persecution was not wanting to test his faith and that of his converts. He was driven from house to house so soon as the owners learnt that he was a Protestant and had prayer-meetings in his rooms, till, at last, he had to gather his small congregation in street corners. Want of means was another hindrance. He had spent the last farthing of his small patrimony in the work, and knew not where to look for more, when two American ministers came to the rescue, and they have ever since defrayed the expense of the mission-building, the ministers, and *colportore*. His establishment in Rome was, of course, an immense offence to the Papal party, and a series of persecutions against the soldier-converts was carried on, sometimes by the regimental officers when these were *Papalini*. On one occasion a soldier was kept on night-duty for a whole month consecutively; on others, the Sisters of Mercy and priests in the hospitals used every device to induce or force the Protestant sick to recant, to the extent of withholding food and medicine from the recalcitrant. But in no single instance did these persecutions succeed in their object, and in more than one they proved the means of spreading the faith they were intended to stamp out. As each man ends his term of service, he carries with him to his home his new faith and its credentials—the New Testament—sometimes to be driven out again in peril of his life, under the curses of his nearest and

dearest, sometimes to win over father or mother, brother, sister, or betrothed to share his exile and poverty, or to form new centres of evangelisation at home.

Capellini has imposed no dogmatic text, no fixed constitution on his church. Faith in God the Father and in Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent, manifested through an actively Christian life is all that he requires for membership. Once a year the anniversary of the foundation of the church is celebrated in Rome; all members within reach, or who can afford time and means to travel,—sometimes obtained by the most self-denying efforts,—flock to it, while those at a distance send individual greetings or collective addresses. At the eighth anniversary, celebrated this year, Capellini counted 730 communicants, of whom some were officers, some on the road to promotion, others in Government employment, others abroad, a considerable number still serving in the army; and for one and all the watchword is still: Loyalty unto death to Christ and Italy.

A somewhat similar work for the seamen has been set on foot in the Port of Genoa by Mr. Donald Miller, of the Scotch Free Church in that city. A ship in the harbour has been turned into a sailors' chapel, and from this centre an Italian missionary visits every ship in port, offering Bibles and tracts. Many of the coasting vessels which regularly visit the Port of Genoa provide themselves with books from the same source and spread them along the coast, so that often a request comes from one or other of these fishing villages for an evangelist to be sent to them.*

I have mentioned only these among the many efforts made through Protestant agencies for the religious reformation of Italy, because it was impossible to name all, and these, from their very nature, are not individual and local, but national. It is worth pointing out that the one instrument all work with, whatever their other differences, is the

* Italian, p. 392

New Testament, and that all the conversions made seem invariably to have been the result of the feelings awakened by the simple reading of the life of Christ. The power of that life has been equally recognised by those who have attempted from the Roman Catholic side to rouse the people from their spiritual and moral lethargy. Padre Curci believing this to be, as he says, "*il mezzo capitalissimo di salute*," published in 1873, a translation of the four Gospels with short explanatory notes, and distributed, partly at a nominal price and partly gratuitously, 30,000 copies, for which, of course, he incurred the reproach of Protestantism; and he declares his belief that "single-minded readers of the Gospel have a better chance of obtaining eternal life than many who are Catholics by baptism only, and have never thought of informing themselves, were it only from historical curiosity, who and what really was that Jesus Christ, whom they profess and perhaps think that they believe in." *

Again, the great Catholic theologian and metaphysician, Abbate Rosmini, in founding his "Istituto della Carità," laid it down that nothing in it should be extraordinary or arbitrary, but all should be regulated by the simple and universal pattern of the Gospel, and that the mission of its members was only that which had been already given by Jesus Christ to all who would accept it from their hearts.† It would be well for those who, in the present day, believe only in physical and mechanical forces, to ponder on the power thus exercised by that one life led "in loveliness of perfect deeds" nearly nineteen centuries ago, and which has been the centre of moral leverage for the ruling races of the world ever since.

It is not to be supposed that because the Inquisition no longer exists and the Church no longer wields the civil

* *Avvertenze Preliminari*, p. xxv.

† *Cenni Biografici*. Di A. Rosmini. Milano: 1857.

power to put down heresy, that therefore persecution is at an end. The Papal censure and disgrace, inflicted upon all those within the Church, who have attempted by individual efforts to instil something of their own vigorous life and moral enthusiasm into the inert mass around, from Liverani to Curci, and the harassing opposition met with even by such obedient sons as Abbate Rosmini, when they forget the first lesson of the modern Papacy to its hierarchy: "*Surtout point de zèle*"—are there to show that not the will but only the power is wanting to punish enemies, or even over-active friends, as severely as ever. The same spirit animates the great mass of the people who are still bigoted adherents of the Church. Witte gives a long list of the attacks made on Protestants, both individuals and congregations, some of them ending in serious loss of life, since the *Statuto*, or constitution of the Italian monarchy, proclaimed toleration to all creeds within its borders. "But," he adds, "let as many more individuals be persecuted and oppressed; let parents disinherit, cast out, and curse their children; masters discharge their servants, and deprive their labourers of bread; artisans and shopkeepers lose their custom; let the Roman Church threaten, bann, calumniate, disgrace, and incite to deeds of violence . . . to put down Protestantism; all will be in vain. It has won for itself a place in the moral consciousness of the people which neither fraud nor force shall wrench from it again."* Those who best know Italy, and therefore know how fatal to all revival of religious and moral life was the deep-rooted popular conviction, that there was no religion outside the Catholic pale, will best appreciate the immense importance of this conquest.

There are other difficulties in the way of such a revival besides those raised by bigotry and intolerance; difficulties common to it with all other countries of Western Europe:

* *Italien*, p. 463.

the sceptical spirit of the times; the materialising tendencies of both the scientific and the social opinions of the day; the opposition between the theology of the so-called orthodox Protestantism, which is the same as that of the early reformers, and the knowledge, and habits of thought engendered by the knowledge, gained in the three centuries since the Reformation. In Italy, the Protestant propaganda having, as we have seen, been confined almost entirely to the lower classes, this difficulty has scarcely yet made itself felt; but that it will present an obstacle to the growth of a purer religious faith among the more cultivated classes, may be surely foreseen. Let us hope that not for Italy alone, but for the whole Western world, this time of transition between the old and the new, between the breaking up of the old faiths and forms, and the development of the new, will end, as history teaches such crises heretofore have always ended, by the appearance of some master-spirit, who shall find the higher expression harmonising knowledge and faith, so that—

Mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before.

Many are still the difficulties and dangers threatening the new *régime* in Italy. The Papacy, entrenched in the Vatican, protected by the very Government it has excommunicated and daily insults and spits upon through its organs, is an enemy in the very heart of the citadel, with an eye, ear, and hand in every family, every society, every association, philanthropical, commercial, or political throughout the land.* It was believed by many, when the present Pope, whose liberal tendencies as Cardinal Pecci were well known, assumed the tiara, that a more conciliatory spirit would be manifested by the Vatican. But those who indulged in such hopes forget that "Vaticanism" is stronger than the

* See "Behind the Scenes," by T. A. Trollope, for an amusing but saddening account of the manner this influence is worked.

Pope, the system than the individual; and the system cannot change; its very essence is its immutability. The worst foes of Italy are not, however, those that menace her from the Vatican. She has good reason to say: Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies. The miserable factions into which the Left, in power since 1876, has split up; their intrigues and squabbles disgracing national and Parliamentary government, are, of course, playing the game of the Papal party, who hug themselves in malicious joy as they see their work done for them by their deadliest foes. Then the burdens of the new system, especially the heavy taxation, which represents the cost of national independence, pressing on every class, efface the memory of the burdens of the old. Worst of all is the want of public spirit, of moral energy, of high aims among the Italian youth of to-day. They are the sons of as noble a generation as ever redeemed a fallen country; but, like the sons of self-made men, they have been born to the independence, ease, and comfort their fathers had to win by the sweat of their brow and the best blood of their veins, and they think lightly or not at all of the evils they never knew. Among them there is the same aversion to moral earnestness, the same contempt for moral enthusiasm, the same disbelief in everything but that which can be seen and tasted and handled, which is characteristic of the set in this country who claim to be exclusively "society," and the look-out is a sad one, if, as some well-informed persons believe, the future of Italy rests with them.

But in spite of all grievances, of all the grumbling and apparent disaffection, Italian unity has a deep root in the hearts of the people; and should the clerical party threaten it too openly, and win many more such victories as those which have just given it the predominance in the Municipal Councils of Rome and Venice, the sense of a common

foe will once more rally every section of the Liberals round their common flag, and those very victories prove the forerunners of more lasting defeat. Even among the most bigoted of the people the priests do not have it all their own way. "Even in the minds of the most religious," says Bonghi, "there is a confused idea that to be united into a national body is a beautiful and useful thing, and cannot be displeasing to God. . . . If you press them with scriptural or other religious authorities, you may easily silence them, . . . but you will not change their opinion, and each one will affirm that the faith is holy, the Mass and the Sacraments most holy, but that Victor Emanuel was the saviour of Italy; that Humbert is our legitimate king and Margherita our gracious queen, whom may God bless and prosper every hour."* The profound emotion which shook Italy from one end to the other at the death of Victor Emanuel and the attempt on the life of his successor proved how deep in the heart of the nation is the love for the dynasty.

It has pleased a popular writer, whose sense of the picturesque seems too strong for his other senses, to sum up the gain of Rome from the establishment of the kingdom of Italy, in the setting up of a water clock on the Pincio,† and there are, alas! plenty of English men and women who are not ashamed to echo his words, and lament the loss of Papal ceremonies, picturesque decay, and exclusive society, as of more worth than the life of a people. We need not trouble ourselves much about them. Fine ladies and gentlemen and literary *dilettanti* have never yet weighed much in the scale of a nation's fortunes, except in so far as they have hastened the process of social decay, which clears the ground for new and healthier growths. Others, of a very different type, thoughtful readers of the

* Leone XIII. e l'Italia.

† Walks in Rome. By Augustus Hare. Introduction.

past, ask doubtfully whether a people once dead, like the Italian, can come to life again, and recover its ancient glories? To this it may be answered,—first, that the life of Italy has never ceased, though “cabin’d, cribbed, confined” under temporal and spiritual despotism; and, secondly, that it is not the old Italy of the Roman Empire, or of the mediæval republics, which it is sought to revive. It is a young Italy, the child and heir of the old, an Italian nation, a new birth in time, which is rising into a new life of its own. When the final struggle comes between the old and the new,—the Papacy and free and united Italy,—as come it must, for there can be no *modus vivendi* found between two powers, each of which is the absolute negation of the other,—there can be little doubt in the minds of the readers of human history which will be the conqueror.

MARIA G. GREY.

NATURE AND LAW.

"**T**HE Laws of Light and Gravitation," wrote Mr. Atkinson to Harriet Martineau thirty years ago, "extend over the Universe, and explain whole classes of phenomena;" and this "explanation," according to the same writer, is all-sufficient, "Philosophy finding no God in Nature, nor seeing the want of any." The "advanced" Philosophy of the present time goes still further; asserting that as the progress of Science now places it beyond doubt that all the phenomena of Nature—physical, biological, and mental—are but manifestations of certain fundamental "properties of matter," acting in accordance with fixed Laws, "there is no room for a God in Nature." And Scientific thinkers who do not accept this as the conclusion obviously deducible from their recognition of the universality of the "Reign of Law," are branded as either illogical thinkers, or as cowardly adherents of a bygone superstition—men who are either deficient in the power to reason out the conclusions to which their own premises necessarily lead, or have not the courage to face them.

There can be no question of the influence that is being exerted by the reiteration of these assertions on the intelligent thought of the younger generation. Over and over again has it been pointed out with truth, that whenever Science and Theology have come into conflict, Theology has had in the end to go to the wall. The Copernican system of Astronomy has established itself in spite of the

thunders of the Vatican. The Geological interpretation of the History of the Earth has taken the place of the Mosaic Cosmogony in the current belief of educated men, notwithstanding all the denunciations of Theological orthodoxy. Any one who should now maintain the universality of the Noachian Deluge, to doubt which was once to peril one's salvation, would be laughed at as an ignoramus. The Antiquity of Man, which no more than twenty years ago was repudiated as a dangerous heresy, has already passed beyond the region of discussion. And so, it is affirmed, as the doctrine of Evolution has now established itself in the minds of all competent judges as an indisputable verity, Science—which formerly attacked and mastered only the outworks of Theology—will be assuredly no less successful in its assault on the citadel itself. The "Creation" of the Old Revelation will fall before the "Evolution" of the New; the motion of Power will be superseded by that of Law; the evidences of "design" will be disposed of by the fact of "natural selection"; and the "potencies" of Matter will henceforth be the only subjects about which sensible men will concern themselves.

Now I fully accept it as the highest work of the Man of Science, whatever his department of study, to seek out those "Laws" which express the Order of Nature. But I affirm that even supposing him to have so completely succeeded in his search, as to be able to formulate a general statement in which they could be all embodied, and from which all the phenomena of the Universe could be traced out deductively, the question of the Cause of those phenomena would be left just where it was; the "Law" simply expressing *the order and physical conditions of their occurrence*, and giving no real "explanation" of them.

Much of what seems to me a prevalent confusion of thought on this subject—nothing being more common than to speak of Laws as "governing" or "regulating" phenomena,

and to affirm that phenomena are sufficiently "accounted for" when they can be shown to be "consequences" of a Law—seems to me to be traceable to the double sense in which the word "law" is habitually used. And the purpose of my present paper will be to help my readers to "think themselves clear" upon this matter; by showing the fundamental difference between the *legal* and the strictly *scientific* conception of Law, and by examining into the Theological bearing of each. And if, in so doing, I go over ground which has been trodden until it seems perfectly familiar, and use illustrations that may be thought to have been worn to triteness, it is because I believe that the best lessons are often to be drawn from the most familiar things, *if they be looked at from the right point of view.*

I. When we speak of the "laws" of a State, we mean the rules laid down by the Governing Power of that State for the conduct of its members; which rules, its Executive is charged with enforcing by the power it wields. But there may be laws which a Government regards as obsolete, and thinks it inexpedient to enforce (as is the case with many of those still inscribed on our Statute-book); or others of recent enactment, which a Government may be deterred from carrying into execution by the antagonistic force of public opinion (as happened many times in regard to the "fugitive-slave law" of the United States). Or, again, the Executive may itself be paralysed by a panic, which allows mob-force for the time to reign supreme (as in the Riots of London in 1780, and the Riots of Bristol in 1831); or may be overthrown by a Revolution which subverts its authority, leaving anarchy to prevail until a new Government shall have been constituted. Thus it is clear that State-made laws have no coercive action *in themselves*; that action being entirely dependent upon the enforcement of them by the Governing Power, of whose Will they are to be regarded as the expressions. The very term "government," indeed, carries

with it the idea of a Governing Power on the one hand, and of a People controlled by it on the other. And when we speak of a State as "governed *by law*," we mean no more than that its controlling Power "governs *according to law*;" or, in other words, that it acts—not on the arbitrary dictation of its own Will—but in accordance with certain fixed and determinate rules, in which that Will is expressed, and within which it limits its exercise.

It is thus that when we pass from the sphere of Human government to that of the Divine, and speak of the Universe as "governed" by the "laws" of a Supreme Ruler, we mean that His power is exerted, not like that of an arbitrary Potentate who changes his course of action as his own caprice or passion may direct, but like that of a benevolent Sovereign whose rule is in uniform and orderly conformity with certain fixed principles, originally determined as conducive to the welfare and happiness of his people.

Such, in the earlier stages of Scientific inquiry, when the Uniformities of Nature first attracted the attention of thoughtful men, seems to have been the aspect under which the "laws" that express them were generally regarded. While the Hebrew mind, nursed in the idea of an anthropomorphic Theocracy, regarded all the phenomena of the Universe as the immediate expressions of the personal Will of its national Deity, and, so far from feeling any incredulity as to "supernatural" or apparently disorderly occurrences, expected them as the appropriate attestations of His authority, the Philosophers of Greece and Rome, who gave themselves rather to the study of the *order* of Nature, and were strongly impressed by its Uniformities, for the most part saw in them (as expressed by the application of the word *Kosmos*, originally meaning "orderly arrangement," to designate the Universe) the manifestations of supreme

designing and controlling Minds.* And among those who, nearer our own time, most advanced our knowledge of that order, the same conception of the nature of the "laws" expressive of it continued to prevail. Thus it is recorded of Kepler, that when, after a life devoted to the search, he had discovered the three laws of Planetary Motion which have made his name immortal, he spoke with devout gratitude of the ample reward he had received for his labours, in having been thus permitted "to think the thoughts of God." And no one who has followed the course of Newton's discoveries and his own mode of viewing them, can doubt that this idea was alike dominant in his mind. For when charged by some of the Theologians of his time with (as they affirmed) superseding the Divine agency in the production of the movements of the Planetary system, by attributing them to hypothetical forces of his own creation, he defended himself by showing that his "Principia" simply aimed to express the mode in which that Agency exerts itself.

II. But as the *Scientific* conception of "law," based on the discoveries of Kepler and Newton, extended itself into every department of Nature, and one class of her phenomena after another was brought within its range, the idea of Divine government, originally embodied in the phrase "Laws of Nature," dropped away; the study of "final causes" was found to hamper, instead of guiding, scientific research; and the more thoroughly the pursuit of the Truth as it is in Nature has been freed from Theological trammels, the more successful that pursuit has been. While, however, the idea of "government" by a God is now excluded, by general consent, from the domain of Science, the notion of "government" by Law has taken its place, not only in popular thought, but in the minds of many who claim the

* Every reader of Cicero's treatise "De Naturâ Deorum" will recollect this to be its "argument."

right to lead it; and it is the validity of this notion which I have now to call in question.

We may, I think, best begin our inquiry into what a "Law of Nature" really means, by tracing historically the progress of our knowledge of that one, whose simplicity of form allows it to be stated with the greatest clearness and precision, and whose universality seems to have been demonstrated beyond all question. I mean, of course, the Law of Gravitation, as enunciated by Newton; which affirms that "all masses of matter attract one another with forces directly proportional to their masses, and inversely proportional to the squares of their distances." As I pointed out in my former paper, what is meant by "force," in this and similar expressions, is the "pull" of which we ourselves become sensible in any attempt we make to resist its action—as when we try to hold back a piece of iron that is being drawn towards a powerful magnet.

That all solid or liquid bodies fall to the ground if unsupported, must have been among the very earliest of the generalised experiences of the Human race; and the downward "pull" felt by every one who held such bodies in his hand, justified his attributing their fall, when let go, to the "attraction" exerted upon them by the Earth. The difference between the "pulls" exerted by stones of different sizes, would give the notion of differences of *weight*; and certain standards being adopted, the balance supplied the means of more exactly determining the downward "pull" of a mass, than any personal estimate of it could afford. Differences of weight being thus determined between masses of the same size, but of different kinds of matter—as, for instance, between a cube of lead and a cube of stone, or between a cubic vessel of water and a block of wood of the same dimensions—gave the notion of differ-

ences of *relative weight* (or "specific gravity"); and the weight of water being taken as the standard of comparison, a distinction was drawn between "heavy" and "light" bodies. The floating of a piece of wood on the surface of water, and its rising-up from the bottom when no longer held down, were rightly interpreted as a consequence of their respective downward tendencies or relative weights; for since it could be shown by experiment that if equal measures of wood and of water were put in the two scales of a balance, the water would go down, it was seen that the Earth must have a greater attraction for it, and that the ascent of the wood is brought about by the descent of the water to take its place.

Now here we have a very simple case of what is commonly called the "explanation" of a natural phenomenon. To those who first reflected on the matter, the ascent of the solid wood through the liquid water might seem an *exception* to the general Uniformity, for which the Philosopher of the time would be desired to account. And he would do so by showing that it is really *in accordance* with such uniformity. Further than this he could not go; and *further than this no Scientific explanation can go*. As J. S. Mill has truly said, "In Science, those who speak of explaining any phenomenon mean (or should mean) pointing out not some more familiar, but merely some more general, phenomenon, of which it is a partial exemplification."—But our ancient Philosopher could *not* have so explained the ascent of *smoke*; for he knew not that both the atmosphere and the smoke have weight, but that the smoke, being the lighter of the two, ascends like a piece of wood through a column of water; and he could only account for it by attributing to the smoke an exceptional "levity," which made *it* ascend, whilst *all other* bodies descended. But he could not really get any nearer to the "cause" of the *general*, than to that of this

exceptional phenomenon. As it is a "property," he would say, of the Earth to attract, and of bodies in general to be attracted by it, *downwards*, so it is a "property" of smoke to mount *upwards*. But this is nothing more than another form of stating the facts familiar to everybody. Such Philosophers as talk of Laws "explaining" phenomena, or of the "potencies" of Matter as giving a sufficient account of its activities, seem to me not to have got beyond that "wisdom of the Ancients," which, in such a case as that just cited, they would themselves repudiate as mere "folly."

The notion of the attractive force of the Earth, unchecked by any right conception of the action of force in producing motion, led the Ancients into a very strange error. As the "weight" of a body is the expression of the downward "pull" which the Earth exerts upon it, it seemed natural to suppose that the *rate* of the fall of any heavy body to the ground would increase in proportion to that weight, so that a body weighing 10 lbs. would fall ten times as fast as a body weighing 1 lb. And this was formulated as a "law" by Aristotle, and accepted by "educated" mankind as such for nearly 2,000 years: for although it might have been at once disproved by the very simple experiment of letting fall the two weights at the same moment from the top of a high tower, and observing when they respectively struck the ground at the bottom, the authority of Aristotle on the one hand (to doubt which was rank heresy), and what seemed the "common sense of the matter" on the other, prevented it from being called in question.

Here again (as it seems to me) we may find a lesson of great value. Aristotle was undoubtedly—as regards Science—the "master mind" of the Ancient philosophy; but in this matter he proceeded upon *his own conceptions*, instead of upon *ascertained facts*; and he consequently presumed to make Laws *for* Nature, instead of setting himself to determine what are the Laws *of* Nature,—framing general

expressions of what he thought *must* be her orderly Uniformities, instead of inquiring what these Uniformities really are, and basing his generalisations upon them.

It was by Galileo that this matter was first experimentally investigated. While yet a student in medicine at the University of Pisa (his native town), his attention was attracted by the swinging of one of the chandeliers from the lofty roof of the Cathedral, which suggested to him a series of experiments upon the vibrations of pendulums of different lengths,—without, however, causing him to pursue the subject further than the devising an instrument for measuring the rate of the pulse. But the interest he took in the study of Mathematics and Mechanics proved so strong as to lead him to devote himself entirely to them, with a success that caused him to be appointed lecturer on those subjects in the University. Although no religious Reformation could then make head in Italy, a revolt against the domination of Aristotle was beginning to break out among its scientific men; and undeterred by the fate of Giordano Bruno (who was burnt by the Inquisition at Rome in 1600), Galileo early joined the movement party. One of the first of the Aristotelian doctrines which he called in question, was that which I have just cited. He saw that it *must* be erroneous, as taking no account of the very obvious consideration that while the “pull” of the Earth on a weight of 10 lbs. is ten times as great as it is upon the weight of 1 lb., it has to give motion to ten times the mass; so that the *rates* of fall of the two bodies would be the same. His teaching on this subject being opposed by his colleagues, Galileo, in the presence of the whole University, ascended the “leaning tower,” and dropping from its summit bodies of different weights, he showed that (with an inconsiderable difference, due to the resistance of the air) they reached the bottom in the same times.

As the monument of an experiment which gave the

death-blow to the *unscientific* legislation of Aristotle, and prepared the way for the *scientific* legislation of Newton, the "leaning tower" of Pisa, beautiful in itself as an architectural work, has a far grander interest for all who can appreciate this great step in the emancipation of thought, which should cause it to be preserved with the most jealous care so long as its stones will hold together.

But this demolition of an old error was only the first result of Galileo's experimental researches. For he found, by letting fall similar weights from different heights, that the rate of motion of the falling body continually increases as it descends; a body that falls 16 feet in *one* second, falling 64 feet in *two* seconds, 144 feet in *three* seconds, and 256 feet in *four* seconds, this last being probably the greatest height at which he could experiment. These results were found capable of being expressed by a very simple formula, —that the *total fall* in any number of seconds is the product of the square of that number multiplied into the fall in the first second. But there was no adequate ground for asserting, or even for expecting, that this formula would hold good in regard to a body let fall from a height of *ten* or a *hundred* times 256 feet. The "law" was, in that stage, the simple generalised expression of facts within the range of actual knowledge. No one had a right to say *how far* above the general surface of the Earth its attractive force extends; nor could it be affirmed with any certainty, that the fall of bodies from great mountain heights would follow the same "law" as their fall from the top of a tower.

But a great advance was made, when Galileo applied to this case the general doctrine of the action of "accelerating forces," to which his study of Mechanics had led him. For he saw that when the falling body is let go, it starts from a state of rest, its velocity being 0; and that since it is receiving afresh, at every instant of its fall, the same "pull" from the Earth as that which first puts it in motion, its rate

of movement must undergo a continual regular acceleration. On the basis of this conception, a very simple computation showed that during the first second it will have thus acquired a velocity, which, if there were *no* fresh "pull," would carry it through 32 feet in the next second, but which, *with* the fresh "pull," would cause it to descend 48 feet, making 64 feet in the two seconds,—and so on. The simply *empirical* law, then, which at first had no higher value than it derived from its accordance with a very limited experience, and which might, or might not, be found to hold good beyond the range of that experience, acquired a *rational* value, as the expression of what may be fairly anticipated to be the continually-accelerating rate of motion of falling bodies, due to the constantly-acting attraction of the Earth upon all bodies within its range. And thus it was *reasonable* to expect, that within the range of the Earth's attraction—whatever that range might be—the rate of descent of bodies falling towards its surface would still be found to conform to it. But no one could then form any definite idea as to the extent of that range. It was, as we shall presently see, the bold "scientific imagination" of Newton, which first framed the conception—and his vast mathematical ability, which enabled him to give it definite shape—that the Moon is constantly "falling" towards the Earth at a rate exactly conformable to that "law" of Terrestrial Gravitation, with which the name and fame of Galileo will ever be associated.

My own first ideas of the Newtonian Philosophy, if I rightly remember, were drawn from the answer given in that best child's book of my generation—"Evenings at Home"—to the question "Why does an apple fall?" Whether the apple of Newton is to be relegated, like that of Tell, to the limbo of "myths," is a question I shall not stop to discuss. It is enough that the story serves to illustrate the "idea." Probably if the question were put to a

hundred "educated" people, ninety-nine of them would give one of these two answers, "Because of the Earth's Attraction," or, "Because of the Law of Gravitation." But, as I have shown, to speak of the Attraction of the Earth, is merely to express, in different words, the fact that it "draws" the apple downwards; and if we go further and say that the Earth draws downwards not only apples, but stones, water, and air—in fact, all material bodies whatever—we only express a general Uniformity, of which we know nothing more than that it *is*. Clearly it is no real "explanation" of the fall of any *one* apple, to say that *all* apples or *all* material bodies fall when unsupported. So the "law" of Gravitation is merely an expression of that general Uniformity, framed with a scientific exactness which enables us to say "with certainty" (in common parlance) what will be the time occupied in the fall of a heavy body through any given number of feet. But that "certainty" depends not upon any "governing" action of the "law" itself,—for into the purely scientific conception of Law the idea of a governing Power does not enter;—but solely upon our rational expectation that what has been found conformable to a vast experience in the past, under every variety of conditions, will in like manner prove conformable to it in the future.

Before, however, we follow the development of Galileo's doctrine of Terrestrial Gravitation into the Newtonian doctrine of Universal Gravitation, we must deal with another of the "laws" imposed on Nature by the Ancient Philosophy. It was held that as a *circle* is the most "perfect" figure, and as the motions of the Celestial bodies *must* be "perfect," they must revolve in circles;—whether round the Sun, as Pythagoras maintained, or round the Earth, as Aristotle and the later Schoolmen taught. Every tyro knows how the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy, based on the latter conception, developed itself into a mechanism of

most ingeniously devised complexity, by the necessity of continually adding new cycles and epicycles to "account for" the new discordances which improved methods of observation were continually bringing to light between the actual and the predicted places of the heavenly bodies. This method of "accounting for" them was a pure assumption; and yet it answered its purpose so well, as to form the basis of the methods of Astronomical computation in use at the present time.* But when Copernicus revived the scheme of Pythagoras, and the comparative simplicity of his system (doing away with a large part of the cumbrous machinery of the Ptolemaic) recommended it to the acceptance of minds not trammelled by their own Scholastic prejudices, or dominated by Ecclesiastical tyranny, the whole question had to be studied afresh; and it was by the marvellous perseverance and ingenuity of Kepler, the contemporary and friend of Galileo, that the solution of it was found. Starting with the conviction that there *must* be an "order" (if he could only find it out), he passed his life in a series of *guesses* as to what that order might be; and his ingenuity in guessing was only surpassed by his eagerness in subjecting every guess to the test of its strict conformity with observed facts, and by his candid readiness to abandon it so soon as its discordance became clear to him. Limiting his studies to the orbit of Mars, he brought to the explanation of the observed places of that planet all the resources of *eccentric* but uniform *circular*

* It is not a little singular that notwithstanding the great advance which Mathematical Science has made since Newton's time, no formula has yet been devised for *directly* computing the place of a Planet or Comet in an *elliptic* orbit; all such computations being still made on the assumption of *uniform circular motion*, with cycles and epicycles "interpolated" (after the method of Ptolemy) so as to attain any required approximation to absolute correctness. And thus, both as generalising the facts of observation, and as furnishing the only basis for accurate prediction, this complex conception (as now perfected) would have had even a higher claim to be received as true to Nature than Kepler's "laws" of *elliptic* motion, until these were shown to be deducible from Newton's grand and simple assumptions.

motion, which he could devise both for Mars and the Earth ; but found, time after time, that Mars “ burst all the chains of the equations, and broke forth from the prisons of the tables.” At last it occurred to him to try an *ellipse* ; and on projecting this as the path of the planet, he found, to his great joy, that the observed places of Mars in the heavens corresponded so exactly with what they should be on that assumption, as to afford the strongest assurance of its truth. But this hypothesis of the elliptical orbit of Mars did not “ explain ” anything ; it did no more than state in general terms the course of that one planet’s motion. *Why* Mars should take that course, was a question on which he threw no light. And, however probable he might think it that the other Planets also move in elliptic orbits, he neither proved it as a fact by the like experiential investigation, nor could adduce any other ground for such probability than that general idea of uniformity and harmony which was the basis of his whole work. It is clear, then, that Kepler’s *first* “ law of planetary motion ” has in itself no “ governing ” power whatever.

While working out his conception of elliptical motion, Kepler was baffled for a time by the discordance between the observed places of Mars, and the places which would be predicted for him on the assumption of “ uniform ” motion in an elliptic—instead of in a circular—orbit. Finding that motion to be much more rapid in the part of the orbit nearer the Sun, than in the part more remote from it, he again applied himself to his old work of *guessing* ; and it is singular that he was led to hit upon what is known as his *second* law—the passage of the “ radius vector ” over equal areas in equal times—by an erroneous physical conception of a driving force emanating from the Sun, and acting more powerfully on near bodies than those at a distance. Now this second “ law,” like the first, was simply nothing else than a theoretical generalisation of a class of facts ; its value lay entirely in the correctness

with which it expressed them ; and so far was Kepler from having attained to any higher conception of its import, that what he regarded as a triumphant confirmation of his doctrine came out of a merely accidental relation between the ellipse and the circle.*

It was not until twelve years after the publication of his first two "laws," that Kepler was able to announce the discovery of the *third* ; which expresses the numerical relation between the respective *distances* of the Planets from the Sun, and the *times* of their revolution around him. This, again, was the outcome of a long series of guesses. And what was remarkable as to the error of the idea which suggested the second law to his mind, was still more remarkable as to the third ; for not only, in his search for the "harmony" of which he felt assured, did he proceed on the erroneous notion of a whirling force emanating from the Sun, which decreases with increase of distance, but he took as his guide another assumption no less erroneous, viz., that the *masses* of the Planets increase with their distances from the Sun. In order to make this last fit with the facts, he was driven to assume a relation of their respective *densities*, which we now know to be utterly untrue ; for, as he himself says, "unless we assume this proportion of the densities, the law of the periodic times will not answer." Thus, says his biographer, "three out of the four suppositions made by Kepler to explain the beautiful law he had detected, are now indisputably known to be false ;" what he considered to be the *proof* of it, being only a mode of false reasoning by which "any required result might be deduced from any given principles." And yet I cannot doubt that if Kepler had found his "law" to be inconsistent with the *facts* of which it was the generalised expression, he would have at

* I do not know any more instructive or interesting Scientific Biography than the Life of Kepler by Drinkwater, published by the long-since-defunct "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," which did much good work of this kind half a century ago.

once surrendered this pet child of his old age, with the same honest zeal for truth that led him to abandon the earlier offspring of his creative brain.

Neither of the "laws" formulated by Kepler, then, can be regarded as having any higher than an absolutely *empirical* value; being good as expressions of certain classes of Uniformities observable in Nature; but, as he left them, quite untrustworthy—except as a guide to further inquiry—beyond the limits of the experience on which they were based. They had (as it seems to me) just the value of what is commonly known as "Bode's formula" (called by Professor Newcome the "law of Titius"), in regard to the distances of the Planets from the Sun: for this gave a numerical expression of the several distances of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, which not only agreed sufficiently well with the observed facts to suggest the existence of a real "law;" but actually led to the prediction of a "lost planet" between Mars and Jupiter, which has been verified by the discovery of somewhere near two hundred "asteroids," to say nothing of streams of meteorites. The discovery of Neptune, however, effectually demolished the credit of this "law;" the distance of that Planet from the Sun proving to be nearly one-fourth less than the formula would make it.*

The first of the great achievements of Newton in relation to our present subject, was a piece of purely Geometrical reasoning. Assuming two forces to act on a body, of which one should be capable of imparting to it uniform motion in

* It may not be uninteresting to note that in their mathematical search for this stranger, which manifested its presence by disturbing the motions of Uranus, both Adams and Leverrier took Bode's formula as the basis of their computations, assuming its distance from the Sun to be somewhat more than twice that of Uranus. And it was by nothing more or less than a fortunate coincidence, that the new Planet was found in the place which they agreed in assigning to it; for if the search had been made a year earlier or a year later, its actual place would have been so far from its computed place, that it would probably not have been found until new computations had been made on the basis of some more lucky guess.

a straight line, whilst the other should attract it towards a fixed point in accordance with Galileo's law of terrestrial gravity, he demonstrated that the path of the body would be deflected into a curve, which *must* be one of the Conic Sections ; and that, if the two forces are in near equivalence the one to the other, the curve will be an Ellipse. (Galileo had already shown that the path of the projectile in which gravity preponderates over the onward force, is a Parabola). He proved, moreover, that the motion of any body thus traversing an elliptical orbit round a centre of attraction, *must* conform in its varying rates to Kepler's *second* law. And further, he showed that if a number of bodies be moving round the same centre of attraction at different distances, the rates of their revolution *must* conform to Kepler's *third* law. By assuming the existence of these two balanced forces, therefore, he not only showed that all the observed Uniformities could be deduced from that one simple conception, but furnished a rational basis for the assured expectation that the like Uniformities would prevail in every other case. And the verification of this expectation by the discovery that even Comets move in Elliptical orbits, and that, if these orbits can be exactly determined by observation, and the influence of perturbing forces rightly estimated, their return can be predicted, may be considered as fully justifying such an expectation, so far at least as the Solar system is concerned.

But the "law" at which we thus arrive, is only a higher and more comprehensive generalisation of the facts of Celestial observation, and rests on assumptions which are not only *unproved* but *unprovable*. For the idea of continuous onward motion in a straight line, as the result of an original impulsive force not antagonised or affected by any other—formularised by Newton as his first "law of motion"—is not borne out by any acquired experience, and does not seem likely to be ever thus verified. For in

no experiment we have it in our power to make, can we entirely eliminate the antagonising effect of friction and atmospheric resistance ; and thus all movement that is subject to this retardation, and is not sustained by any fresh action of the impelling force, must come to an end. Hence the conviction commonly entertained that Newton's first "law" of motion *must* be true, cannot be philosophically admitted to be anything more than a *high probability*, based on the fact that the more completely we can eliminate all antagonising influences, the nearer we get to the perpetuity of movement once initiated. To say that this "law" is so self-evident that we cannot help accepting it as an "axiom" or necessary form of thought, is to run counter to the historical fact, that the great thinkers of Antiquity—whom none have ever surpassed in pure thinking power—accepted as the dictate of universal experience, that all *terrestrial* motions come to an end ; and were thus led to range the *celestial* motions in a different category, as going on for ever.

So, again, we have no *proof*, and in the nature of things can never get one, of the assumption of the attractive force exerted either by the Earth, or by any of the bodies of the Solar system, upon other bodies *at a distance*.* All that we can be said to *know* (as I have already pointed out) is that which we learn from our own experience as to the attraction of the Earth for bodies near its surface. And although Newton is commonly credited with having "demonstrated" the identity between Terrestrial Gravity and the force which deflects the Moon out of its straight course, and with having thus "proved" the universality of the mutual attraction of masses of matter, I speak with the authority

* Newton himself strongly felt that the impossibility of rationally accounting for *action at a distance* through an intervening *vacuum*, was the weak point of his system. The Science of the present day is seeking for the solution of this difficulty, in the hypothesis of the universal pervasion of Space by moving molecules of some form of highly-attenuated Matter.

to which I consider myself entitled, not by my own study of this subject, but by the answers of the greatest Masters of it to questions I have put to them,—that what Newton really did was to show that such an exact *numerical conformity* exists between the rate of fall of the Moon towards the Earth (that is to say, her deflection from her onward rectilineal path) in any given time, and the rate of a body actually falling to the Earth's surface (according to Galileo's law), as *justifies the assumption* of the identity of the force which causes the former, with that of which we have experience in the production of the latter.

Now, in regard to the Sun's attraction for the Earth and Planets, we have no certain experience at all. Unless we could be transported to his surface, we should have no means of experientially comparing Solar gravity with Terrestrial gravity; and if we *could* ascertain this, we should be no nearer the determination of his attraction for bodies at a distance. The doctrine of Universal Gravitation, then, is a pure assumption; and, as a highly competent writer,* who obviously takes my own view of the matter, has lately said with reference to Descartes' theory of "vortices" (which, essentially the same with Kepler's, for some time disputed the field with Newton's theory):—"Had Descartes been "able to show that the parts of his vortex must move in "ellipses having the Sun in one focus, that they must describe equal areas in equal times, and that their velocity "must diminish as we recede from the Sun, according to "Kepler's third law, his theory would have so far been satisfactory." But while "all three of Kepler's laws were expressed in the single law of gravitation towards the Sun, with a force acting inversely as the square of the distance," Descartes' theory entirely failed to grasp them, and therefore fell before the comprehensive power of the Newtonian doc-

* Professor Simon Newcomb, of the U.S. Naval Observatory, in his admirable "Popular Astronomy."

trine; which soon afterwards obtained its verification in the discovery that the regular movements of the Planets in their orbital revolution round the Sun, show "perturbations" whose actual amounts are found to be exactly conformable to the results of computations based on the assumption that *they*, too, attract one another in proportion to their respective masses. A like verification was found in the application of the doctrine of Gravitation to the familiar phenomena of the Tides; the *rationale* of which had remained a mystery, until Newton traced not only their diurnal rise and fall, but their monthly and annual variations, to the attractive force exerted by the Moon (and in a less degree by the Sun) upon the waters of the Ocean.

It will not, I believe, be questioned by any one who has carefully studied Newton's writings, that he himself regarded the doctrine of Universal Gravitation as an *hypothesis*, the value of which entirely depends upon the conformity of every deduction that can be drawn from it by the most rigorous mathematical reasoning, with the facts determined or determinable by observation.* But as all experience since his time has but afforded fresh illustrations of that conformity,—as no perturbation, great or small, has been observed in any of the bodies of the Solar system, which has not been "accounted for" (to use the familiar phrase) by its conformity with the general doctrine,—and as the orbital movements of Double Stars round their common centre of gravity are now found to be in equally exact conformity with it, we feel an assurance of its truth, which nothing, save a complete revolution either in the world of Matter or in the world of Mind, can ever shake.

But this brings us no nearer to the idea of "government" by that law. That Newton's law is higher and more general than Kepler's—being, to use the language

* See Note, p. 765.

of J. S. Mill, one of those *fewest and simplest assumptions from which, being granted, the whole order of Nature would result*—does not give it any “power” to produce or maintain that order. It is simply (again to quote J. S. Mill) one of those *fewest general propositions from which all the uniformities which exist in the universe might be deductively inferred*.^{*} Newton, then, was the unquestionably greatest revealer the world has yet seen of the *order* of the Universe. As was grandly said by a contemporary poet,

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said “Let Newton be,” and all was light.

But so far was he from claiming to have revealed anything of the *cause* of that order, that he most distinctly repudiated the notion. I altogether deny, then, the right of the so-called Philosophers of our time to attribute to Newton's or any other hypothesis the solution of the problem of the Kosmos. No law of pure Science *can* be anything but an expression of the *fact* of its orderly Uniformity. And that fact gives us in itself no clue to its *cause*. But it clearly does not exclude the notion of an Intelligent First Cause, or *Causa causarum*. And to that notion we seem to be led (as I pointed out in my former paper) by our own experience of *volitional* or *purposive* agency. To me the Uniformities of Nature, so far from suggesting blind force, have ever seemed to present, in their wonderful combination of unity and variety, of harmony and diversity, of grandeur and minuteness, the evidences of such a Designing Mind as we recognise in any great Human organisation which approaches our notion of ideal perfection, such as a well-conducted Orchestra, a thoroughly-disciplined Army, or an admirably-arranged Manufactory. To see a great result brought about by the consentaneous but diversified action of a multitude of individuals, each of whom does his own

^{*} System of Logic (8th Edition). Vol. I., p. 366.

particular work in a manner that combines harmoniously with the different work of every other, suggests to me nothing but admiration for the Master-mind by which that order was devised, and by the influence of which it is constantly sustained. And so, as I wrote more than forty years ago, "every step we take in the progress of generalisation, increases our admiration of the beauty of the adaptation, and the harmony of the action, of the laws we discover; and it is in this beauty and harmony that the contemplative mind delights to recognise the wisdom and beneficence of the Divine Author of the Universe." And I persuade myself that to those who have followed me through this discussion, it may not be uninteresting to see in the closing paragraph of my first attempt to work out the Principles of "General and Comparative Physiology" (1839), the conception I had then formed, and to which I still adhere, of the highest aim of Scientific research :—

If, then, we can conceive that the same Almighty *fiat* which created matter out of nothing—impressed upon it one simple law which should regulate the association of its masses into systems of almost illimitable extent, controlling its movements, fixing the times of the commencement and cessation of each world, and balancing against each other the perturbing influences to which its own actions give rise—should be the cause, not only of the general Uniformity, but of the particular variety of their conditions, governing the changes in the form and structure of each individual globe protracted through an existence of countless centuries, and adjusting the alternation of "seasons and times and months and years;" should people all these worlds with living beings of endless diversity of nature, providing for their support, their happiness, their mutual reliance, ordaining their constant decay and succession, not merely as individuals, but as races, and adapting them in every minute particular to the conditions of their dwellings; and should harmonise and blend together all the innumerable multitude of these actions, making their very perturbations sources of new powers: when our knowledge is sufficiently advanced to compre-

hend these things, then shall we be led to a far higher and nobler conception of the Divine Mind than we have at present the means of forming. But, even then, how infinitely short of the reality will be any view that our limited comprehension can attain, seeing, as we ever must in this life, "as through a glass, darkly!" How much will remain to be revealed to us in that glorious future, when the Light of Truth shall burst upon us in unclouded lustre, but when our mortal vision shall be purified and strengthened so as to sustain its dazzling brilliancy!

I purpose, at some future time, to apply the above method of inquiry to the Law of "Evolution," which is very commonly supposed to "account for" the existing fabric of the Universe—animate, as well as inanimate; and to show that it really does nothing more than express an *orderly sequence* of phenomena, leaving the *cause* of that order entirely unexplained.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT FAUST.

I.—THE POEM AND THE POET.

CARLYLE says, finely, "Goethe's poetry is no separate faculty, no mental handicraft; but the voice of the whole harmonious manhood; nay, it is the very harmony, the living and life-giving harmony of that rich manhood which forms his poetry." This saying applies strongly to his *Faust*. With Goethe the ideal is always based upon the real; the bases of his imaginings are his life experiences. We know, happily, so much about Goethe, that we can trace, through his creations, his profoundest convictions and views of life. A knowledge of Goethe's biography, correspondence, and, especially, of his autobiography, enables us to follow, through *Faust*, his changing and growing opinions—to study some of his life events and his mental progress. Would that we could know as much of Shakspeare!—but the personality of our great poet is shrouded in his works. Of Goethe we may say, "His thoughts are very deep." Apart even from poetry, and from drama, there is, in *Faust*, always a spiritual atmosphere of the very loftiest thought that is within the reaches of the soul of man; a deep criticism of life which does not disturb, but which does elevate alike poetical creation and dramatic vitality. In Goethe's work there is nothing strenuous; no evidence of effort or of labour; all seems to have grown as a result of god-like ease and spontaneity of production. His bold, high, sometimes wild, but always regally dominated imagina-

tion works ever in free fantasy and large conception. His profound striving to penetrate the mystery of Existence is embodied in purposeful and winged words, furnishing to his nation quotations which form a part of thought and life. Clearness of vision and spiritual insight, together with working imagination, are among his special attributes. Humour he has; but it is attended with one peculiarity;—it is humour which extends just so far as it is needed by his art purpose, but never goes beyond that limit. There is, in Goethe, nothing of the frolic fun of humour enjoyed for its own irresistible sake by a born humourist nothing of Shakspeare's revelry of joy in pure humour: Goethe has it at command for a needful purpose—as, for instance, for the scene between Mephistopheles and Mistress Marthe Schwerdtlein—but he uses it only for his needs, and, indeed, employs it with a certain coy reticence. He loves earnestness better than sportiveness; he thinks all thought rather through gravity than through humour. Life is, to him, in the main, wholly serious. All its sides do not strike upon his mind with the equal force with which they press upon the full-orbed, every-sided mind of Shakspeare. It would be a mistake to expect fun, or more than a stately mirth, from Jupiter; and analysis demands from every man that only which he can give.

Despite some high labour—notably that highest of Carlyle—it cannot yet be said that the full significance and value of Goethe are adequately recognized in England. He has been dealt with in part by such dull commentators that his true image has been all obscured; as the noblest face seems distorted when it is reflected in a spoon. Great art reveals no secrets except to labour of great thought; and it must be long before Goethe can become—if he ever should become—popular in England. His own height stands in his way. You might as well blame a weak man for not having been up the Matterhorn as blame him for not under-

standing Goethe ; it is not given to all to ascend such ideal altitudes.

Goethe's infinite dramatic poem of *Faust*, the writing of which spread itself slowly over a period of some thirty years, was first printed in 1806. It was the only one of his many works over which he lingered long ; he could not hurry the completion of a poem on a quite infinite subject. *Faust* is, indeed, a subject singularly suited to the genius of Goethe. The fulness of meaning in the great Christian mythus had a rare attraction for his magnanimous intellect and wonder-working imagination. The symbolism involved in the magic fable enabled him to render every line pregnant with meaning ; the high, abstract spirit of the legend gave him scope for painting things divine, demonic, human. The theme was worthy of the work ; the work was commensurate with the theme. Into it he could pour all his thoughts, all his theories, all his wisdom, all his experiences. *Faust* may be said to have been commenced with *Werther* ; but the execution of *Faust* outgrew the phase of mind, the *Zeitkolorit* of that fervid, but feverish frenzy of morbid youth which summed up and exhausted the mental disease of a sickly time in *Werther* : *Faust* survived into his later and his riper years, and includes all that even Goethe felt, and thought, and knew. *Hamlet* was, so far as we know, produced with no more length of labour, with no greater expenditure of time, than were occupied by any of the other works of Shakspeare. Goethe lingered long and lovingly over the great work which is his masterpiece ; and worked at *Faust* as he worked upon no other of his poems or his dramas.

The origin and the growth of Goethe's *Faust*, the time at which he first conceived the play, and the different dates at which he executed it, are assuredly subjects of literary interest, if not of great literary importance. It is enough to possess such a work in its entirety ; the desire to know

the dates and the progress of completion, involves questions which may easily be considered a little too curiously; and this is more especially the case, because the evidence, mostly circumstantial, is mainly defective. Still, German *Gründlichkeit* has laboured assiduously in this field of inquiry; though the results, to quote Sheridan's old joke, are voluminous rather than luminous. Wilhelm Scherer, in his "Aus Goethe's Frühzeit," is the latest labourer in this highly speculative region of research. His conjectures are many, his discoveries few; but it is yet possible to glean some suggestions of interesting probabilities—nay, even some sure facts from his inquiries. I pass over, as scarcely worth much attention, the thin and windy theories which would seek to indicate that Herder was the original of Mephisto—or of the *Erdgeist*. Herr Scherer admits that the problem of the growth of *Faust* is one that can never be solved. Asking only, in passing, Why should it be solved?—I shall cite here those few facts in connexion with the subject which seem to be established without much room for doubt by Herr Scherer and by others.

Goethe himself says that *Faust entstand mit dem Werther*; was planned at the same time as was his early romance—that is, his *Faust* was first contemplated when he was a little over twenty years of age. Indeed, the subject is alluded to in a manner which shows that he was then thinking of it in the *Mitschuldigen*, the work of a youth of eighteen. From Loeper's *Laroché Correspondenz* it would seem that a sketch of *Faust*, in prose, was made in the winter of 1771-72; and this prose sketch served as the basis of a poetical version begun after 1773. The last scene but two, *Trüber Tag, Feld*—still remains in prose; and Schiller (May 8, 1798) records that Goethe had said that the execution of certain scenes, in prose, was powerfully moving, *gewaltsam angreifend*. Among the side lights thrown upon the subject is an allusion by Wieland

(Nov. 12, 1796) to the fact that Goethe had suppressed some interesting scenes—notably one in which Faust became so furious (probably when he discovered the incarceration of Gretchen), that he intimidated Mephistopheles. Gotter says that Goethe was at work on *Faust* in Wetzlar, at the period of his love romance with Lotte. In completing his design, Goethe has let certain of his original intentions drop away; for instance, Gretchen was to have wandered with her child in misery over the earth, until, in her insanity, she destroyed it. Another abandoned project was one of a great public disputation, in which Mephistopheles, as a wandering student, was to have taken a characteristic part. In 1800, Goethe wrote to Schiller that he hoped the great disputation scene would soon be finished. In 1790 was completed that version of *Faust* now known in German literature as “the Fragment.”

In January or February, 1775, Goethe read his *Faust*, as it then existed, to Jacobi, who noticed but little difference between that version and the fragment of 1790. In 1774 Goethe read *Faust* to Heinrich Leopold Wagner. The heroine was then named Eva. Her name became Margarethe and Margretlein. Gretchen was the latest of the names chosen. In 1776, Goethe speaks of a conception of Helena—a conception reserved for the second part. Theod. Mommsen expresses an opinion that the early prose version still shows through the latter poetical form. On March 1, 1788, Goethe writes to Herder that he had found the old thread of *Faust*, and had completed his scheme of the tragedy. In 1777, Goethe visited the Harz country, and his acquaintance with these mountains is evidenced in the *Walpurgis Nacht*. In 1789, Goethe writes to the Duke that he will produce *Faust* as it stands, as a fragment. He adds that the poem is, in a certain sense, finished for the time. Hence the fragment of 1790. The latest entry in this chronology is “the first part of *Faust* completed,” in

1806. It seems that the witch struck off from Faust the burden of thirty years ; so that we may assume him to be 55 when a sage, 25 when a lover.

Goethe takes an optimistic view of evil ; but as the play progressed, the strength of the old tradition moulded the treatment of the modern poet, and he introduces Mephisto's proposal for a compact to be signed with blood. The peaks of the highest mountains seem, at night, to blend with the stars, and Goethe's pure ideas rise to the divine ; but yet the fascination to the imagination of the old wonder-legend exercised a strong influence over his dramatic conception and art treatment. Dropped threads of his early plan, with their ends loose, are sometimes left in his completed work.

In the poem itself, the legend of *Faust* is decided upon, as the subject of a drama, in that prologue which depicts a debate between a theatre director, a theatre poet, and a clown. This deeply, sadly humorous prologue paints the never-ending quarrel between poets and the traders in poetry—a dispute in which a Merry Andrew can act as mediator—and is written with a humour strictly subordinated to its immediate purpose, and with all the sadness of thoughtful satire. Goethe recognises the lets and hindrances which hamper the free activity of the poet, and yet shows that the great poet must and can do his work, despite of all the limitations and difficulties which a theatre, a director, and a mixed public can throw in the poet's way. In spite of a public which desires only to be amused, it is yet possible to deal highly with the high theme of a noble, erring soul to be led, if that may be, *Vom Himmel durch die Welt zur Hölle*. Poets do their work through a Spartan training. Earnest effort will, in the end, overcome ; but no effort will be wanting on the part of enmity and ignorance to thwart and to oppose the owner of the Godlike gift.

Goethe first speaks in his own person, in that matchless, that grandly pathetic *Zueignung*, or Dedication, in which

the old man, putting forth his life's highest work to a generation unborn when first he sang, expresses heroic tenderness without a weakling's sentimentalism. After the Theatre Prologue, comes one in heaven, in which, following the opening of the Book of Job, Goethe uses the quaint *naïveté* of mediæval conception, in order to lay the framework of his *Divina Commedia*. But all prologue ceases, and, with our thoughts full of the mediæval legend, and of the permitted experiment of the Evil One, the curtain draws up on the drama of *Faust*.

Many will probably recollect the emotion with which they saw, for the first time, in some German theatre, the curtain rise and disclose the first scene in Goethe's *Faust*.

In the narrow, high, Gothic chamber, surrounded by books, parchments, skeletons, crucibles, retorts, sits the bowed, worn, prematurely old sage; and the great void space of the theatre becomes filled with the grand declamatory roll of the majestic opening soliloquy. The dark, bearded figure of the life-worn philosopher, who has learned so bitterly that great knowledge is great sorrow, becomes a possession of the mind—a picture fixed in the imagination. The play opens on the eve of Easter Day, and the sad moon shines in through stained glass upon the student's solitary study. Faust's state of mind, or soul, presents to us a spiritual tragedy. His unhappiness is the result of individual dissatisfaction with life. His is the sublime egotism of a scholar, a striver, a thinker, who has exhausted knowledge, but missed all happiness. For him the light of the lamp has replaced the light of heaven. He has turned his back upon the light, and has made his path of life very dark by projecting on to it his own shadow. In his passionate despair he yet yearns madly for truth, and thirsts for fuller knowledge. His recourse to magic is an attempt to reach heaven through hell. He turns to diabolic science in order to attain to divine light. Aspiring and inquiring, half mad

with longing, wholly desperate with doubt—sublime, if passionate, error impels him into a cavern to seek for light—drives him into darkness with a glass to see his face. The moonbeams make warm gules upon the haggard features and bent figure of the old, life-weary student. As the morning—the morning of Easter Day—greys upon the long vigil of the philosopher, he attempts suicide ; but the heavenly tones of the Easter hymn, with all the memories of childhood, of prayer, and of youth, arrest the impious hand. His tears flow, and earth reclaims her son.

In all the early stages of *Faust*, Goethe has used the suggestions—not reproduced the detail—of his own youth's experience. He, too, had pushed knowledge beyond ordinary human limits ; he, too, had pined with that sad, high, longing discontent of great and ardent souls, that cannot find in life all that the mind can desire. He knew the unsatisfied desires, the satiety of learning ; and he, too, had learned how grey is all theory, and how green alone the golden tree of life. But Goethe remembered and used, though he had long outlived, the feverish discontents of youth. He himself never succumbed to despair. A strong man, he turned his weakness into strength ; calmly victorious, he survived into peace and light. He, too, turned to magic ; but his magic was divine, and not demonic. When, in his *Werther* days, the echo of Jerusalem's pistol sounded through the void heart, the unsatisfied soul, the mock hysterical passion of his brain-sickly time of temporary fever and unrest, Goethe, too, had once contemplated suicide. Basing his only half-sincere plan of operations upon the example of the Emperor Otho, he placed, every night, a sharp dagger by his bedside. Finding, however, after one or two slight trials, that he lacked resolution to drive the sharp steel even a little way into his breast, young Goethe relinquished the idea of suicide—nay, parted with it even in laughter. To many human beings the sorrows of life are so

many, and so heavy, that, but for the Hamlet dread and doubt, the earth would be strewn with suicides, especially in those periods over which a wave of morbid feeling passes. Men shrink from the great and dread Unknown; from the dreams that may come in that sleep of death; and thus remain bound and confined to the ills they know of—ills which, though often almost unbearable, seem to the haggard imagination better than the awful and terrible vagueness of the possibilities that surround death. The dread of death does much to keep men in life.

It is characteristic of Goethe that he draws Faust as always proud of his own image of the Godhead; that he depicts his philosopher scornfully confronting spirits and demons with a haughty assumption of being their peer, if not their superior. Goethe's own residence as a student in Leipzig had made him well acquainted with the Auerbach Keller; his own experience had taught him a contempt for the barren pedantry of University teaching, and for the waste studies of so many ingenuous young souls. His own repugnance to jurisprudence is amply recorded by himself. Indeed, his experience shines through Wagner, through the student, through the mock professorship of mocking Mephistopheles. Goethe records, in his own account of his own University career—"In logic it struck me as strange that I was, in order to perceive the proper use of them, to pull to pieces, dismember, and, as it were, destroy those very operations of the mind which I had gone through with the greatest ease from my youth."

Through the whole tragedy of *Faust* shines a deep and distinctive doctrine which Goethe held firmly—I mean his belief in the ultimate supremacy of Good. He did not believe in Ormuzd and Ahrimanes, in two equally powerful potentates, two spirits of the same might, one good, one evil, between which the ultimate issue of the perpetual struggle is uncertain. Goethe believed supremely in the entire

supremacy of God ; he held that the shows of evil do but subserve the higher purposes of divine beneficence. The spirit that always wills, and always works for evil, is, as Goethe teaches, always guided and moulded by a Supreme Power, so that its strivings for evil are mainly futile ; and, rough-hewn to harm, are, nevertheless, ultimately shaped by God to good. Thus, the seeming victory of Mephistopheles is barren after all—Gretchen and Faust seem, but are not, lost and ruined. They are ultimately snatched from the fiend's grasp ; though ill deeds and impious longings are expiated in time by sore sufferings on earth. Mephistopheles is, unconsciously, but a tool in the hand of the divine ; he walks in a vain shadow, disquiets himself without result—except in so far as he serves divine purposes—and remains, at last, a fooled and baffled fiend. In Goethe's conviction an Omnipotent and All-wise God lives and reigns ; and this conviction is shown through all the scheme and action of his *Faust*. Goethe's Mephistopheles, his "Squire Satan" (*der Junker Satan*), is surely one of the supreme products of art ; and in nothing that he has done, has he shown more clearly his spiritual depth of insight. Mephisto gives but a hint, or glimpse, of revelation of things outside human scope and knowledge ; but that hint and glimpse he gives, and gives most wonderfully. The fiend does not wish to tell all he knows ; he says only so much in that sort as is necessary to impress and to mislead Faust ; though, at times, by rare pregnant suggestion, he speaks half as if he were thinking his own thought aloud. The fiend is constantly conscious of the supremacy of Deity. The spirit of denial, he knows that he works for good, while always scheming evil. He tells Faust—

Trust one of us ; this whole of life
Is made but for a God alone.

At other times—as in the scenes with Marthe and with the

student—he cannot restrain his own grim, hellish, cynical humour ; he indulges his savage, gross, devilish bitterness, his sneering, withering mockery and irony. Always, reader and spectator have before them, through Goethe's magic art, the image of an infra-human, super-human being. In the beginning, light itself created, or evolved, its own shadow—darkness ; and of that mystically created darkness Mephistopheles is a part.

Faust sought the stupefaction of doubt ; distraction from vain inquiry—and, hence, he summoned up the fiend. His early passion for knowledge was incapable of being converted into action, was impotent to yield the joys of sense, and of life. When magically restored to youth and love, the Titan—the stormer of the skies—is reduced to an ordinary earthly lover, though plunged into a love which, under devils' guidance, could only throb with lust, could only lead to misery and crime. In Faust's devil-guided passion, Gretchen reigns like a fever in his blood. She, when she yields to temptation, illustrates Shakspeare's saying—

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

It is devils' work to lower love to lust. It is noteworthy that Faust, when making his compact with the devil, does not believe in ecstasy of sensual, or of any other delight. He says—

When, to the moment fleeting past
I cry, "O stay! thou art so fair;"
Then let your chains be round me cast.

Resolved no longer upon the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy, but, in the hope of relief, to plunge into the joy and woe of life, Faust does not even then believe in the possibility of real happiness. The old impulse toward the divine is still left in his breast, but is left vague ; and all his wisdom will soon pale before a glance of Gretchen's eyes. The scenes in the tragedy follow in a somewhat loose order,

and great spaces of time are overleaped without reference to them. Thus, we know nothing of Gretchen's child until we learn that she has murdered it. Goethe's large, inexplicable art is rather pregnant with mystic suggestion than precise in careful arrangement of realistic construction; we must piece out with our imaginations the wild sequence of an unearthly story. The tragedy is born of that balance of uncommon qualities which forms the divinity of genius.

There is noticeable a certain levity in Goethe's treatment of the character of Mephistopheles; a levity which would assuredly not be found if Goethe had believed in the success of evil. But he seems to regard the Evil One with a certain sarcastic scorn; with a conviction that the restless labours of the devil are futile as impotent. He is full of the belief in the ultimate triumph of enduring Good. Hence it is that, in the drama, *der Herr* allows Satan to try his best to mislead and ruin Faust; the Lord adding, that the demon will stand abashed at the futility of his attempt to utterly ruin a man to whom, in spite of wildest errors, the way of righteousness is known. Mephistopheles admits to Faust that, despite his long and ceaseless labours, he is sometimes in despair at the smallness of the results he can produce; and Faust recognises, in his hour of most desperate madness, that the Evil One wages fruitless and hopeless war against the source of life and light. Goethe is not didactic; he never distinctly preaches his theory; but until we really understand the profound conviction as to the comparative power and influence of Evil and of Good, which Goethe shows throughout the whole poem, we shall miss that great leading idea which lies at the root of all his wonderful treatment of a theme so complex and so high. Mephistopheles can, and does, bring about most damnable mischief, woe, and wrong. Thus—to take a few instances—he transmutes the duel with Valentine into a murder, and causes the hue

and cry of the Blood-Ban to be raised against Faust : his devilish arts bring about that which Faust alone could hardly have compassed—the seduction of Gretchen ; he gives to Gretchen that sleeping draught which poisons the mother ; he drives her to madness with the mocking tones of an Evil Spirit which sneer down her faith, even when she bends in prayer in the cathedral. He impels her to the murder of her infant ; and he leaves her, in the insanity of sorrow, in that night in prison which is to lead to her last morning on the scaffold. Of all this woe, he tells Faust nothing ; and few things in this great play are dramatically finer than the cold, devilish indifference with which he replies to Faust's frenzied reproaches, that—"She is not the first ;" *Sie ist die Erste nicht.*

Gretchen was the name of Goethe's first love ; and the memory of the early, youthful passion survives in the dear, caressing, diminutive of the name of Margaret. In his Gretchen, Goethe has created one of the loveliest, sweetest, saddest women of all poetry. She is divinely and humanly woman. She is not a bundle of attributes ; but a living, individual, most human girl—born for love, driven to crime, doomed to sorrow. When first we see her, coming out of the Gothic cathedral, she is pious, innocent, pure, tender ; and yet with the simple wiles, the instinctive coquetry, the feminine modesty, the little maidenly vanities of her sex, her age, her time. Every man could love, no man—unless moved by the devil—would wrong Gretchen. Faust had sought the fiend ; Gretchen would never, of her own free will, have come to him ; indeed, she instinctively shuns and loathes Mephistopheles—nor would the demon have had such power over her but for the fatal love of Faust. Mephisto's vain venom, but for her hapless love, would have hurt her no more than the viper could hurt St. Paul. When first Faust urges the demon to gain Gretchen for him, Mephistopheles has to confess that he has no power over

her. Goethe has used the mediæval respect for rank when he shows how the simple burgher maiden felt flattered by the attentions of a cavalier of noble house. Marthe is a woman

designed express
For go-between and procuress ;

and she is a tool ready to the demon's hands. Out of Gretchen's own goodness the fiend makes a net to enmesh her. Until her vanity is corrupted by the jewels, his devilish arts have no success, but she yields to the gauds of the tempter. The trials of her virtue, trials both human and infra-human, are too strong for her ; she loves, she gives place to the devil, and she falls. One of the best and purest of women succumbs piteously to the powers of hell. Her fate forms the human tragedy of the drama. In the opening of the play, we see that spiritual tragedy of Faust's restless soul which leads to the compact with the Evil One ; in the later scenes we have the more human tragedy of the love and fate of Gretchen. The sage has become lover—a depraved lover only—earthly, sensual, devilish. In Gretchen's fond love, Faust might have hoped for the moment in which he could have cried—

O stay : thou art so fair ;

but the demon who impels while he ensnares, who seems to serve but that he may destroy, is incapable of loyalty to his own victim, of fidelity to his own bargain. He can give ignoble delight ; but he cannot, if he would, give happiness, or peace, or rest—even in love. Faust, still the half-god, has only deadened a conscience which he cannot destroy. He is capable of remorse—he cannot shut out pity. Hurried along the infernal path, he obtains his desires only to ensure his misery.

To our human ken, Mephistopheles seems to do much that is against his own interest ; but we must remember

Goethe's theory that he is only the tool of a Higher Power by which he is constantly befooled. Again, we must not forget that his supernatural knowledge is a key to much that he does which seems unwise—that is, unwise as regards his own purposes. Faust is disgusted in the Auerbach Keller, but the demon desired to lead the soaring soul downward to gross and sensual evil through a preliminary stage of flat commonplace and unmeaningness. Faust resembles a flying fish; his aerial, heavenward flight soon subsides into a return to his more native element. There is, in Goethe, nowhere that attenuated thread of inspiration which is like a waterfall in a dry summer; he is always full, and always full of meaning. It might seem to us that Mephistopheles was thwarting his own ends by transmuting Faust's amour to utter misery; but the fiend had more to hope from Faust's despair and desperation than from his contentment and enjoyment; and then Mephistopheles took a joy in human suffering. Things that happen off the scene are often merely suggested. The art difficulties in the way of picturing ostensible demonic interference in human affairs are immense; and if we are puzzled at times on the surface, we always find that Goethe is right in the depths.

The mind lingers with a strange emotion—half of delight, half of sorrow—over Goethe's immortal creation of dear, unhappy Gretchen. *Halb Gott, halb Kind im Herzen*, she is one of the women of fiction who lay hold so strongly of our imaginations, of our sympathies. Her sweet, simple, loving nature; her childlike *naïveté* and trust; her holy innocence, which knows no bashful cunning; her irresistible maiden coquetry, based only upon instinct—all these qualities are fused into a pure and perfect character, which is one of the glories and the charms of great art.

The sin of Faust and Gretchen arises from demoniacal possession. Gretchen never wholly loses our respect; and then her error is atoned for by such deep sorrows! When

shame and remorse begin in her sweet soul the Nemesis of wrong, she can yet say—

Doch—alles was dazu mich trieb,
Gott ! war so gut ! ach war so lieb !

She confesses to her lover that she was very angry with herself because she was not more angry with him for having accosted her. Who forgets her playful, childish superstitious flower-test of love, as she plucks off leaf after leaf of the daisy, murmuring—"He loves me—loves me not"? Compare that moment with the anguish of her bitter prayer in the *Zwinger* to the picture of the *Mater dolorosa*. What a dramatic poem is that in the garden, when cavalier-like Faust and fair Gretchen, Mephistopheles and Marthe, in alternate couples, pass and repass across the working scene! What simple, pious goodness in the girl's tender concern for the soul of the man she loves, when, in Marthe's garden, she questions Faust—

Nun sag, wie hast du's mit der Religion?

and how characteristic is the reply of the lover-philosopher! Faust's early belief has been turned to mist by devilish obscuratation, and yet, in her presence, he who once was *an Hoffnung reich, im Glauben fest* returns to a faith vital, though obscured by the phraseology of philosophy. Note, too, that Faust declares his love through his vaguely lofty theological profession. Men have often more faith, and a deeper faith, than they themselves know of. In action, in passion, in error, a faith seems dead which is only sleeping. There can be no victory without battle. *Wer immer strebend sich bemüht, den können wir erlösen*. In the wild anguish with which Faust learns that Gretchen lies in the dungeon which is the porch to the scaffold, he once more addresses direct and burning prayer to the Deity from whom he had strayed so far—whom he had so long forgotten.

In that terrible, most moving dungeon scene, Goethe rises to the very summit of his tragedy. In the insanity of great sorrow, poor Gretchen awaits in the dark prison cell the morrow that shall lead her to the scaffold. When Faust enters to save her, her wandering senses can only recognize him by snatches made up of half memories of their old, their fatal love. She cannot be moved to fly with him. There are, in this scene, touches of pathos that lie too deep for tears. In the madness of her agony, Gretchen can only remember—she cannot act. In her joy at seeing Faust, her warped senses lead her to pray him to stop with her—not to take her away: then she urges that he cannot know that he seeks to free a criminal who has murdered her mother, drowned her child. Her thought changes, and she next insists that he shall survive in order to provide the graves of herself, of her brother, of her mother, and of their child. Surely her thought for these graves has rarely been surpassed in pathos—

The best place you must give my mother,
And close beside her lay my brother;
Lay me a little way apart,
But not too far off!
On my right breast the little one.

The scene of agony and anguish is ended by the appearance of Mephistopheles. Gretchen calls upon her Heavenly Father, upon the serried ranks of holy angels, to preserve her from the Evil One. She trembles at last, not for herself, but for her lover. As her soul flies, the fiend exclaims, exultingly—

“She is doomed!”

But a voice from heaven says that she

“Is saved!”

And another voice, from within—perhaps the voice of Gretchen on her heavenward flight—exclaims, in tones that die away in distance—

“Heinrich ! Heinrich !”

Faust disappears with Mephistopheles ; his fate is left in more doubt, but this is explained partially by the fact that he is reserved for a second part ; in which, in some imaginary higher sphere, he will not love and ruin a human-hearted, warm-kissing Gretchen, but will worship in another sense than that of the senses, that Helena of Greece, that

— face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topmost towers of Ilium.

At the end, the vain fiend, Mephistopheles, is baffled and befooled ; and the Enduring Good reigns for ever over all.

The romantic and picturesque side of this great drama is a thing to be noted with delight. Both persons and scenes are in the highest degree picturesque and romantic. The costume is that of the sixteenth century ; the architecture is of the same, or of yet earlier times. The two chief figures of Faust and Mephistopheles—a pair as well known in art as are Dante and Virgil—are of most picturesque presence. The old Gothic chamber of the student sage, with its olden furniture, inherited from ancestors, is singularly striking and charming. Take, again, the spring walk of pedant and of sage—of Wagner and of Faust—“outside the gate” of the mediæval city, of some antique Nürnberg, Frankfort, Hildesheim, Leipzig, Lüneberg. They pass through the close streets of olden houses, within the narrow limits of the walled town ; they pass the great open porch of the Gothic cathedral in which Gretchen prayed and worshipped ; they pass through the city gate, with portcullis, probably with drawbridge, and issue into the open country which surrounds the quaint dwelling-place of thickly clustered men. They look back upon the armed town, with its towers, roofs, gables, spires, houses. It is a return, with the bud-bursting opening of the year, to Nature and to life ; the snows, and ice, and frosts of winter

are melting and disappearing before the gentle breath of hope-giving, life-bearing spring. The gay and active crowd of ordinary men and women, bent on the commonplace holiday enjoyments of dancing, drinking, joyous love-making, pass by and talk and walk beside the two philosophers. Note that Wagner is not a particularly stupid man. Goethe's art was too fine to make him that. He is more learned, and as intelligent as is the mass of his contemporaries; he is the dried, pedantic product of that University professorship which puts on so many coals that the fire cannot burn; which heaps up so much learning—not necessarily knowledge—that the mind is stifled. Goethe had known, in his University career, many a Wagner, and many a student. He knew too, well, what a Voltairian demon would have to say of the course of study, of the choice of a "faculty." The whole drama, in its essence, as in its surroundings, is instinct with the romantic and the picturesque, and yet it is classical; for has not Goethe said that everything which is of the highest order of merit is classical? Gretchen, also, in the street, at the well, in the garden, at her spinning wheel, in the cathedral—nay, even in the dungeon—is a most quaint, lovely, archæological girl figure. The black horses sweep by the ghastly Rabenstein; the witch's kitchen, with its baser magic and its filthy apes, is a demonic picture; and the magic mirror, in which Faust first sees the fair image of Gretchen, replaces the foul wall of the fiend-kitchen by an illusion of beauty and of charm. In short, there is, all through, and all round the drama of *Faust*, that picturesque, objective delight which the genius of Goethe's partly Gothic imagination knew so well how to employ for our enjoyment. We are fascinated by the surroundings, as by the essence of the great Northern tragedy.

In that witch's kitchen a magic draught restores to Faust his youth, and transforms him into the splendidly attired, handsome cavalier of the sixteenth century. It is note-

worthy that when the fiend assumes human shape he cannot be beautiful. The Gothic fantasy, so much gloomier in its dark, spectral north than was the Greek imagination, depicted Satan, in the middle ages, as a dusky, terrible phantom with horns, and claws, and tail. Mephistopheles is too modern in spirit for such old-fashioned horrors. He appears as a cavalier, as a Herr Baron, but, in deference to tradition, he retains the red doublet, hose, and cloak, the cock's feather, and the long rapier. When well made up, Mephistopheles is certainly one of the most striking apparitions that the stage can show.*

The profound meanings of this poem do not injure the workings of the drama; so deeply is meaning expressed through action. *Faust* remains, in one respect, a puppet-play; the characters are all *Marionetti*, which are seen moving and acting in the light of a Divine Idea, which shines behind and through all appearance. The high, inscrutable designs of deity are always suggested. Faust was a professor of science, not of art; he acquired knowledge, but did not create beauty. His strivings represented only one phase of human mental activity. He forgot a God who did not forget him. Even in his fall, his flashes of proud, divine manhood are unspeakably noble; they are God-descended. Goethe uses no scalpel to discover a soul by means of the dissection of a body. His art is always spiritual. If stained glass be well-coloured, no spectator regards the intrinsic quality of the glass itself; but in this play of *Faust* the noble colouring covers the finest material; subject and treatment are co-equal. We have the best glass most nobly stained and richly dight. Byron says, finely,

The Devil speaks truth much oftener than he's deemed;
He hath an ignorant audience;

and Goethe admired and praised our poet's pregnant saying.

* Red is the old German colour of the devil, and is worn by Zamiel, as well as by Mephisto.

Here we conclude our attempt to measure the incommensurable: here we cease, for the present, to try farther to pluck out the heart of the mystery of Goethe's "mystic, unfathomable song" of *Faust*. We shall not have exhausted an infinite subject; we shall not have completed our study of a theme which, like all things divine and high, remains, and will remain, with meanings by no means wholly fathomed, with depths never thoroughly sounded. Like *Hamlet*, *Faust* will ever reserve more than gleanings to reward the labours of future thinkers; but our present attempt may be attended by some gladness, and may yield some profit: since not without delight and gain can men strive to enjoy and to understand one of the world's masterpieces; not without enduring advantage can they seek to love and to admire, through critical comprehension, Goethe's immortal tragedy of *Faust*.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA.*

ACCORDING to Aristotle's definition—the oldest and still the best—the drama is imitation, in the way of action. The germs may be seen in the games of children and the festive sports and pantomimic dances of savages. In both these, imitation of a more or less elaborate sort plays a prominent part. The earliest literary forms of the drama, however, seem always to be connected with some religious ceremonies. So the religious drama may be defined as imitation in the way of action in honour of the gods or of a god, and primeval legends refer the origin of the whole dramatic art to inspiration. Among the Hindoos it is said that Brahma inspired Bharata, which is another way of saying Brahma invented acting. The Hindoo drama, therefore, naturally begins by celebrating the incarnations of Vishnu. The wandering Car of Thespis is not the first Greek home of the drama, but rather a rude and popular offshoot of an already existing sacred rite. The worship of Dionysus the Liberator and the symbolism of the Eleusinian Mysteries

* Dodsley's Old English Plays. Edited by W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Reeves and Turner. 1874.

Ancient Mysteries. By William Hone. London. 1828.

A Collection of Miracle Plays and Mysteries. By W. Marriott, Ph.D. Basel. 1838.

The Coventry Mysteries. By J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S. London. 1841.

Miracle Plays and Sacred Dramas. By Dr. Karl Hase. London: Trübner and Co. 1880.

English Dramatic Literature. By A. W. Ward, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co. 1880.

are the real beginning of the art which reached its climax in Æschylus and Sophocles.

We appear to owe the drama, both in its general and its religious development, nearly exclusively to the Aryan race, and all Aryan peoples, with a history behind their back, except perhaps the Persians, have contributed to the common wealth. It is different with the Egyptians. No doubt human nature would provide for the drama among them as well as everywhere else, for children would play and religious ceremonies would be performed from the first. The Egyptian mythology also provided a rich fund of materials for the dramatic art, and it is not likely that the priests would entirely fail to turn these to sacred purposes. It is probable that Egypt stimulated the early civilisation of Greece in prehistoric times, and that the Eleusinian Mysteries themselves are a Greek adaptation of esoteric Egyptian doctrines and ideas of the gods, which may also have been represented dramatically in the symbolic religious ceremonies of the Nile Valley. But, however, this may be, amidst the recovery of paintings, inscriptions, hymns, and tales, archæologists have as yet found nothing deserving to be called an Egyptian drama, and we can only guess at the influence exercised by Egypt from what we see in Greece and India, with both which it was certainly connected in intimate bonds.

There is no evidence that the Hebrew drama ever assumed a stage shape or attained respectable proportions, although the reasons already mentioned compel us to believe that a Hebrew drama existed in some primitive form. The Song of Solomon is dramatic. The Book of Job is full of dramatic capabilities. There is a prologue in Heaven. God, Satan, Job, and his friends, all imitate in the way of action, so far as words go, what the writer conceives the original characters whom he portrays would themselves say and do, and the accompanying narrative acts as descriptive

Chorus. Still, as Job was not written for the stage, but for philosophical and religious meditation, the Hebrews and the kindred Arabs must both be omitted from the list of nations who have presided over the birth of the religious drama, or assisted largely in its early development.

One reason, and the chief reason, why the genius of the Aryans was so fertile and the genius of the Hebrews so barren in the direction of the drama is to be found in their profoundly different methods of picturing the relationships between God and man. Whatever the Aryan deities may have been in their origin as personifications of Nature-forces, it is plain that intellectually and morally they were altogether projections of the human consciousness, and even when they became a family of gods apart, this birth characteristic still clung to them. We speak of the deities as the people believed in them. The loftier idealisations of the philosophers were confined to a limited circle, and exercised little influence over the popular faith. No religious sense was offended when gods appeared on the stage, for degree made all the difference between them and ordinary men. They were more powerful than men; but they had the same passions, and were sometimes better and sometimes worse than their worshippers. The Greeks and Indians could, therefore, freely range through the whole celestial world, and when the experiences of the common life of humanity failed to quicken them to create, the heavens were open to them, and they could call on obedient deities to help. The great and devouter masters of the Greek drama used this dangerous liberty charily. The Indian dramatists were less scrupulous, and the commonalty, both in India and Greece, as always is the case with commonalties, allowed imagination to riot.

With the Hebrews, on the other hand, God probably was, as with the Aryans, the idea of a nature-force, or many nature-forces, at first, and He may also have been—

indeed, He must have been—to a large extent, in His intellectual and moral attributes, the projection of the human consciousness. But Hebrew religious growth was comparatively rapid, and He soon came to be regarded as a Power beyond nature and beyond man, and an objective Person transcending all capacities of human comprehension. The growth was slower among the people at large than it was among the representatives of the religious genius of the nation, as may be seen from their frequent lapse into idolatry, and the complaints and bitter reproaches of the prophets. However, Hebrew literature is never free and easy with God. He stands at an infinite distance from the prophets. And when the author of Job actually introduces Him, we feel that He belongs to quite another order than the deities of the Sophoclean and Æschylean drama, let alone the deities of the sceptical Euripides. He constitutes an order of His own. If the Hebrews had possessed a stage, they could not have put upon it the God of the prophets. This fact alone, immensely favourable as it was to their religious development, and educating them as it did to become the representative Monotheistic nation, made dramatic development an impossibility, except within narrow limits, for the childhood of the drama, without which there could be no manhood, required familiar deities. Homer is antecedent to the Greek stage by some centuries, yet we may evolve from him all that afterwards came into daylight in the theatre of Pericles; while in the Song of Solomon we have merely amatory poems that may or may not have been sung dramatically; in Isaiah we have only internal dialogues going on within the prophet's soul between a visible man and an invisible God; and in Job, although there is the literary form of the drama, there are no signs of stage capabilities; nor yet is there the vaguest notion of any stage performance.

But if we owe to the Aryans alone the drama of the pre-

Christian world, they were by no means the creators of the drama of the early ages of Christianity, and of modern Europe. Neither their religion nor their original artistic genius was sufficient for this purpose. In the order of historical events there is invariably a conspiracy of forces operating to produce every effect. The Hebrews appeared actively and beneficently among the regenerating factors of European life long before the advent of Christianity, and when Christianity transformed and interpreted anew the national religion for better and worse, that religion in its Christian form, yet still Hebrew at the heart, exercised a predominant influence over the development of the drama when the drama was born afresh. Christianity, so far as the founders of the Church creeds were concerned, had professed to break finally both with Judaism and Paganism, and to supplant them by a complete revelation of its own, altogether unique, and able to stand alone in the strength of God. But the facts were contrary to this flattering persuasion. No old system ever entirely dies. It sleeps awhile, then the resurrection trumpet sounds, and it wakes, and is changed. In the changed life opposites meet and unite. The new religion found a foothold for itself in the solid basis of the Roman Empire, and an atmosphere to breathe in the free, vigorous, and inquiring spirit of the times. It inherited Monotheism from the Jews; it borrowed speculative philosophy from Greece and Egypt; it started with the gift of Christ; it invented theories to account for him and to find him a place in the divine system of the world-government. And when the drama was re-created, all these forces were used for the purpose, and its history became the history of the human mind.

The first centuries of Christianity were marked by a fierce and righteous antagonism against the degenerate polytheism of the Empire. As men saw it in Rome it had lost the breath of life which made it a means of divine education in

its earlier stages. It had become a convenient superstition more than a religion to the government, and it had ceased to exercise a moral influence over the masses of the people. Emperors and populace displayed a lust of blood that was magnificent in its insatiableness in the games of the amphitheatre, and these were in honour of gods in whom nobody believed, except officially, and in honour of deified emperors whose infamy was only surpassed by the infamy of the gods. The example set by Augustus was followed by his successors, and the worse an emperor was, the more anxious he was to be deified. Augustus Imperator inaugurated a grand scheme of policy, where individual liberty was crushed, and the State was supreme, but Augustus Divus could not make the State religion respectable; while Nero Imperator marked the lowest depth of Roman degradation, and Nero Divus profaned every temple, and scandalised the not over-sensitive conscience of every inhabitant of Olympus. There is no wonder at John calling Rome, under the transparent disguise of Babylon, the abomination of desolation. Suetonius and Tacitus would authorise darker weird visions than those he had in Patmos. Rome was preparing for itself a day of judgment, of which dragons and Death on the White Horse were not inappropriate symbols.

The utter corruption of the Pagan world stood self-revealed in the theatre, and Christians included it in their condemnation. It was of no use to tell them of the sublime ideas of Sophocles. They knew not Sophocles. They only knew the Man of Sin and his belongings. He was worshipped in two places—the temple and the theatre, and his official servants were priests and actors. It required a long discipline, and the advent of a new race of teachers, before the Church could return to Greek thought with a wise and discriminating love, and recognise, in theatrical representations, a means of instruction in the true faith.

The African Tertullian, with his characteristic fiery passion, gloated over the tragedy which God was preparing for actors in the eternal punishments of hell. The Jewish hatred of all images of God, combined with the Christian hatred of idolatry, set the Church in deadly animosity to the theatre, where gods, which were no gods, were honoured, and where, as it seemed, sin ran riot, unheeding of the gathering storm of divine vengeance so soon to burst.

But this excited and extravagant condition of mind could not last. Civilisation could not afford to abandon the breasts of its Greek nursing mother. The dislike to the theatre decayed, and the Church was content to demand that representations should be purged from impurity. The revulsion of feeling from visible deities shared a similar fate, except among the Jews, and the Church only demanded that false gods should disappear, and the true God should take their place. The cause of this latter complete upsetting of old ideas is inherent in the nature of the prevalent conception of early Christianity. God was in some sense incarnate in Christ. Even the heretics all admitted this in ways of their own. And when it was once believed that God had taken a human form, there could be no further serious objection to introduce the Man-God or the God-Man playing a part in a sacred pageant. The Creator was visibly present in the service of the Mass, and it was an easy process to transfer His visible presence to the stage in the person of the divine Son. Thus the drama which started in Greece as part of the worship of Dionysus the Liberator, was transformed in the Church into a part of the worship of Christ the Saviour.

In the reign of Julian, St. Gregory Nazianzen composed a tragedy on the "Passion of Christ." About a third of it was borrowed from Euripides. The debt is

frankly enough acknowledged in the Prologue, which thus begins :

Thou who hast verses heard with pious love,
And now a pious tale in verse wouldst hear,
With willing ear incline to me who sing,
After the manner of Euripides,
The pangs of Him who saved mankind from bale.

In the tenth century the Abbess Hrosvitha travestied or adapted Terence in six Latin comedies, for the benefit of her nuns. The comedies were meant to celebrate the praises due to chastity, but they are unquotable, because the imaginations of vowed celibates, whether men or women, delight to revel in pictures of scenes which simply disgust people with healthy natures. On the whole, modern taste would prefer Terence to his pious improver. However, St. Gregory Nazianzen and Hrosvitha ("the loud voice," or "the white rose") exercised little influence beyond the schools of the saint and the convent of the abbess, for which they wrote, and not for the profane public. Nor did the growing acquaintance with Greek literature, or the latitudinarian sympathies of the early and wiser and better fathers of the Church, which induced them to see dim foreshadowings of the Christian Mysteries in philosophers and poets, lead directly to a rehabilitation of the drama under the immediate sanction of the chosen of God. These movements of the spirit, impatient to escape from its prison, did, no doubt, bring many breaths of fresh air to the age, and much sweet music from the outer world—music no longer luring to the pit, but echoing heavenly strains, yet the second birth of the drama was in the bosom of the Church itself. The old masters of comedy and tragedy were absent during the school-days of the new child, and did not make their appearance until its approach to maturity. It sprang out of the service of the Mass, and it devoted its vigorous youth to the representation of the

birth and death of the Creator, and the sin and salvation of man.

In the Mass we have an elaborate series of symbolic actions which constitute an improving and solemn drama.* The pantomimic element is furnished by the ceremonial observances of the officiating priest. In the reading of the Scripture lessons to the congregation there is the epical element. And there is the lyrical element in the music and the processional chants and hymns, with anthems and antiphones. The people join in the performance; they are either rapt spectators, or they respond in prayer and praise; sorrow and sin, joy and deliverance, all the means that tragedy uses to purify the soul by pity and by terror are presented in religious pomp to the eye and ear. It is a theatrical representation of the fundamental Christian Mystery as conceived by the Church, the Mystery of the Incarnation. Imagination is exalted to the highest pitch. The worshippers behold God before their eyes; the wafer seems to take human shape, the touching "Agnus Dei" is followed by partaking of the Chalice of Salvation, and the drama closes with the Confession of Faith, when the penitent sinner, enriched by the life of God, feels his calling and election sure. It embraces the whole scale of religious emotion, and travels from hell to heaven, from "Miserere Domine" to "Gloria in Excelsis." This was drama enough to satisfy piety to the full in the early glow of enthusiasm. Afterwards, as the glow died down, it was fanned afresh by artistic means, and with the aid of more music and new symbolic actions, the Mass-drama grew into grander proportions, and finally the miracle plays and mysteries of the Middle Ages shot up from its roots, and their tendrils climbed round the parent stem.

*Ward's *Dramatic Literature*, I., 18. Mr. Ward quotes many important statements from Klein's "*Geschichte des Dramas*." So also does Dr. Hase.

The new development started within the limits of the celebration of the Mass, and proceeded some considerable distance before reaching the stage of the independent drama. As the service was conducted in Latin, of which language the bulk of the people were ignorant, it became necessary, in order to maintain their attention, to provide pictures which they could understand, as a means of interpreting the sounds that fell on idle ears. *Tableaux vivants*, representing in dumb show the story of the lessons of the day, were first introduced. These were succeeded by descriptive narrative and short dialogue, and, meanwhile, musical enrichments proceeded at a still more rapid rate, and preluded the Passion music of Bach, Mozart, and Rossini. In the fifth century it was usual to add to public worship living pictures of such subjects as the Adoration of the Magi, the Marriage at Cana, and the Death of the Saviour. These were represented by the clergy, and considered a component part of the Liturgy. In the tenth century it was customary, after the *Te Deum* and at the appropriate season of the Church year, to perform the office of the Shepherds, varied with the Star, the Massacre of the Innocents, or the Sepulchre. In these offices the priests spoke the text, and the congregation gave lyrical responses. The music steadily grew more dramatic, and sometimes the Roman Church, in its zeal for promoting edification by any lawful means, and by means of sweet sounds in particular, has gone very far. At present, in the chapel of the Vatican on Good Friday, after the Old Testament, Psalm, and Prophecies, the Passion of Christ, from John's Gospel, is sung, arranged as an oratorio; Christ is tenor, Pilate bass, and there are choruses for the priests, soldiers, and people, interspersed with Evangelical narrative in recitative. The Mass itself leads legitimately to these developments. They are necessary either to interpret it in its historical connections, or to render it

effectively. The addition of *tableaux vivants* from the Old Testament was a step involving the doctrine of types which was pushed to extravagant lengths. The tendency to the complete religious drama was further strengthened, not only by the natural growth of the dramatic instinct, but, when the Old Testament was pressed into the service, by the abundant materials which it provided, and by the fact that Christianity is, above all, the story of a personal life, rich in tragedy and full of poignant interest to sympathetic and grateful souls who see in it their ransom from death to the kingdom of God.

While the Church was thus dramatising her Liturgy, and gathering the multitude to Christ by religious spectacles within the sacred walls, she bestowed scant favour on profane theatres and their troops of actors. What was piety in the house of God, and performed by priests, belonged to Satan and his crew when moved outside and performed by the laity. In this change of judgment, induced by change of place in the representation, there was probably some jealousy of the rival claimants for popular applause, and some honest fear lest the faithful should be led astray. Actors were excommunicated. Unless they foreswore their evil professions, they were allowed neither share of blessings on earth nor anticipation of the joys of heaven. Maledictions, temporal and eternal, were their doom. It is true that St. Thomas Aquinas defended them, and that they had a patron saint of their own, St. Genesius. But the irrefragable Doctor failed to win them clemency, and St. Genesius was only a stolen patron. The hostility of the Church towards profane players lasted till the days of Louis XIV., and Molière was one of its last victims. The authorship of *Tartuffe* was an unpardonable sin. Still, notwithstanding edicts against them, and favouritism shown to the clergy, the profane actors manfully held their own, and the clergy were at last forced to form a half-

hearted alliance with them, where ecclesiastics, as was then deemed fitting, kept the supremacy, and the laity were content with a subordinate position. The clergy wrote and superintended the plays, and took the leading parts, while the laity obeyed the orders of their spiritual pastors and teachers, and acted as what we now call supernumeraries. And when, at a later period, the performance of the religious drama was left altogether to the laity, the clergy still continued to write and superintend. The Church was too sage to let go her hold. She continued to supervise as she still does at Ober-Ammergau.

Mysteries, Miracle-Plays, and Moralities are the three stages of the religious drama. Between the first two it is not easy to distinguish, but, on the whole, the Mystery dealt with divine secrets, such as the Incarnation and Redemption, and the Miracle-play was more concerned with the ordinary Scripture narrative. The title "Mysteries" betrays a reminiscence of Pagan ideas. The Mysteries of Eleusis were in the minds of the Church authorities, and the Greek Church also remembered them when the name of Mysteries was given to the Sacraments, and the performance of the various sacred functions.* The New Testament provided the word, and the religious ceremonies of Paganism suggested the dramatic application to Christian purposes. Moralities came last in the order, and immediately preceded the birth of the regular drama. As they dropped men, women, saints, angels, and devils alike, and only introduced allegorical personages representing virtues, vices, and abstract qualities, it seems as if they diverged altogether from the true line of development. But the historical order turns out to be the natural order. The half-emancipated intellect took to allegorical personages when it first ventured outside the Bible and the Church dogmas, and durst not as yet introduce on the stage characters

* Smith's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities:—Art-Mystery.

from the common human world. In this middle region, neither sacred nor profane, it tried its wings, and felt they were strong enough to bear it whithersoever it wist. Then it descended into the universal life of man, and moved there freely. It had to die to the old form before it could live to the new, and when the personal drama seemed lost in allegories, the second birth was close at hand.

Remains of the early *officia* out of which the Mystery grew have been discovered at Freising in Bavaria, and at Orleans, Limoges, and Rouen. The oldest extant Mysteries are French, and belong to the eleventh century. "The Rise and Fall of Anti-Christ," found in the Convent at Tegern See, is the oldest German play, and belongs to the twelfth century. The Mysteries were introduced into England soon after the Norman Conquest, and were naturally written in Norman-French or Latin. There are no traces of Mysteries in English before the thirteenth century, and these traces are only inferences, though strong inferences. Matthew Paris, writing in 1240, says that Geoffrey, afterwards Abbott of St. Albans, caused the play of "St. Catherine" to be represented at Dunstable in 1110. This is the earliest date we can fix. The play itself is lost. There can be no doubt that at the middle of the thirteenth century the popularity of Mysteries and Miracle-Plays was at its zenith, and their affiliation to the drama of the Mass and its accompaniments can be distinctly traced.

They repeat the same familiar story with trifling variations. The Easter-Play of the Passion of Christ is the central idea on which they all build. It will, however, be at once perceived that the Passion, with its theological belongings in the Church of the Middle Ages, involves the divine proceedings from the rebellion in Heaven to the Day of Judgment, with the Old and New Testament narratives thrown in between. With this boundless field open to them, it is strange, perhaps, that the authors should present the same

plot with wearisome repetition. But we must remember that individual genius was bound to work according to the traditional rules of the Church, and that the monks and other "*religious*" who wrote the plays had seldom much genius of any kind to spare. Besides, they were all persuaded that they could not improve on the message of salvation as it had come from God, and how it had come from God they were authoritatively told by the Church. Even Lope de Vega and Calderon, who made sublimer ventures in the religious drama and had more native dramatic power than any other authors who devoted themselves to the work, did not dream of departing seriously from what was laid down. All the authors had the Bible stories, and these they accepted with implicit faith—in a literal sense. They had the Apocryphal Gospels, and these gave them marvels of the Nativity in which they loved to revel. They had especially the Gospel of Nicodemus, which is the authority for Christ's descent into hell; and around this quaint legend their fancies played with pious glee. Over and above these literary sources of inspiration the Church gave them an ample system of dogma, and of this they made liberal use, stumbling at no paradoxes, hesitating at no anachronisms, shrinking from no realisms, and introducing scenes and making practical applications which appear coarse and indelicate to us, but which to them, in their *naïveté*, appeared necessary to secure devout edification. The conversations of the matrons in the plays of the Nativity are better imagined than described, and their physiological examinations to test the truth of the recorded miraculous birth may be left to lecturers on midwifery. Of this kind of thing the Apocryphal Gospels contain a superabundance.

But the true Mystery was the dogma of the Church, and that lent itself to dramatic purposes admirably when once the reverent dislike to visible representations of divine

persons was fairly mastered, and instruction in the faith and improvement in morals were supposed to excuse both departures from decency, and a familiar treatment of the Creator and His Son. The end justified the means. According to the dogma, human sin must have a cause in temptations arising external to humanity. The cause was found in Satan, whose own sin was, therefore, causeless, or, at any rate, it needed no prompting from the outside. The mystery of mysteries in the supposed heavenly origin of evil here involved the Church did not attempt to grapple with. So Satan is always predicated in the dogma, and he is a satisfactory explanation to the popular mind of the Middle Ages of the evil which indubitably exists in the world. Logically and chronologically, the dogma and the mystery of the dogma begin with the inexplicable fall of Satan, which is taken for granted. The lapse of Adam and Eve from the innocence of Eden follows out of the spite of the cast-out archangel. The determination of God to redeem His children thence arises. St. Thomas Aquinas hoped for the redemption of Satan too, and prayed a whole night to Christ for him, and finally rose from his knees comforted by the sight of the dawn, and crying that if the darkness might change to light, surely the devil might yet again an angel be ! But the Church was not so charitable ; and Leo XIII., in his recent recommendation of Aquinas's "*Summa Theologiæ*," would scarcely, we fear, accept this saintly heresy of the universal triumph of redeeming grace. The redemption is foreshadowed by Old Testament worthies, who are unconscious types of the Saviour to come appointed by God. So far we have the Prologue. The deeper interest of the main portion of the drama begins with the Nativity and the Incarnation. The earthly Interlude culminates in the Passion and Crucifixion, when the victory is achieved, and the rest happens necessarily. In the Descent into Hell, Christ fetches Adam, Abraham, and the faithful saved

beforehand by hope, out of the kingdom of Satan, who growls, but knows resistance vain. Then comes the Judgment; the sheep and the goats are parted for ever, these going to eternal bliss, and those to eternal bale; and angels and saints sing "Gloria in Excelsis" with such participation on the part of the lost as their sad fate may permit. This is the Mystery in its whole extent—pictorial, epical, musical, moral, and dogmatic. Its immense dramatic capabilities are evident, and the writers of the Mysteries and Miracle-Plays did the best they could with them. But no competent genius undertook to represent the vast scheme in its totality. We have only fragmentary attempts. It is plain that there was no room left here for the speculative spirit of modern philosophy. Even Milton would be out of place, although his assumed knowledge of the unknowable goes a long way; and for Goethe there would be no chance. His own illimitable mercy, shown in the salvation of Faust, would deprive him of mercy himself. Men require a complete account of God and man; the Mysteries gave it them in rude drama, and Dante in grand and terrible poetry.

Hase tells this story:—Philip IV., a great patron of art, resolved on the improvisation of a drama representing the Creation. He gave to Calderon the rôle of Adam, while he himself retained that of the Creator. Calderon, in a long poetic speech, described the charms of Paradise. Perceiving some signs of impatience in the Royal actor, he asked what was the matter. "What is the matter?" exclaimed His Majesty; "I repent having created such a loquacious Adam!" This is Philip's only recorded speech in the character of Deity. But evidently he would have had no objection had Calderon given him an opportunity to speak impromptu for God at any length. The Royal familiarity, which was not owing to lack of piety, only very faintly illustrates the levity often adopted by the writers of the

Mysteries. We put aside the Mysteries of the Nativity and the favourite story of Susanna and the Elders. In the Deluge, Noah's wife refuses to enter the ark, and roundly rates her husband. If she does enter, she insists on taking her gossips along with her. She has drunk many a quart of ale with them, and charitably resolves not to abandon them. Noah complains that women are crabbed always, and tells Shem to bring her in by main force. When this is done, she gives her husband a swinging slap in the face—"There, take that!" she says. Noah answers, "Ah, marry, but this is hot! It is good to be still!" And then he calmly sets sail to voyage over the drowning world, and the disobedient, kind-hearted wife leaves her lost gossips behind, lamenting that they cannot share a final quart. One of her speeches is worth quoting, both for its good feeling and the curious anachronisms characteristic of the Mysteries:—

Yea, Syr, set up ye sayle,
And rowe forth with evill hele,
For, without any fayle,
I will not out of this towne.
—But I have my gossips every one ;
One foote further I will not gone :
They shall not drowne, by St. John !
An I may save their lyfe.
—They loved me full well, by Christ !
But thou wilt let them in thy chist,
Else rowe forth, Noe, whither thou list,
And get thee a new wife.

The speeches of the first person of the Trinity are generally, though by no means always, marked by a certain gravity of style. There is less reticence with respect to the second person, as his assumption of human nature brings him nearer the level of the spectators. Angels and saints are treated with remarkable freedom. Devils are frightful to look at, but they are supremely stupid, and are often

made butts of. The realism to which the actors would be compelled to have recourse may be seen from the booths they used for their performances when these were not in the church itself. The action of the Mystery extended to heaven, earth, and hell. The stage was, therefore, divided into three stories. At the top was Paradise, in it were the Trinity, with saints and angels, an organ, and trees that blossomed and emitted sweet odours. In the centre was the Earth, made as large as possible, because there most of the business was done. At the bottom was Hell, or the Mouth of Hell, often represented by the opening and shutting of the jaws of an enormous dragon.* According, as the plot of the play required, the actors at the end went up or down. This picture presented no difficulty to the popular imagination, and hardly any to such science as existed. For that hell was inside the earth, and men on the surface, and heaven above, all seemed equally certain facts, and the three-storied copy of the universe was sound divinity. In an Easter play at Donaueschingen, Judas is hanged by Beelzebub. The stage instructions said the devil must take care of the fastenings and sit behind Judas on the gallows. Judas must carry concealed in his coat a black bird and the entrails of some animal, so that when the devil tears his coat the bird may fly away and the entrails fall out. Then both he and the devil must slide down to hell on a slanted rope. To slide into hell was to descend a story. The accounts of expenses tell the money paid for widening hell-mouth and setting the world on fire. Here we have to understand the extension of the third story and the destruction of the second. It would seem, therefore, as if the heavenly top story could be removed when the second was burnt. The manager in *Faust* had a theatre of this kind before his eyes.

* An engraving of the jaws of the Hell-dragon may be seen in Hone's *Ancient Mysteries*.

Thus in our booth's contracted sphere,
The Circle of Creation will appear,
And move, as we deliberately impel,
From Heaven, across the World, to Hell.

In the second part of *Faust*, however, the course was heavenward. When the angels pelted Mephistopheles with roses, even the "case-hardened devil," as he styles himself, melted into temporary tenderness.

Occasionally the actors were hard pushed to represent the Trinity. Sometimes the three persons were distinct, and the mystic unity was left to faith. Sometimes the music of the part was set to three voices, tenor, bass, and alto, and the unity was revealed in the harmony. Now and then, however, the Trinity was subjected to levity of treatment, the same as other religious ideas. Thus, in John Heywood's "Four P's," the Palmer, the 'Poth'cary, the Pardoner, and the Pedlar, when these worthies are trying which can tell the biggest lie, the Pardoner and the Palmer both talk about the Trinity in language for which the compilers of the Athanasian Creed would almost be driven to invent a new anathema. To perish everlastingly would hardly be punishment enough for their scurrilous witticisms and profanities.

Yet, notwithstanding this irreverence, Heywood was a pious Roman Catholic, who suffered persecution and died in exile. It must be borne in mind, too, that he was meaning to expose the cheating tricks of pardoners and their kin, and that, living as he did at the opening of the Reformation era, he, like his contemporaries, was not careful of his vocabulary. The Four P's finally repent them of their sins, and the Palmer, who has beat his brethren in lying, gives the moral—

Beseeching our Lord to prosper you all
In the faith of his Church universal.*

* Hazlitt's Dedsley, Vol. I.

Heywood's "Four P's" is neither Mystery, Miracle-Play, nor Morality, but an early attempt at the genuine modern drama while preserving intact the primitive religious impulse in which the drama originated. With him, or about the same period, began the application of the now fully developed art to the controversies of the time. Catholics and Protestants equally availed themselves of the opportunities offered to try to confound their opponents, and to establish themselves as the true shepherds of the fold of Christ. The old-fashioned Mystery more and more fell into desuetude, and questions of living interest occupied the popular mind—in Europe, at large, as well as in England.

Before the storm broke in its full strength at home, the Morality "Everyman" appeared, about 1531. It was an exposition of practical Catholicism and undogmatic theology in so far as it manifested no anticipation of the coming conflict. God and a Doctor of Divinity are the only two persons in it, the rest are allegories personified. "Everyman" is mankind, and God, after lamenting the sinful ways of the world and the careless neglect of proffered salvation, sends Death to summon him to judgment. "Everyman" is in despair, for he knows his shortcomings. He beseeches his old friends to stand by him. However, Fellowship, Jolyte, Strengthe, Pleasure, and Beaute take their departure, and he is soon abandoned also by Fyve-Wyttes and Dyscrescyon. But Good Dedes remains true, and she and Knowledge bring him to Confessyon, who orders a penance of scourging, such as the Divine Master bore. Then he dies, and is received into heaven, to live there, high crowned, body and soul together.* Troubles within and without would not, however, permit the age to take refuge in the restful ease of the clerical author of "Everyman." He was soon swept into forgetfulness by the angry controversies of zealots, on each side equally unfair—Catholics who prized orthodoxy and the

* Hazlitt's Dodsley, Vol. I.

Papal Supremacy above righteousness, peace, and charity, and Protestants who deserted Good Deeds to glorify Election and Grace. His play was a fancy picture, and lacked the essentials about which both parties were at war. If he had painted Catholicism completely, and to the life, like Cromwell with the warts on his face, we should have had many dark colours on the canvas for which we now look in vain. Was he aware of their existence? Did he mean an Eirenicon, or hope to induce others to ignore the faults he passed by silently? If so, to the pleasant dream succeeded a doleful waking. But it is more likely that he was a man of the stamp of George Herbert's Country Parson, and lived and died unwitting of the brewing tempest that made havoc of the faith, and toppled in ruins the Church he loved, and set men's minds afloat on wide, wild waters where even yet they find no permanent anchorage.

The dramatic controversy was carried on by Mystery and Morality through the reigns of Henry, Edward, Mary, and the early part of Elizabeth, and by Sir David Lyndsay, in Scotland, in the reign of James V. Lyndsay's famous "Satyre of the Three Estates" is the ablest of all the Moralities; he was, perhaps, the one man of undoubted genius who mingled in the fray. Bishop Bale's "Kying Johan," oblivious of historic truth, makes that monarch a pattern patriot, but it is because John quarrelled with the Pope. Bale calls him a Lollard. Bale's "God's Promises" is an elaborate sermon, according to Luther. The controversial religious plays of the Continent are very numerous, and their language fiercer, and their symbolic representations more threatening, than any of the English. When Francis I. was dallying with the Reformation, one was performed before him in Paris in 1524. The Pope is sitting on his throne surrounded by courtiers, and in the midst of the hall is a large brazier where the coals are entirely covered with ashes. Reuchlin comes forward with a speech

against the secular splendour and spiritual abuses of the Church. He brushes aside some of the ashes, and causes the fire to sparkle a little. Then Erasmus counsels delay, and plaisters over the Church's wounds, but does not touch the fire, whereupon the Cardinals extol him as a future ally. Ulrich von Hutten reviles the Pope as Anti-christ, blows up the flame with a pair of bellows, and fills the assembly with terror. But he suddenly falls dead. At last Luther enters, bearing a great load of wood. He throws it on to the fire, which now burns with intense fury. The monks, incited by promises of benefits and honours, try to extinguish it, but in vain. Then the Holy Father himself, to whom all power is given in heaven and earth, curses it, and those who kindled it. His anathema produces no effect, and in rage he gives up the ghost.* But Catholic passions were also savage. In a Latin comedy Luther and his wife are brought to great disgrace, and the Reformation is exhibited as a tissue of baseness, hypocrisy, and lies. A Corpus Christi drama, as late as 1682, represents Protestantism by a simple blockhead, Hereticus, who is full of Luther and Calvin, but Catholica converts him, and he becomes Dr. Poeniters. Lutherans and Calvinists used the pious drama against one another. In Spain and Italy the Catholics had mostly their own way, and clung devoutly to the Mystery proper after it had died out in other countries. On the whole, in the polemic phase of Mysteries and Moralities, if the Protestants had the better cause, the Catholics had better manners.

In the course of this development, through which England grew to Shakspeare and Germany to Goethe, the Mass and the Passion of Christ, in which the Christian drama started, gradually faded from sight, or were relegated to faith and the Church, and theological controversy vanished from the stage. Milton's "Samson Agonistes" and "Comus," and Ben

* Hase, p. 58.

Jonson's beautiful masques, prolonged Miracle-Plays and Moralities for a while in an altered form, and Milton, as we know, had the idea of writing "Paradise Lost" as a religious drama. This would have been a genuine Mystery. But the time had passed beyond these artificial needs, and Milton's scheme happily went no further than an abortive sketch. Still, the old connection between the drama and religion is preserved in a curious round-about fashion. Hannah More's religious plays are favourites in Sunday-schools. Services of Song, where the "Pilgrim's Progress" and Scriptural stories are chanted, with readings interspersed, are frequented by people who share Tertullian's opinions concerning actors and the theatre. Prynne said stage plays had their original form from the Devil, and were invented and practised by the Devil's instruments—"idolatrous Infidels and the deboisest Pagans." Prynne's modern representatives, fallen back into profanity, yet loving the Bible and John Bunyan, are restoring what the stern old Puritan had his ears cut off for denouncing.

In Roman Catholic countries the original play of the Passion of Christ survives, though no longer directly connected with the Mass, and modified so as to suit altered modes of thought, and a finer sense of the reverence due to sacred subjects. There are examples of it in Spain and Italy. But these are on a small scale. Ober-Ammergau is now the solitary place in the world where the ancient Christian drama, as it once obtained everywhere in Catholic Europe except Hungary, can be witnessed. The local origin of the performance is characteristic, and belongs to an age of miracles. An epidemic, arising after the Thirty Years' War, spread through the highlands of Bavaria. The Ober-Ammergau villagers vowed that if they were delivered from it they would, in gratitude, celebrate the play of the Passion of Christ every ten years. They were delivered. Henceforth, from the day of the pious vow, neither man,

woman, nor child died of the epidemic, which was threatening to destroy them all. There is no reason to doubt the reality of the history. The causal connection between the vow of the villagers and the cessation of the epidemic is another question. Ober-Ammergau is in a healthy spot, and a clear stream from the surrounding mountains runs through it, and these sanitary provisions of nature may have made the miracle unnecessary. At least, they make it doubtful. The last representation took place in 1880, beginning in May and ending in September. It occurred every Sunday, with some additional Mondays and Wednesdays, and altogether there were about thirty performances. My remarks are based on what I saw myself on July 25.

There are 1,500 inhabitants in the village. On the Saturday and Sunday these are augmented to 8,000 or 9,000. The visitors consist of pious pilgrims and æsthetic sight-seers and religiously disposed freethinkers, all of whom are anxious either to benefit their souls, or to gratify their curiosity, or to increase their knowledge of man and the modes in which he seeks God. The pious pilgrims immensely preponderate. Mostly they come from Bavaria and other Catholic countries, and the others from England and America. High Church clergymen provide a respectable proportion of the foreign element. At five o'clock there is Mass in the village church, and all the actors attend; and this ceremony is repeated before each performance, whatever the day may be—Sunday, Monday, or Wednesday. For the Ober-Ammergauers are not engaged in an ordinary dramatic exhibition. They are fulfilling a vow and praising God; the priests have superintended the rehearsals, and the priests consecrate the performers, who are all natives of the village, and have confessed from childhood upwards. At eight o'clock the play begins in a wooden structure, half open to the sky. All the stage

Isaac carries wood up Mount Moriah, the Israelites are bitten by the fiery serpents, and look on the brazen serpent and are healed. At the Resurrection, Jonah is cast on the dry land, and the Israelites pass the Red Sea in safety. The Ascension is itself a *tableau*, accompanied by a Hallelujah chorus.

At Ober-Ammergau the best parts of the old Mystery are preserved. There is no coarseness, as in the plays of the Nativity; no controversy, as in the Reformation; no devil, as always before. There is no comic element, and no undevoutness. Only Peter's sword and the crowing cock provoke a temporary lightsomeness of heart. For the rest the eight or nine hours pass as if the audience were in some cathedral, witnessing the gorgeous rites of the Church Catholic. It is true that the types are far-fetched, but they are common interpretations. The chorus of guardian spirits is inappropriate, but it is forgotten in the sweet music and the general effect. Christ is a passive sufferer, bearing vicariously the punishment of the sins of men, but it is a necessity of the theology. A visible angel consoles him in Gethsemane, but it is a pardonable addition to the Gospel narrative. A miraculous portrait is stamped on Veronica's handkerchief, but it is a legend once universally believed. The Passion Tragedy at Ober-Ammergau serves purposes of Catholic edification, and it is so picturesque, so tender, so poetical, and so reverent, that Protestants who go to scoff may well remain to pray.

The Christian myth of the Incarnation and Redemption, with its antecedents in the divine counsels of the Trinity, its dramatic evolution, and its *dénouement* in the joys and terrors of the Judgment Day, does not seem likely to soon disappear. The bulk of men require a God whom they can shape like themselves, and to whom they may ascribe emotions akin to their own at their best. The religious imagination demands symbols and pictures. The secret of

the power of popular Christianity is that it provides them and tells a story about them, and sums them up in dramatic action easily presented to the mind even when not put on the stage. The myth will pass away ultimately in the sense understood by the Churches, for in that sense it is incredible to the awakened intellect. Yet there is truth in it. The Incarnation affirms the ideal unity of God and man, and the Redemption declares that the unity, seemingly broken, shall again be made clear. Its devotees misunderstand it, and mingle with it cruel dogmas, that, to use the current language, crucify the Lord afresh. If philosophers can translate the deep-hidden meaning to the modern consciousness, they may wisely keep some of the pictures and symbols and dramatic conceptions, remembering what they really are. They will then discover, at the root of all creeds alike, a religion, imperfect truly, yet full of quickening power, and providing for the persistency of its energy throughout the endless evolution of life, death, and life anew. God is permanent, and humanity is permanent in God, and religion is the changing expression of the sense of relationship between them.

WILLIAM BINNS.

PHILOSOPHICAL NECESSITY : A DEFENCE.

IN the January Number of this Review appeared an earnest and temperate article entitled, "Fervent Atheism," directed chiefly against the writings of Professor Clifford and Miss Bevington, and dwelling somewhat at length upon the immoral consequences likely to be the result of a belief in the doctrine of Necessity *versus* that of Free Will.

The object of this paper, as is obvious from its title, is to justify upon moral grounds the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity, and to rescue it from the undeserved odium that has gathered round it through, as it appears to me, a misconception of its true implication. Before proceeding with my task, let me observe that while I share the necessitarian doctrines of Professor Clifford and Miss Bevington, I repudiate all wish to identify myself with their religious, or rather non-religious, opinions. Belief in Necessity is no more a necessary correlative of Atheism than is belief in Free Will a necessary correlative of Theism. On the contrary, Predestinarianism (which is a form, and, as I venture to think, a very perverted form, of the doctrine of Necessity) has been supported and propagated, as every one knows, by our most eminent religious teachers—from St. Paul to St. Augustine; from St. Augustine to Calvin; and from him again to Jonathan Edwards. But while the doctrine of Free Will has never had to seek for support exclusively among *religious* teachers, it has had, I think,

to seek for it principally (at all events, in our day) among our great *moral* teachers; among those noble, self-devoted men and women, who, filled with the "enthusiasm of humanity," have sacrificed their time, money, and best energies to the reclaiming and education of the little waifs and strays of our larger cities, and upon whom this doctrine of Necessity weighs like an incubus, the open propagation of it filling them with an indignation that we can scarcely regard as other than righteous, seeing how well they must be aware from long experience what a very potent factor in self-improvement is the earnest endeavour after it on the part of the subject himself.

The supporters of the doctrine of Necessity, on the other hand, are to be found, I think, in our own day, mainly among men and women of cool critical judgment, honestly anxious for the calm investigation of truth; who, after carefully balancing the evidence for and against the doctrine, have arrived at the conclusion that the evidence for is greater than the evidence against it, and propagate their views unflinchingly with little regard to any ulterior consequences. Great as is my admiration for those persons who make the pursuit of truth the one object of their lives, and who brave all personal odium for the sake of disseminating what they believe to be their juster views; yet if misery and immorality can be directly traced as results of their plain speaking, I am almost inclined to side with those who hold that reticence is to be preferred to too much openness, that prudence is the better part of valour, and that on all such doubtful subjects silence is more golden than speech. But because I do not believe this to be the case with the question before us; because, on the contrary, I feel that until this doctrine of Necessity is rightly understood—until it is universally accepted and placed on a firm and logical basis, there can be no science of human nature properly so called, neither can Education be prosecuted in

any truly philosophical spirit; because I believe that the entire odium by which this doctrine of Necessity is surrounded can be traced to a misconception of its true meaning, I venture to open once more this much-vexed question.

The idea of "Freedom" as attaching to the human will appears as early as the Stoics. The virtuous man was said to be *free*, and the vicious man a *slave*. The epithets "free" and "slave," as thus severally applied, occur largely in the writings of Philo Judæus, through whom they probably extended to Christian theology. The modern doctrine of Free Will as opposed to Necessity first assumed prominence and importance in connection with the doctrine of original sin and the Predestinarian views of St. Augustine. In a later age it was disputed between Arminians and Calvinists, and it is this connection with Predestinarianism, I believe, that has been the origin of much of the obloquy that has fallen on the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity. Historically considered, the theological dogma of Predestinarianism is the offspring of a singularly repulsive form of Anthropomorphism. Consciously or unconsciously Predestinarian believers conceive God to be an omnipotent, tyrannical Being—creator of men and arbiter of their destinies. Some he predestinates to honour, others to dishonour; some to happiness, others to misery; some to virtue, others to vice; and, "try as they may" to escape their doom, the unhappy victims whom it has been his will to create evil, can, by no possible aid from themselves or from others, ever become good.

A greater contrast to the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity cannot be imagined than this anthropomorphic conception of Predestinarianism. Necessity repudiates *in toto* the immoral doctrine that a man cannot conquer his evil tendencies if he so desire, and prove the sincerity of his desire by strenuous endeavours after improvement and self-

conquest. Indeed, she pronounces this endeavour, this "try as he may," to be a very potent, if not the most potent, factor in moral perfection. But whence comes this factor? Clearly from one of two things. Either from the disposition of the person himself, in which case it becomes a factor in the organism, or from the persuasion or teaching of some friend or adviser, in which case it becomes a factor in the environment. Predestinarianism, then, consigns a man, under all circumstances, to the absolute dominion of his own evil tendencies. Philosophical Necessitarianism, on the other hand, merely asserts that certain causes under certain conditions must give rise to certain effects. Put a certain mental organism, that is to say, into a certain definite environment, and a corresponding definite character will as inevitably grow from it as from a certain definite seed, sown in particular soil, will be developed one kind of flower and no other. Nature throughout is one and uniform, and proceeds by rigid Law; and until we have convinced ourselves that in Ethics, as elsewhere, there reigns a Universal Causation, there can be no science properly so called of human nature. Gradually and slowly throughout the realm of knowledge the conception of Law and Necessity has taken the place of that of Chance and Spontaneity. One by one, each of the sciences as it has approached to perfection has abandoned the sovereignty of the latter influences for the former. Even Biology has yielded at last to their conquest. Psychology and Sociology will as inevitably succumb. Time was when miracle-cure, relic-cure, shrine-cure were the sole agencies invoked in relief of disease. Time was when it was peremptorily commanded that if a man had sore eyes he must invoke St. Clara; if he had an inflammation elsewhere he must turn to St. Anthony; if he had an ague he must pray for the assistance of St. Pernel.* We have learnt better now, and because

* Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe, Vol. II., p. 122.

the conception of Law and Necessity has taken the place of that of Chance and Spontaneity in the realm of Disease, the sciences of Physiology and Biology have been able to grow into existence. Slowly, but surely, the like conception will prevail in the realm of Ethics. Psychology and Sociology will take their proper place as recognised sciences. There is an exact parity of demonstration between the two. Given a consumptive, sickly infant, born of consumptive, sickly parents and grandparents: let his environment be one of straitened circumstances; let him, if he live past infancy (a thing in itself improbable), be put into some notoriously unhealthy occupation such as that of mines or sewage, and it follows from definite laws that he will be cut off before his prime. Again, let a healthy, sturdy infant, born of a healthy pedigree, be reared to youth in competence, and then put into some eminently healthy occupation such as that of a well-to-do gardener, farmer or gamekeeper, and, barring accidents and fevers, he will live in enjoyment of perfect health to a good old age. The same causation holds good in the realm of Ethics. Given a morally deficient child, the offspring of a vicious pedigree; let him be indoctrinated in vice from his infancy, shut out from every influence of good, encouraged in everything that is bad, and he will inevitably grow to be a scourge to society. Again, let a morally and mentally healthy child, the offspring of a virtuous pedigree, be brought up by a gentle, sympathising mother, by a just and intelligent father; let him be such a one, for instance, as Crawford Tait, and it follows by definite laws that his manhood and old age will be as productive of good as might be expected from such a childhood and such a youth.

"Thus far," Predestinarianism may reply, "you side with me. What is the life of Crawford Tait but an illustration of my doctrine that some vessels are born to honour; what of the other child you cite but that other vessels are born to

dishonour?" "The cases are not in point," Necessity will answer. "You imagine your vicious character to be the product of a certain doom foreordained from time immemorial. I imagine mine to be the product of a certain seed having been placed in a certain soil. You would deny that any alteration could take place through the environment or circumstances that may surround your vicious character. I, on the contrary, believe strongly in the modifying influences of environment that may surround mine. While I cannot shut my eyes to the pregnant facts contained in the Law of Heredity; while I am forced to acknowledge with reluctance and sorrow that a bad organism cannot be changed into a good one; while I admit, that is to say, that no organism can be radically *altered*, I yet not only hope, but feel perfectly sure that, with very few exceptions, every organism may be materially *modified*. A stinging-nettle will never be turned into a rose; but the fragrance and size of the rose depend much upon the soil it is in and the amount of water and sunshine it receives. A good seed put into good soil will certainly bring forth good fruit; a bad seed put into bad soil will with equal certainty bring forth bad fruit. But how about bad seed put into good soil, and good seed put into bad soil?"

The doctrine of Philosophical Necessity, then, is nothing more than the recognition of the invariable Law of Cause and Effect; of the great truth that in Ethics as elsewhere, there is no chance or spontaneity; but that Character is the inevitable product of a certain combination of organism with environment. Mr. Herbert Spencer has defined Life to be *The continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations*; * and, taking it on the whole, this, of many definitions, is, I think, the best that has been given. In the majority of cases the action and reaction between the organism and its environment balance each other. But here

* Principles of Biology, Vol. I., p. 80.

and there exceptions to the rule will be found. In cases of strong individuality the power of the organism is immensely in excess of the power of the environment, as will at once be seen by recalling to memory such of our great geniuses as have been "self-made men," and who have had to struggle to eminence through the most adverse circumstances. Again, there are other cases where the individuality is so slight that the power of the environment is greatly in excess of the organism, and the character will be entirely at the mercy of the circumstances by which it is surrounded. But still, in the majority of cases, for all practical purposes, the assertion that "Life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," will be found to be correct; and as an adumbration of this truth Character may be defined as "*Heredity plus environments.*"

"But," the supporter of the doctrine of Free Will may inquire, "if the character of my child is solely the product of Heredity and environments, if he have no power to amend his failings, why should I punish him?" "According to your own doctrine," Necessity might reply, "you ought not to punish him, since you do not believe in the universal law of Cause and Effect. Neglect your child as you may, some happy chance will arrive, some miraculous answer to your prayer take place, and the little reprobate become a child of grace. I, on the contrary, who am a believer in rigid Law, who hold that nothing proceeds uncaused, punish my child, because I think punishment is a potent factor in the environment that is slowly modifying his character." "But has my child no power over himself?" Free Will may inquire; "can he not love virtue for its own sake, and look upon the avoidance of vice as a more sacred thing than the avoidance of pain?" "Doubtless he can, *subject to two conditions.* Either his own moral perceptions must be sufficiently exalted for him to be able to

recognise the beauty of holiness—which exalted perception is a factor in the organism ; or he must be under the charge of those who know how to train him judiciously while he is yet young and his character pliant, so that from early habit and association virtue will gradually grow pleasurable to him and vice distasteful—which judicious training is a factor in his environment.” There are many cases—perhaps the majority—where encouragement, trust, and the force of good example will be found to be greater deterrents from vice than any amount of punishment; and it was owing to this discovery that Dr. Arnold was so singularly successful in the training of youth. Until parents and teachers recognise the fact that different characters require different treatment, as surely as different seeds require different soil—which is but another mode of recognising that certain effects can only proceed from certain causes—there can be no scientific process of Education. Until our eminent novelists recognise the fact that certain conduct can only arise from certain character, we may have exciting plots or humorous *dénouements*, but no accurate delineation of human nature as it in reality is. Perhaps I need scarcely excuse myself on the score of a digression, if, instead of proceeding with this essay in the somewhat dry form of philosophical discussion, I give expression to my views through the medium of a comparison between two novelists of equal eminence, equal repute, but one of whom I believe to be a radically unscientific writer, the other eminently scientific.

There is a wide-spread notion among many critics that the one thing needful for the creation of an able novel is that its author be an accurate observer of human idiosyncrasies. That this is a most necessary ingredient in the writer of fiction no one can deny ; but if he would aspire to take his place amongst our greatest masters, it is not enough. It appears to me that the difference between the careful observer of human idiosyncrasies and one who has

mastered the principles of Psychology, is the difference between a well-trained nurse and the skilful physician. The one can deal with special cases which come under her notice ; the other, in addition to this, knows efficiently the general laws of health and disease. His medical studies have taught him that where certain causes exist certain effects will follow ; and where certain effects have been observed the causes must be carefully investigated. There are many medical cases where the careful, well-trained nurse can supply the place of the wisest physician ; there are others where, for lack of sufficient technical knowledge, she does more harm than good. What applies to the investigator of the laws of the body, equally applies to the writer who attempts to describe the workings of the human mind. The good novelist may be likened to the well-trained nurse ; the exceptionally good novelist to the skilled physician. It is the difference, for instance, between Charles Dickens and George Eliot. Take Charles Dickens, where he is describing the idiosyncrasies of his fellow-creatures ; their tricks of manner, of voice, of gesture ; and he is not to be surpassed. But take him where he is attempting to describe the subtler operations of the human mind ; where mere superficial observation of outward peculiarities is insufficient, and he treads at once with uncertain step. Nay, I go even further than this, and pronounce one or two of his creations to be absolute impossibilities. I am not now alluding to the oft-repeated charge of the impossible perfection with which he so frequently endows his heroes and heroines. That virtue is rare is unfortunately true ; but only the pessimist believes it impossible. I do not quarrel with Dickens, because he occasionally draws us the picture of a perfect rose ; but because, without any adequate cause, he suddenly transforms the most meagre chaff into finest grain. I do not hesitate to say, for instance, that the portraiture of Mr. Dombey is an impossibility. Given a

character that is naturally cold, unsympathetic, and egoistic; let its environment lie in soil specially adapted for the growth of those qualities; let every one with whom it comes in contact bend down and flatter, and let the subject himself, sometimes unconsciously, but sometimes also consciously and wilfully, do all he can to thwart his better, and encourage his worse nature; let this state of affairs go on for sixty years, till egoism has grown into arrogance, and selfishness into positive cruelty, and I believe it to be an utter impossibility that in a moment of time the work of sixty years will be undone, and the cold, arrogant Mr. Dombey be transformed into the docile, grateful being he is represented to be at the close of the book. Let us glance for a moment at the leading incidents of his life.

When the book opens he is forty-eight years of age, handsome in appearance, stern and pompous in manner, with but one idea in his life—Dombey and Son. The only human affection of which he seems capable is love for this son, born so late in his married life. His daughter, during her earlier years, excites no other feeling in him than that of cold indifference. But as the years pass, and little Paul grows older, this indifference increases into jealous dislike. Paul loves her better than his father, and in that last bitter hour of his death it is his sister to whom he clings, not his father. Still, had Dickens determined to transform Mr. Dombey's character into one of gentleness and love, the period of Paul's death would surely have been the most probable. Death is a mighty softener and humbler of mankind. Even the most haughty will crave for sympathy and pity when under the shadow of its icy touch; and could Mr. Dombey be stirred with love to his daughter at all, now would surely be the time when Death, the great Reconciler, was in the house, and he had done nothing worse to her than neglect her; not ten years afterwards, when disgrace

and downfall—two calamities that will make many a victim much less proud than Mr. Dombey shrink from sympathy and condolence—were smiting him ; and when he had upon his conscience ten additional years of neglect to his daughter, occasionally amounting to unkindness and positive cruelty ; these additional years forming a very potent factor in the growth of his dislike. For it must not be forgotten, we can never indulge in persistent and undeserved unkindness to any one without getting at last to dislike our victim. If we will carefully analyse either our own character or the characters of others, we shall see that there is a constant tendency in every one to dislike those they have injured, and love those they have benefited. Startling as it may seem at first sight, it is nevertheless true—it is always easier for us to forgive those who have injured us than those we have injured. I have often tried to analyse the reason of this, and I think it lies in the fact that even in the most callous person there is a certain poor shred of conscience that will not allow him to injure the innocent without some stings of remorse. He therefore persuades himself, as an anodyne to his self-reproach, that his victim is not innocent, but wholly deserving of his behaviour. And if we once try to do this, if we wilfully shut our eyes to the many merits of a person and persistently brood over his few demerits—whether fancied or real—it is wonderful how vile and unworthy the noblest character may appear through the distorted medium of our own perverted fancy. Florence's devotion to his son was imagined by Mr. Dombey to be wilful stealing of his heart from his father ; her love for his wife, open rebellion against his authority as a husband. All her gentle and lovable qualities are perverted into so many crimes against himself, until at last even the tender sympathy she proffers him when his wife deserts him has only the effect of enraging him, and in a moment of frenzy he strikes her a blow that nearly fells

her to the ground. She flies his house ; she has no father—none. Even her love, patient and long-suffering as it has been, is exhausted. She will not hate him ; she has no feelings of revenge ; she only casts him out from her poor, bruised affections. She never speaks of him ; as far as possible she never thinks of him ; and by slow degrees he becomes to her as though he had never been : while he goes on in proud sullenness, betraying no anxiety about her, neither knowing nor caring where she is until the final crash comes. The house which has the keeping of his reputation fails ; Dombey and Son are ruined and disgraced. Then Florence, filled with compassion, throws herself at his feet, blaming herself, not him—begging his forgiveness for having left him.

Now, there is nothing improbable in this self-devotion—in the injured making the first efforts towards reconciliation with the injurer. Very loving sympathetic natures, until they have learnt by hard experience the positive necessity of self-control, are too often apt to charge themselves with sins they never committed, rather bearing all the blame themselves than utter the faintest reproach against those who have injured them. There was nothing, I say, improbable in Florence making the first effort at reconciliation ; but there is the greatest improbability in her father accepting it. He who had repelled her sympathy when they were fellow-mourners for little Paul ; he who had struck her when she longed to comfort him for his wife's desertion—was it likely that he would do anything else than spurn her when she intruded upon his privacy in his sore humiliation ? With his perverted fancy he would instantly have jumped to the conclusion that she only came to gloat over his disgrace ; or, if in spite of all, she had forced him to listen to her passionate, exaggerated expressions of self-accusation, he would have accepted her at her own value, claiming it as an additional proof that he had been

right in his evil judgment of her, that he was the aggrieved party and she the aggressor. It is only the generous who can comprehend extreme generosity; and had Mr. Dombey been capable of appreciating his daughter's magnanimity, most assuredly he would have been incapable of those long years of neglect, dislike, and cruelty. Whenever characters such as Mr. Dombey's are capable of turning in a moment of time from the height of haughtiness and arrogance to the extreme of gentleness and love, then, indeed, may we expect figs to come from thistles and grapes from thorns.

It is when depicting the subtler operations of the human mind that George Eliot, as it appears to me, surpasses not only Charles Dickens, but almost all the great writers of her time. She alone, of all our novelists, has, through her wide acquaintance with philosophy and psychology, been able to perceive that in the human mind, as elsewhere, certain seed can only be followed by certain fruit through the irrevocable law of cause and effect. In her earliest as in her latest works this principle is scrupulously followed; and it is for this reason that I am unable to agree with the opinion pronounced by so many critics, that George Eliot, through the learning and philosophy she has acquired of late years, is beginning to lose the freshness of her earlier style. Such critics forget that, before she brought out her first novel, this distinguished woman was the accomplished translator of Strauss and Feuerbach. In all her novels alike she so deals with the characters she creates that they appear to be gradually unfolded as the development of a flower from its minutest seed; and she never yields to the temptation, for the sake of a happy conclusion to her story, of twisting her characters into forms it would have been impossible for them in nature to assume. It is for this reason, notwithstanding the almost unparalleled circulation of her novels, that I believe George Eliot is a writer whose works are almost thrown away on the ordinary reader of the circulating

library type. She has, no doubt, the all-essential art of making her plot interesting; and it is to this art she owes her commercial success. But she has much more than this art. Her creations are psychological studies. She will be admired by the many, appreciated by the few. She is eminently a writer to be comprehended by the matured reader more than by the young; by the masculine mind more than by the feminine. Take the character of Hetty Sorrel, for instance. Who amongst us that was young when *Adam Bede* was published was not half angry with the author for making Hetty so cold and obstinately hard almost to the end? Sweet little Hetty! with her exquisite form, her childish beauty, her ignorant little nature! How unlikely that she would not melt at the sight of all the suffering she had so unwittingly caused. Surely, had she died of a broken heart, it would have been much more natural—certainly much more touching! It is only when we have found out by hard experience that we must not expect to find deeds of love or speeches of affection from persons whose natures are utterly devoid of all affection, that we begin to perceive how finely and accurately drawn is the character of Hetty Sorrel. For, from our first introduction to her until our final farewell, the author never lets us lose sight of the fact that she is incapable of any exalted aims; though at the beginning of our acquaintance with her she is depicted as free from any absolute vice, we are never allowed to forget that she is devoid of any virtue. She has no affection, no conscience, no gratitude. Her young heart is stirred by none of the innocent day-dreams of sweet girlhood. She thinks of no loving husband whom she will worship and cherish—no little children for whom she will slave and deny herself. Her whole thoughts are occupied with the fine house she will have, the dresses she will wear, the jewels with which she will decorate herself, and, above all, with the less fortunate who will envy her.

Does any sweet or sad memory mingle with this dream of the future—any loving thought of her second parents—of the children she had helped to tend—of any youthful companion, any pet animal, any relic of her own childhood even? Not one. There are some plants that have hardly any roots; you may tear them from their native nook of rock or wall, and just lay them over your ornamental flower-pot, and they blossom none the worse. Hetty could have cast all her past life behind her, and never cared to be reminded of it again. I think she had no feeling at all towards the old house, and did not like the Jacob's Ladder and the long row of hollyhocks in the garden better than other flowers—perhaps not so well. It was wonderful how little she seemed to care about waiting on her uncle, who had been a good father to her; she hardly ever remembered to reach him his pipe at the right time without being told, unless a visitor happened to be there, who would have a better opportunity of seeing her as she walked across the hearth. Hetty did not understand how any one could be very fond of middle-aged people. And as for those tiresome children, Marty and Tommy and Totty, they had been the very nuisance of her life. . . . Hetty would have been glad to hear that she should never see a child again; they were worse than the nasty little lambs that the shepherd was always bringing in to be taken special care of in lambing time; for the lambs *were* got rid of sooner or later. As for the young chickens and turkeys, Hetty would have hated the very word "hatching," if her aunt had not bribed her to attend to the young poultry by promising her the proceeds of one out of every brood. The round downy chicks peeping out from under their mother's wing never touched Hetty with any pleasure; that was not the sort of prettiness she cared about, but she did care about the prettiness of the new things she would buy for herself at Treddleston Fair with the money they fetched.—*Adam Bede.*

Such is the portraiture of Hetty Sorrel at the commencement of the tale; and the character is developed rigidly, truthfully to the end—I was well-nigh saying sternly, save that the author seems to pause at times as if filled with an infinite compassion for her own creation. This little Hetty—this petted, pampered little being, with whom every one—man and woman alike—is more than half in love, why

should it be that her future must be so unlike her past? This distracting, kitten-like maiden, with not much more conscience and intelligence than a dog, and far less affection—why should it be that her only mental characteristic of humanity is her infinite capacity for human suffering? But in spite of her compassion, the author proceeds with her task unfalteringly. There has been no affection or gratitude in Hetty in the days of her prosperity; there will be no compunction or self-forgetful distress in the days of her adversity. How can that come out which has never been in? And there has never been affection or love in Hetty save for herself. When she flies from Adam and her uncle and aunt to seek a refuge from her shame with Arthur, there is not even the faintest movement within her of any compunction for the strong, faithful man whom she has so terribly wronged, for her tender relatives upon whom she is bringing such calamity and shame. Her whole compassion is for herself. Even Arthur she flies to as a last resort. She does not love him now; she hates him—for is it not he who has brought upon her all this misery? She does, indeed, exhibit some little feeling—half remorse, half superstitious horror—after the murder of her child. This, too, is portrayed with rigid regard to probability. At seventeen or eighteen a woman cannot be matured in perfect wickedness. The poisonous tree is little more than a sapling. But had Hetty lived twenty or thirty years longer instead of dying ere her sentence was completed, she would, despite her beauty and despite her fascination, have been among the hardened criminals of her day. How can we expect fruit where there has been no seed? And in Hetty Sorrel's nature there has never been the faintest seed of duty or affection.

Now let us turn to *Rosamond Vincy*, in "Middlemarch," a character which, notwithstanding the striking divergence in their outward circumstances, I cannot but think greatly resembles that of Hetty Sorrel, although, in all probability,

the self-satisfied Miss Vincy would be very loth to admit any similarity. Nevertheless, if we look into the secret workings of their two small souls, we shall find there is very little to choose between them. They are alike in their selfishness, their absence of affection, their lack of any high moral ideal. Rosamond's love for Lydgate is very much in the same ratio as Hetty's for Arthur—that is to say, *with the exception of herself*, she loves him better than anything else; but this exception is enormous, and the consciousness that Lydgate was “a baronet's cousin, and almost in the county set,” was as necessary an ingredient in her love for him as was the hope of jewels and dresses in Hetty's for Arthur. Nay, somehow little Hetty Sorrel presents to me a more attractive figure than Miss Vincy. Perhaps it is that vanity and frivolity are less distasteful in an ignorant little village maid of seventeen than in a self-satisfied young lady of the pattern boarding-school type in the full maturity of twenty-two. Somehow the little, round, childish being strutting in pigeon-like stateliness in her poor room attired in comical odds and ends presents to me a more picturesque figure than the self-possessed damsel with the long neck and correct deportment faultlessly attired in her favourite blue. No fear is there of Miss Vincy yielding to seduction, as little as to a *mésalliance*; for is she not the highly decorous and pattern pupil at Miss Lemon's finishing school? And do not such young ladies invariably fail to see any temptation in vices that are unprofitable? External rewards and punishments depend more upon environment than upon organism. Selfishness and vanity in Hetty Sorrel, a poor little rustic of seventeen, lead to seduction, child-murder, and retribution. The same qualities in Rosamond Vincy, a matured young lady of twenty-two, and the daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer, lead to a carriage and pair, and a rich old husband for her second marriage. Providence, in the shape of worldly prosperity, does not always adapt itself to our moral deserts. We are children of a large family; and our busy mother

Nature seems to have too much to do to mete out rigidly a just proportion of reward or punishment. But though the ultimate destiny of a poisonous plant is uncertain—though here it may be thrown upon a dunghill, and there carefully treasured as a valuable aid in medicine—nothing will prevent a poisonous seed growing to a poisonous plant. Rosamond Vincy's character is as accurately traced to the end as Hetty Sorrel's. She had no love in her girlhood for her brothers and sisters; no gratitude and affection for her tender parents. What was wanting in her girlhood was equally wanting in her wifehood. As soon as her husband falls into poverty she begins to dislike him. She would willingly leave him to bear his sorrows by himself, and return to her parents, were it not that she is afraid of some slur being cast upon herself for doing so. She had married him because he was in a station higher than herself, and a baronet's cousin; and when he falls into undeserved disgrace, it is herself alone that she compassionates. She is touched with no memory of his tender care and love for her; she is filled with no ardent longings to generously defend him now he is under the ban of disgrace. She only thinks it very hard that the match, of which she had been so proud, should have so wofully disappointed her expectations. And when in the end he dies, still in his prime, after having weakly yielded all his nobler aims to her shallow judgment, she quickly comforts herself for his loss by taking, as his successor, a far more wealthy husband.

But finely drawn as are the characters of Hetty Sorrel and Rosamond Vincy, they do not equal, in my opinion, the really marvellous creation of *Tito Melema* in "*Romola*," which is unique, not only in George Eliot's own works, but almost in the entire fiction of our country. His character, also, has this advantage over that of Hetty or Rosamond, that it is of a more usual type; and, consequently, the lesson to be learnt from it is of wider and more general application. Fortunately for the world at large, charac-

ters so utterly devoid of all good feeling as Hetty's and Rosamond's are not of frequent occurrence. The majority of people are not black nor white, but various shades of grey; and although, it must be admitted, Tito's character is a somewhat dark shade of grey, it is by nature far removed from absolute black. When we are first introduced to him, he is by no means without redeeming qualities. He is very sweet-tempered; he cannot bear to be the witness of pain or misery in his fellow-creatures; and he will even undergo voluntarily a little trouble and inconvenience for the sake of alleviating the sufferings of those whom he compassionates. Even when he had sunk to his lowest, he was still capable of feeling true affection for Tessa and her children. At the beginning of the book he is gentle and kind to all alike; "but because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest deeds—such as make men infamous. He denied his father and left him to misery; he betrayed every trust that was reposed in him, that he might keep himself safe and get rich and prosperous."

The all-important lesson set forth in this work is the terrible reproductive power of wrong-doing, the inevitable propagation of one sin from another, until at last the good fruit is entirely overgrown and thrust out by the rapid inroads of pernicious weed. Our deeds are such mighty begetters and so fatally prolific. Every time we yield to temptation we are easier preys to fresh temptation. Every time we refuse to obey the impulses of our better nature it is more difficult for us in future to obey them. Habit is second nature, and, whether it be good or bad, the practice we dislike at the beginning because it is difficult, becomes pleasant to us in the end because it is facile. In every act, in every phase of our lives, the beginning is half of the whole. "Our lives make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a

moral tradition for the race ; and to have once acted greatly seems a reason why we should always be noble ;" and when we have once acted wickedly there is a fatal tendency to repeat the wickedness. In all her works alike George Eliot impresses the importance of this doctrine upon us : " Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds ; and until we know what has been or will be the peculiar combination of outward with inward facts, which constitutes a man's critical actions, it will be better not to think ourselves wise about his character. There is a terrible coercion in our deeds which may first turn the honest man into a deceiver, and then reconcile him to the change ; for this reason—that the second wrong presents itself to him as the only practicable right " (Adam Bede). And again, " Our deeds are like children that are born to us ; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never : they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness " (Romola).

And if it be said : Such a doctrine is immoral and dangerous ; let a person once believe it is impossible or even only difficult to free himself from the sin that is enthralling him, and he will despair instead of trying to improve ; the answer is, the doctrine is not immoral if it be true. On the contrary, the real immorality lies in our concealing a doctrine so important. We do not think it wicked to warn the incipient drunkard that, if he give way to drunkenness for years, he will find it more difficult to conquer the evil habit in the end than he would in the beginning. But even drunkenness, horrible as it is, is not so pernicious as more insidious sins, because it never ceases to appear to the subject himself other than horrible. Its evil effects are so obvious,—the bloated face, the shattered frame, the dissipated income,—that though the drunkard may never cease to love his wine and spirit, he seldom learns to love the sin of drunkenness itself. But with the more insidious sins of vanity, selfishness, and the negation of all

virtue, the danger lies in the fact of the slow, gradual loss of sensibility in the subject, so that deeds of baseness which he performs in the beginning with the greatest reluctance, he commits at last, through force of repetition, with the greatest ease. Sin has reached its most fatal depths when it is no longer regarded as sin. "The Hazazels of our world, who are pushed on quickly against their preconceived confidence in themselves to do dog-like actions by the sudden suggestions of a wicked ambition, are much fewer than those who are led on through the years by the gradual demands of a selfishness which has spread its fibres far and wide through the intricate vanities and sordid cares of an every-day existence" (Felix Holt). Tell this gentle, not unconscientious, though somewhat selfish, unloving girl of eighteen, for instance, that if she persistently indulge in her selfishness and hardness she will, by the time she is five-and-thirty, not only have alienated through her coldness and want of sympathy nearly every friend she formerly possessed, but will, by such indulgence, be the means of increasing upon herself the very sins that are the cause of the alienation; prophesy to her that her whole moral tone will be so gradually lowered that she will come to think it not in the least undutiful to neglect her father, to disobey her husband, sometimes positively to ill-treat her little child for no other reason than that she is devoid of all child-love—as she is, alas! devoid of all love save for herself; tell her all this, prophesy to her, now she is eighteen, what she will be at five-and-thirty, and she will exclaim with not unrighteous indignation, "Is thy servant a dog that she should do this thing?" Yet when the five-and-thirty years shall have been attained, when all these prophecies are fulfilled, she will no longer have sufficient moral perception left to render her aghast at what she has become. Unchecked egoism through nearly twenty years will have done its work too well. It will have penetrated every fibre of her moral constitution till all healthy perception has been deadened. She

will not perceive that she is to blame. She will only wonder, with plaintive self-pity, why people should so studiously avoid her; why persons who are on all sides credited with exceptional amiability and charm of manner, should appear to her so wofully unamiable and deficient in charm. She will not know that the fault lies in herself. She will be ignorant that by her wholesale censure and discontent, she is affording the more thoughtful observer a striking illustration of the doctrine of automorphism; for she is creating every person in the likeness of herself, and naturally dislikes the result. Of all this she will be unconscious. She will only be aware of a lurking, scarcely acknowledged sensation that notwithstanding perfect health and ample competence, she is far removed from being happy, and leap to the conclusion that others are the aggressors, not herself. It is so natural and easy for us to feel ourselves the aggrieved party when we only take into account the duties others owe to us, and are totally oblivious of the claims those others in their turn have upon us.

Yet if the naturally selfish person had only been acquainted, while yet in his youth, with the irrevocable law of Cause and Effect in human nature as elsewhere, he might have been able to prevent his selfishness from increasing to such dimensions. Although we must never expect to find the full perfection of good in persons as wholly devoid of right tendencies as Hetty or Rosamond, we must yet remember that evil tendencies, as other things, perish by lack of use; and that in characters made up of a mixture of good and evil, such as Tito Melema's, the good may be so increased by what it feeds on, the evil so dwarfed by lack of food, that the character will be so materially modified as to appear to the general observer radically altered. Every blacksmith and every ballet-girl testify to the fact that by practice the muscles of the arms and legs may be increased to more than their normal size.

Every plodding scholar, who is not otherwise unusually gifted, is a positive proof of what the brain can be trained to do by industry and patience. So every character, unless it be born with some radical defect in it, has the power of modifying itself into less good or less bad than it is by nature. Faults which are easy to conquer at eighteen are immensely more difficult to conquer at five-and-thirty; at sixty practically impossible. As well might we believe that a voice that is naturally harsh and croaking, and about which there has been no attempt at development or training, will suddenly, at the age of sixty years, transform itself into that of an Adelina Patti; as well might we believe that a naturally feeble intellect, which has never attempted to exercise itself upon anything more difficult of comprehension than a fifth-rate novel, will at the age of sixty years suddenly become capable of the conceptions of a Newton; as believe that a man possessing the arrogance and sternness of Mr. Dombey will suddenly become endowed at the age of sixty years with the extreme gentleness and tenderness which Dickens represents his hero to possess at the close of the book.

The great lesson, then, to be learnt from George Eliot is, in the first place, the recognition that in human nature, as elsewhere, certain fruit can only be the product of certain seed; and in the second that Vice and Virtue are increased by performance. Like so many other things in nature, they exhibit a tendency to grow by what they feed on. She does not therefore—as so many moralists—frighten away her readers from sin by the ignoble fear of punishment either in this world or the next, but by the nobler dread of moral self-deterioration.

“But,” may argue the supporter of Free Will, “is not this just what I contend for? Is not your whole comparison between the scientific and the unscientific novelist a proof that every individual can modify his character if he but try

while there is yet time? And does it not prove my theory that every person is endowed with that mysterious, uncaused power which I name Free Will, because it enables its possessor to reject the evil or accept the good, according to his own volition?" To which criticism I can but repeat what was said in the earlier portion of this paper: doubtless he can modify himself *subject to the two conditions of his own organism and his own environment*. He must either loathe sin through his own innate love of purity; or he must gradually learn to loathe it because of his growing acquaintance with its inevitable consequences. There are few greater preventives to vice than an adequate knowledge in early youth of its logical consequents.

We are most of us familiar with the fable of the two knights, who quarrelled about the self-same shield because each of them saw one side of it alone. It appears to me, as far as the morality of the question goes, the disputants of the Free Will and Necessity controversy are somewhat in the same position. It is not a little singular how even the ablest supporters of the doctrine of Free Will, when arguing in favour of it, concede by implication all that Necessity demands. Even Dr. Carpenter (for whom I feel so great a reverence that it is with diffidence I venture to criticise him), as it appears to me, falls into this error.

In the Preface to the fourth edition of his "Mental Physiology," in commenting upon the baneful and immoral consequences likely to be the result of a belief in the doctrine of Necessity, he says:—

I can imagine nothing more paralyzing to every virtuous effort, more withering to every noble aspiration, than that our children should be brought up in the belief that their characters are entirely formed for them by 'heredity' and 'environments;' that they *must* do whatever their respective characters impel them to do; that they have no other power of resisting temptations to evil than such as may spontaneously arise from the knowledge they have acquired of what they ought or ought not to do, &c., &c.

What does all this mean but that *discouragement* at attempts at self-improvement is a very potent factor for evil in the "environment" of a child, as *encouragement* is an equally potent factor for good?

Again, in the first chapter of the same work he says :—

A being entirely governed by the lower passions and instincts, whose higher Moral Sense has been repressed from its earliest dawn by the degrading influence of the conditions in which he is placed, who has never learnt to exercise any kind of self-restraint, who has never heard of a God, of Immortality, or of the worth of his soul, . . . can surely be no more morally responsible for his actions than the lunatic.

What is all this but conceding to the Necessitarian that a bad organism put into a bad environment cannot help being bad? Still further, when, with evident reference to his sister, he speaks "of the benevolent individuals who know how to find out the holy spot in every child's heart," does he not really imply that the noble sister, of whom he is so justly proud, was a most potent factor for good in the "environment" of every child who was fortunate enough to come under her benign influence?

But while the difference between the real *moral aims* of the supporters of Free Will and Necessity is little more than verbal, the retention of the term *Free Will* is altogether vicious. It is a metaphysical entity which cannot be too soon abandoned. If by "Free" is meant that which is *uncaused* or *subject to no laws* (and I imagine it must have this meaning or none), then a belief in Free Will is as much a remnant of ignorance as is belief in incantations or shrine cures. Early ideas concerning thought and feeling ignored everything like Cause, as much as still earlier ideas concerning health and disease ignored everything like Cause. Until it was discovered that health and sickness did not arise spontaneously, but could invariably be ~~traced~~ to some antecedent cause; until it was observed that they ~~disappeared~~ miraculously in answer to prayer, but

always as the result of some particular mode of treatment, there could be no science of medicine, properly so called. There is a like analogy in the realm of Ethics. Until the fact is recognised that there is a scientific basis for Morals, there can be no science of Education in the full sense of the word. Until the conceptions of chance and spontaneity are eliminated from Psychology equally with Biology or Astronomy, we can have no adequate acquaintance with the laws of human nature. I fully agree with Professor Clifford that "moral reprobation and responsibility cannot exist unless we assume the efficacy of certain special means of influencing character."* Once admit that there is in each of us a metaphysical entity, independent of cause, and subject to no conditions, named Free Will, and it follows that though the "Will" may be "free," we ourselves are the helpless slaves of that Will. If it be subject to no conditions; if, that is to say, indulgence in past vices acts as no deteriorating influence from future virtues; if long indulgence in indolence does not make it difficult to be industrious, or long indulgence in frivolous pursuits does not predispose us to dislike sensible ones; if, in a word, this mighty mysterious uncaused entity, Free Will, has the power to make us what we will at any moment of our lives, without any reference to our past habits, to our restraint or absence of restraint, to whether we are old and hardened or young and pliant; then, indeed, we have no right to punish for crime or reward for virtue. What effect can rewards or punishments have upon this uncaused entity, superior to all conditions?

I do not believe that there is a single scientific supporter of the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity who would deny that we have volitions. All he would assert is that those volitions are the product of heredity, strongly modified by environment; in a word, that our volitions are not indepen-

* *Lectures and Essays*, Vol. II., p. 120.

dent of conditions. They are subject to definite laws ; they live and grow and beget volitions like unto themselves. Thus each man's early life has a most potent influence upon his later life.

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.

Surely there is nothing in this doctrine that need excite the moral indignation of those noble souls who are devoted to the service of their fellows. Surely the open recognition of it must tend to good and not to evil. It cannot be called irreligious, since even in its perverted form it has been preached by eminent religionists. It cannot be called immoral, since the full acceptance of it leads to the highest morality. For it should make such as are conscious of being more free from vice than their fellows humble and grateful instead of puffed up ; since it teaches them how much they owe to the judicious training of those about them, how much more, perhaps, to the inherited virtues of their ancestors. It should make them lenient and tender to such as are ignoble and vicious—even though for their own sakes they will not refrain from punishing them—knowing full well their disadvantages both of heredity and environment. And, lastly, it should make them regard it as a positive duty to succour and assist their weakly brethren, who without their aid might perish on the thorny road towards perfection. It is a grave, almost an awful responsibility, from which, nevertheless, we may not turn away our eyes, that each one of us now living can be a potent factor for good or evil in the environment of those with whom we have to do. Still greater responsibility is it to be made aware of the fact that through the *necessary* laws of heredity we must transmit with increased vigour our virtues and vices equally with our health and disease to our unborn offspring. Surely the humane man can have no greater deterrent from vice than the knowledge that it largely depends upon himself, upon his

own restraint or absence of restraint, whether his posterity be happy or miserable.

If this be so—if each one of us can be a potent factor for good or evil in the environment of his fellows; if mental, moral, and physical qualities are inheritable by posterity—a doctrine every psychologist and physiologist will attest—surely we should not keep our children in ignorance of knowledge of such paramount importance. It should be taught them by their parents—it should be preached to them from the pulpit. When they arrive at a marriageable age they should be told to pause before they unthinkingly ally themselves with a family that has been for generations physically, mentally, and morally deteriorating. Lastly, we should teach them that by early application and restraint they may be largely creators of their own future; not from the spontaneous interference of an uncaused entity—Free Will—but from the *necessary* law of cause and effect. Throughout the realm of Nature this law runs: Like begets Like. The reward of the practice of virtue is increased easiness in virtue till gradually vice becomes impossible. The penalty of indolence or baseness is increased indolence and baseness till virtue becomes impossible. To conclude with a passage from Spinoza:—

The necessity of things which I contend for abrogates neither divine nor human laws; the moral precepts, whether they have or have not the shape of commandments from God, are still divine and salutary; and the good that flows from virtue and godly love, whether it be derived from God as a ruler and law-giver, or proceed from the constitution, that is, the necessity of the Divine nature, is not on this account less desirable. On the other hand, the evils that arise from wickedness are not the less to be dreaded and deplored because they necessarily follow the actions done.*

CONSTANCE PLUMPTRE.

* Spinoza: His Life, Correspondence, and Ethics, By R. Willis, M.D., p. 355.

ENGLAND'S OPIUM DEALINGS.

W^E may regret, but we shall hardly wonder that, amidst the heated or wearisome debates on representative atheism and Irish disturbances which stretched the recent session of Parliament to so unwelcome a length, the discussion raised by Mr. J. W. Pease on the 4th of June attracted but limited attention. All the force of political feeling in the House of Commons has again and again been focused on the affairs of the nearer East. The distant sounds of war will even engage the warmest interest of our representatives in the affairs of Afghanistan or South Africa. But, in ordinary times at least, the economy of our Indian Empire, with its 200,000,000 souls, is too dull a topic to enlist the attention of the Legislature; and when our senators are invited to project their thoughts to that yet vaster territory which stretches over the remoter Orient and swarms with a population probably twice as great, they feel that the demand is a little preposterous, and quickly revert to matters nearer home. Never since the famous occasion on which Lord Palmerston successfully appealed from a House of Commons fairly roused against the iniquity of his policy to a country which liked his pluck and did not mind his bullying, has the tremendous question of our commercial and political relations with China fairly taken hold of the minds of the English Parliament or the English people.

On the 4th of June last the member for South Durham rose "to call attention to the revenue of India, derived

from the cultivation of the poppy and the traffic in opium, and the duties levied thereon; and to the position of the relations between this country and China in relation to the trade in opium." We shall presently return to the debate that resulted. We note it now only because the speeches of Mr. Pease, Mr. Mark Stewart, and those who followed on the same side, constitute the last important attempt to arouse the conscience of the nation to its crimes and its duties in reference to the traffic in opium.

The opium debates of the House of Commons stand at long intervals apart. The last before this summer was raised by Mr. Mark Stewart in 1875. Previously to that, Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) had raised the question in the House of Commons in 1843, and in the House of Lords in 1857. In 1870, Sir Wilfrid Lawson raised it in the Lower House. In forty years five times only has this subject been fairly discussed within the British Parliament;—by the representatives of the people, four times only. England's opium policy has been guided not from St. Stephen's, but first from Leadenhall Street and latterly from Downing Street; and both Leadenhall Street and Downing Street have, in this matter, been governed from Calcutta.

Never yet has the English nation given ear to the story of this policy. Never yet has a first-class statesman seriously approached its discussion. Yet the suffering, the injustice, the demoralisation with which our opium dealings are bound up are more than deep and wide enough to rank the question raised by them, as a problem pressing for solution, with the emancipation of the Turkish Provinces or the pacification of the Irish people.

We shall with all possible brevity recall the facts up to the present date.

It is a popular error to suppose that the love of opium is, with the Chinese, "racial." Till late in the last century

it was cultivated, imported, or consumed merely as a medicine. Up to 1767 the annual import had rarely exceeded two hundred chests. In that year it suddenly rose to a thousand chests, and from that year accordingly we roughly date the vicious consumption of the drug in the Chinese Empire. It is a second and still more popular error to suppose that China cherished any "racial" dislike of foreign commerce. It is true that the country contains within itself resources which render external trade unnecessary to its development; yet long centuries before Dutch or Venetian keels ploughed the ocean, Chinese trade was active in Central Asia; and embassies, in recent times so unwillingly received or equipped, were freely exchanged, not with Persians and Arabs alone, but with the Rome of the Emperors and the Western Europe of Charlemagne.* It was when the modern European—first of all, the Portuguese—carried his wares and his manners to Canton, that the Chinese people began to shrink within their shell. In 1773 the first slight beginnings of the British opium trade find record. Seven years later the East India Company established a *dépôt* near Macao on the estuary of the Canton River; and in 1781 Warren Hastings sent sixteen hundred chests of opium thither—but the speculation proved anything but remunerative. In 1785 the East India Company began selling the opium monopoly, which they had previously bestowed on favourites. In 1795 the Company took the important step of abolishing individual monopolists altogether, and themselves became the sole cultivators and sellers of opium in British India.

The net opium revenues of India had now touched £200,000 in one year, though the fluctuation was enormous,

* See Rémusat, *Nouveaux Mélanges Asiatiques*, I., 69; Pauthier, *Relations Politiques de la Chine avec les Puissances Occidentales*, 5-24; Laffitte, *De la Civilisation Chinoise*, 184; Le Marquis d'Hervey St. Denys, *La Chine devant l'Europe*.

and the Government of China saw that it had to face a great and growing evil in the temptation and demoralisation of its people. Accordingly, in 1799, the Emperor Kien-lung issued the most vigorous decrees forbidding the importation of the drug, and denouncing transportation—afterwards changed to death by strangling—against all who should be guilty of opium smoking. In the following year this action was followed up by the proclamation of such serious penalties on smuggling, that the “supercargo,” who represented the Company in Chinese waters, actually urged on that body the total stoppage of the trade, and for a time the Company desisted at least from employing their own craft in the traffic. But still the evil grew. Some years later the Chinese Governor of Canton required the *hong* merchants—a native guild—who alone could lawfully trade with the Europeans, to give bonds for every ship arriving, certifying her free from opium. The representatives of the Company at Calcutta still withheld their ships, but vigorously pushed the trade, their profits therefrom rising after half a dozen more seasons to a million sterling, one thirteenth part of the total net revenue of British India.

The Directors in Leadenhall-street were not quite easy always about the part they were playing, and in 1817 they wrote to Calcutta that, could they completely abolish the consumption of opium, they “would gladly do it in compassion for mankind.” Yet they certainly made no great efforts in that direction, but continued to pocket the growing proceeds of the splendid and lucrative monopoly. Indeed, they permitted their servants in India to extend their operations enormously. No longer content to reap the crops which flowered on soil in British keeping, they cast greedy eyes on the white fields of the native princes of Central India. From 1818 to 1830 they compelled those princes to grant to them the exclusive right to buy and sell this native opium also, and in the latter year they commuted

this monopoly to a pass-duty exacted on every chest passing through British territory ; and through British territory alone could this Malwa produce reach the coast. The duty, fixed first at 175 rupees a chest, was raised by degrees to the huge sum of 700 rupees ; and it has now, we believe, under the direct Imperial Government, long stood at 600 rupees, or £60. At the present time about 40 per cent. of our total opium revenue is exacted from the native-grown Malwa drug.

In 1821 the Governor of Canton again threw himself with the utmost earnestness into the cause of suppression. He proclaimed the English, the Portuguese, and the Americans responsible for the baneful and illegal trade. Of these the Americans alone had some excuse, since they, he declared, had no king to teach them what was right.

But we approach the time when at last China sought, by some sterner means than mere remonstrance, to clear her shores of the foreign smugglers who swarmed with their pernicious wares upon her coast.

The trading charter of the East India Company expired in 1834, and the British Government took the regulation of the China trade into their own hands. The hapless Lord Napier, the first Superintendent of Trade appointed from London, fell a speedy victim to the worry and embarrassment of an intolerable situation, which his wanton deportment had not tended to ameliorate. It was Captain Elliot who was called upon to face the difficulties of the post when the tension of affairs approached a crisis. On the side of the British the determination to force the obnoxious opium upon the Chinese market had never been so relentless or so reckless. It must be remembered that this was no mere smuggling enterprise, no mere systematic evasion of a legal impost. There was no legal duty upon opium. Its importation was absolutely illegal. Its sale or its consumption by a Chinese subject was, for good or evil, a

capital offence. Armed desperadoes were the carriers of this extraordinary commerce. British merchants fitted out gunboats, laded them with opium, and sent them to seek inlets for that merchandise anywhere on the south-east coast of China; the factories of Canton were crammed with the illegal commodity, in sheer defiance alike of Cantonese and imperial law. All official China was in commotion at the traffic. Heu Nai Tsai, in despair of its suppression, memorialised the Emperor, rather than that the drug should thus be poured into the country, to legalise its importation, while checking the amount by the imposition of a high and rigorous duty. Chu Tsun and Hu Kui, statesmen of distinguished parts, met this desperate appeal with a counter-memorial in favour of the most strenuous measures for the stamping out of the trade. The Emperor referred the point to a vote taken, far and wide, among the high officials of the provinces. By an overwhelming majority they gave their voice for the imperative suppression of the trade. The Government, with grim determination, elected this sterner policy. The famous Lin came down to Canton with full powers as Imperial Commissioner. On the 10th of March, 1839, he wrought a deed pregnant in consequences as the casting of the tea into the waters from the wharves of Boston. Every remonstrance, every negotiation, every threat had proved in vain. Lin seized more than twenty thousand chests of opium, worth a hundred pounds the chest, and cast their contents into the Canton River. He held the merchants for several days confined within the limits of their factories. He extorted from the majority of them a bond never again to attempt to introduce opium into the Chinese Empire. He proclaimed all trade with the British nation at an end.

It was this bold and uncompromising effort to thrust the trade of England from her shores that promptly brought upon China the heavy hand of our retaliation. Our first

opium war ended, as all who knew the respective strength of the combatants foresaw, in the utter discomfiture of China. Lin's policy brought death to thousands of his countrymen and humiliation to his country. At the point of the sword we demanded and obtained the Treaty of Nankin. Four new ports were thereby opened to British trade; Hong Kong, but a mile from the mainland, became a British possession; twenty-one million dollars were paid over to the British from the Chinese exchequer. The treaty declared, indeed, that "if any smuggle goods, the goods will be liable to confiscation;" but, for all that, six million dollars were claimed and paid as compensation for the opium drowned in the Canton River, our Government saving its consistency by considerably reducing the amount as it was paid from the hands that had wrung it from the Chinese into those of the merchants who had suffered.

By the terms of the treaty no point was nominally yielded on the Chinese side in the matter of opium. Such concession could only have been won by a renewal of hostilities.

During the next thirteen years the export of opium from India to China rose from twenty-five thousand to nearly seventy thousand chests. With increasing quantities a completer system became necessary in its introduction on the coast of China. Our merchants maintained a fleet of vessels defensively and offensively equipped for the service. Hong Kong became a most convenient base for the operations of the invaders; and the Chinese associated with this and kindred enterprises found there a congenial home. Armed and open smuggling finds in piracy an industry not wholly alien to itself. The authorities of Hong Kong could not nicely distinguish the allied enterprises of the crews that left their convenient harbour. A system sprang up, at once having an appearance of orderliness and bringing in revenue to the colonial exchequer, by which Chinese-owned boats could

take an annual licence from the Hong Kong Government, and while in its enjoyment hoist the British flag should the river-police or the revenue cruisers of the Chinese press too closely upon their sterns.

The lorcha "Arrow" was in the enjoyment of this privilege. Her term of licence had, indeed, run out some eleven days since. But her master, an Englishman, and his Chinese crew, were not particular to a week or two, and on the 8th of October, 1856, she was still flying English colours in the Canton River. She had, however, for some time been "wanted" by the native authorities, and on that day she was boarded by order of Commissioner Yeh. Whether the British flag which covered her piracy, and which by Hong Kong rules themselves she had ceased to have any claims to fly, was actually hauled down by her assailants is matter of dispute: but the twelve native seamen were arrested. Nine of them, not implicated in piracy, were liberated at once on the demand of the English consul; the other three, pirates by their own confession, were also restored on further pressure from Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hong Kong. But neither the apology nor the reparation which Sir John asked of Commissioner Yeh being forthcoming, our second great Chinese war was the swift and terrible result.*

Once more hopelessly defeated, China had to listen to our conditions of peace in 1858, the same year in which the direct government of British India was transferred from the discredited Company to the English Crown. The Treaty of Tien-tsin, originally signed on June 26, 1858, was not ratified till October 24, 1860, the Chinese having meanwhile

* The incident of the "Arrow" cannot, indeed, be supposed to have been anything more than the convenient occasion of our second war. On February 12, 1857, there was presented to the House of Lords a ponderous Blue-book of 228 pages, under the title of "Insults in China." This was a convenient repertory of *casus belli* for use when wanted.

renewed hostilities,* which we avenged by the march upon Peking, and the sacking and looting of the Summer Palace.

By that treaty we established an ambassador at Peking; we compelled the opening of five more sea-ports, and of the great Yang-tze River; we set up the system of "extraterritoriality"—next to opium the sorest point to this day in our relations with China, making the English consul and English law the judge and the code by which to try cases of dispute between the Englishman and the Chinaman in China;† we fined Canton four million dollars; we adjusted the internal transit duties of China, so far as they concerned our merchandise, to our own ideas; and we extorted the legalisation of the introduction of our opium at a fixed duty, in no case exceeding 10 per cent. Having got these terms, we forebore from more. "We came to the conclusion," said Lord Elgin, our plenipotentiary, "that on practical grounds, and apart from certain considerations of morality and justice, which might, perhaps, be urged on behalf of the Chinese Government, it would be unwise to drive it to despair, and, perhaps, to extreme measures of resistance."

For the moment the opposition of Peking to the now recognised and legalised traffic was silenced. But the Chinese ministers watched their opportunity for renewed remonstrance. The negotiations of 1869, for the revision of the Treaty of Tien-tsin, presented the occasion sought. In July of that year the Tsungli Yamen (Foreign Office) addressed to Sir R. Alcock the most urgent petition for the abandonment of the trade. They referred to the deep

* Such is the common English account of the matter; but Mr. Bruce's attempt to force the Peiho River, which resulted in his repulse by the garrison of the Takoo forts, may fairly be considered an act of aggression on our part.

† See the valuable discussion on extraterritoriality in Mr. Hart's Memorandum, in the Blue-book on China, No. 3, 1877 (Further Correspondence on the Murder of Mr. Margary), p. 19.

resentment with which it filled the minds of the people generally :—

The Chinese merchant supplies your country with his goodly tea and silk, conferring thereby a benefit upon her; but the English merchant empisons China with pestilent opium. Such conduct is unrighteous. Who can justify it? What wonder if officials and people say that England is wilfully working out China's ruin, and has no real friendly feeling for her? The wealth and generosity of England is spoken of by all; she is anxious to prevent and anticipate all injury to her commercial interest. How is it, then, she can hesitate to remove an acknowledged evil? Indeed, it cannot be that England still holds to this evil business, earning the hatred of the officials and people of China, and making herself a reproach among the nations, because she would lose a little revenue were she to forfeit the cultivation of the poppy!

This petition was ignored, but the Convention, which Sir Rutherford at last agreed to, proposed so far to second the views of the Chinese as to permit China to raise the import duty on opium from thirty to fifty taels per chest, that is, from one-sixth to about one-fourth of the rate at which the Indian Government, for its own profit, charges the Malwa crop before it sails for China at all. The Convention, however, roused the fierce opposition of the British Chambers of Commerce, and was never ratified. China remained bound as before. The Calcutta authorities, indeed, were little likely to listen to the entreaties of the Mandarins, seeing that the Hon. J. Strachey had, on the previous 20th of April, on behalf of his Government, drawn up a minute to the effect that "immediate measures of the most energetic character ought to be taken, with the object of *increasing* the production of opium."

Early in 1875 the Indian Government despatched a small and peaceful expedition through Burmah into the South-western province of Yunnan, to explore and report on possible routes for inland trade. The commodity of which

that trade would principally consist it is not difficult to conjecture. Passports were obtained from the Tsungli Yamen by Mr. Wade, but no very precise explanation of the purpose of the expedition was given at Peking. Mr. Margary, an able and gallant young officer, was despatched, through China, to meet and assist the visitors. He reached them safely, but having again separated from them, he was attacked and murdered at Manwyne, near the Burmese border; and Colonel Browne himself was immediately afterwards driven back into Burmah, by troops that appeared to be Chinese.

So opens the last chapter in the story of our opium dealings and its consequences. For a year and a-half Mr. Wade (now Sir Thomas) pressed the Chinese Government for reparation. He took advantage of this new catastrophe to demand the pecuniary settlement of outstanding and disputed accounts, a re-settlement of diplomatic etiquette, a stricter enforcement of the commercial clauses of the Treaty of Tien-tsin. By degrees he dropped all demands but that for a searching investigation of the Yunnan outrage, with English assessors at the trial. The trial was held, but no one could pretend to think that the guilty had been condemned, or that justice had been done. Fresh negotiations, threats, proposals, counter-proposals succeeded. At last Sir T. Wade, with plenipotentiary powers, met the Grand Commissioner, Li Hung Chang, who was endowed with like powers by his own Government, at Chefoo. On September 13, 1876, the two ministers signed the Chefoo Convention.

That Convention comprised articles under four heads: the settlement of the Yunnan case; terms of intercourse between Chinese and British officers; conditions of trade; and the despatch of a British mission of exploration through certain provinces of China. These articles were, for the most part, concessions to England. They compre-

hended the opening of various new ports to British trade, and licence to steamers to touch at various towns on the Great River; the publication of proclamations throughout the Empire, calling upon the people to protect all foreigners travelling with passports; the payment of 200,000 taels to Great Britain; and so forth. On the other hand, Sir T. Wade agreed that those internal duties upon opium (called *likin*) which passed it from province to province within the Empire, and which had hitherto been constantly evaded, should be collectable in one sum by the Chinese Government at the port of import. The merchant was to deposit his opium in bond until opportunity of sale occurred, when he himself should pay the tariff duty, and the purchaser should pay the whole *likin*. Further, Sir Thomas agreed that drawback should not be allowed on re-exported British goods after a term of three years from their original importation, and that the boundaries of the treaty ports should be exactly defined. It was stipulated further that while the opening of the ports, and so forth, should be carried out within six months, the British concessions concerning *likin* should come into force "as soon as the British Government has arrived at an understanding on the subject with other foreign Governments."

Sir T. Wade and Li Hung Chang signed this Convention on September 13, 1876. On September 17, an Imperial decree was promulgated at Peking,—“Let effect be given to what has been proposed.” That is, the Chinese ratification was given in just four days. Within six months the ports were open, the fine was paid, the proclamation was posted throughout the towns and cities of the Empire :* that is, the Chinese punctually fulfilled every article of the Convention. Four years have passed away, and the Convention remains unratified on our side. Again and again ministers have been pressed in both Houses of Parliament; but no

* China, No. 3 (1877), pp. 92, *seq.*

explanation is forthcoming of this extraordinary delay in the formal sanction of a plenipotentiary's act. Lord Salisbury, indeed, naïvely informed a deputation that the ratification of the opium clauses would have the effect of rendering smuggling impossible—precisely what we should have supposed that honest men would most desire. It is known that the Indian Government has been consulted, though its answer is concealed; and we are told that fresh negotiations have been going on in Peking. The British Chambers of Commerce have this time memorialised strongly in favour of the Convention. But without explanation or justification the Foreign Office continues to prolong precisely such delays as have formed again and again the text of vehement charges by Sir T. Wade against the probity of the Court of Peking; and while we are enjoying every benefit which the Chefoo agreement proposed to confer on us, the conditions on which they were granted remain withheld from China. We continue to pour our opium into her ports, well knowing that it is smuggled from province to province with impunity because we postpone our sanction of the only possible means of prevention. In 1878 we sent 72,423 peculs, or 9,656,400 lbs. avoirdupois, of opium to China. Its value was 32,262,957 taels, or £10,754,319.

We have endeavoured, without partisanship, to record undisputed facts. An apology is due, perhaps, for filling our pages with history that is, at least in outline, generally known.* If so, the excuse must be that, if generally known, it is not generally heeded. Whatever moral impression is left by our record, is the result of that unvarnished record itself, and not of any comment which we have hitherto permitted ourselves to make. Yet we conceive that the

* We cannot refrain from recommending to the reader the essay on "England and China," by Dr. J. H. Bridges, in "International Policy." London: Chapman and Hall. 1866.

impression produced will not redound to the glory of England.*

It is not possible in the few pages which remain at our disposal to adduce all the facts which should deepen that impression to one of indignant pain, or to disprove the sundry allegations which are made in mitigation of judgment. Opium by English law is a poison, and may only be sold under the regulations for poisons. Such is the all-sufficient reply to those who urge that it is parallel to ardent spirits. It is still as illegal as ever to consume it in China, although we have compelled its legalisation as an import. It is also illegal to grow it. But our action has paralysed the Imperial Government, and only here and there and now and then is an unusually vigorous provincial governor able to stem the tide of indulgence. There are districts to-day where the majority of the men are opium-smokers, others where one in three have succumbed to the vice, and few, indeed, where it has not fastened upon a large proportion of the population. Its effects are far more deadly than those of alcohol, not, indeed, showing themselves in violence, but reducing the victim to bankruptcy of body, mind, and soul, and where once the habit has laid hold of a man it defies him ever to throw it off.† Men sell

* Sir T. Wade, himself an active agent in enforcing the will of England upon China, writes:—"Nothing that has been gained was received from the free will of the Chinese. The concessions made to us have been from first to last extorted against the conscience of the nation—in defiance, that is to say, of the moral convictions of its educated men—not merely of the office-holders, whom we call Mandarins, and who are numerically but a small proportion of the educated class, but of the millions who are saturated with the knowledge of the history and philosophy of their country."

† Sir Thomas Wade writes thus:—"It is to me vain to think otherwise of the use of the drug in China than as of a habit many times more pernicious, nationally speaking, than the gin and whisky drinking which we deplore at home. It takes possession more insidiously, and keeps its hold to the full as tenaciously. I know no case of radical cure. It has insured in every case within my knowledge the steady descent, moral and physical, of the smoker."

their children and their wives to purchase the fatal pipe. The Christian missionary will not baptise an opium smoker.

But it is said that the Chinese Government is not sincere in its desire to be rid of the trade from which it derives so large a revenue. The Chinese revenue from opium is but a *bagatelle* in the sixty millions which Imperial taxation yields. Clear away the official and popular corruption which opium fosters, and those sixty millions could easily be made a hundred.* Moreover, the Government has given every conceivable proof that it is in the direst earnest; so much so that it has even threatened to encourage native cultivation by way of choking off our trade, as a preliminary to getting the whole matter into its own control, and then utterly suppressing the native trade. True, its local officials are corrupt, but that is only another difficulty in its path. True, its action is spasmodic, and there are intervals of strange sloth. But Chinese administration has always relied as much on paternal exhortation as on measures of compulsion, and intermittent vigour characterises it rather than persistent pressure. Such intermittent vigour we have seen again and again—in 1799, in 1821, in 1839, in 1869, and most recently after the terrible northern famines of 1878. The immense acreage under opium at the present day in Chinese territory itself is due in part to the desperate hope to which we have alluded above; in part to the consideration that Chinese-grown opium is far less noxious than that sent from India; in part, no doubt, to the sheer despair of a Government whose freedom of action on its own soil is annulled by the strong arm of the foreigner. We fail to see that if the Court of Peking and the Tsungli Yamen were not sincere, our conduct would be one shade less dark; but a Government *must* be sincere, however impotent, in its desire to stay the wholesale poisoning of

* See Mr. Demetrius Boulger's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for August.

its subjects. That emperor spoke the mind of every Chinese emperor who, pressed to legalise the opium trade under a fixed duty, declared that he would never consent to gain a revenue from the sin and misery of his people.

Let it not, however, be forgotten that the traffic corrupts not Chinamen alone, but Englishmen as well. Not merely has it inbred in otherwise honourable civilians of Calcutta and merchants of Shanghai and Canton an extraordinary moral obliquity of vision, but it has permeated the ports and provinces of China with Englishmen who are a standing scandal to our national repute. One sin begets another. We have but to turn to the most remarkable and instructive report presented, in 1876, to the Tsungli Yamen by their servant, Mr. Robert Hart, the distinguished Inspector-General of Imperial Maritime Customs, to be convinced of the corruption which everywhere attends the traffic. In the judicial tones of a perfectly impartial witness, and with unique advantages for the formation of a weighty judgment, this Irishman, whose ability and loyalty have raised him to the highest pitch of influence in the Chinese service, balances British and Chinese complaints one by one against each other. "When the foreigner," says he, "complains that his opium business is harassed and interfered with by the surveillance exercised and arrests made at his very door by the *likin* officers and spies, the Chinese retort that it is necessary to act thus, seeing that the native smuggler has always the sympathy and aid of the foreign trader." Mr. Hart goes on to show how the special concessions which the foreign trader enjoys are made the cover for all kinds of smuggling and fraud in which the foreigner abets the chicanery of the native merchant.

To return to the debate of last June. The speakers on behalf of the Government were Sir Charles Dilke, the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Gladstone. The Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs contented himself

with acknowledging that there had been "immense delay" in the matter of the Chefoo Convention, and hinting that what blame there was must rest with the native diplomatists of Pekin. The Secretary of State for India made a speech which aroused the most biting criticism from Dr. Cameron, who declared that the only thing he could compare it with was that speech of the notorious pro-slavery orator, Calhoun, which the *Biglow Papers* thus summed up:—

John C. Calhoun, sez he,
 Human rights ha'n't no more
 Rights to come on this floor
 No more'n the man in the moon, sez he.

Lord Hartington insisted on the importance of this branch of the Indian revenue. He declared that we must "not be led always solely by those feelings of morality in which we might justly indulge if we were dealing with our own interests." "Morality of this kind" he pronounced to be "extremely cheap," and he defended the compulsory legalisation of the traffic on the extraordinary ground that the policy of permitting China to prohibit it had resulted in "an enormous illicit trade accompanied by the demoralisation and degradation of all concerned in it," forgetting apparently that these results were in no way deprecated, but systematically and deliberately created and fostered by the Governments of London and Calcutta! Mr. Fawcett defended Lord Hartington from the sharp rebukes of Dr. Cameron. "Why did not honourable members, when they attacked the morality and the good feeling of the noble lord, come forward with some definite proposal with regard to Indian revenue? Why did they not tell the House how £8,000,000 * additional revenue could be raised?" Mr.

* Mr. Fawcett all through spoke of the opium revenue as £8,000,000, Mr. Gladstone as £7,000,000, Mr. E. Stanhope as £7,000,000 or £8,000,000. In 1871-72, the revenue was £7,657,213; in 1867-68, £7,048,065. In no other year up to 1877-78 has it amounted to £7,000,000, and only in four other years has it exceeded £6,500,000. In the last Session but one Mr. Gladstone held up to ridicule any speaker who could describe the opium revenue as "solid and substantial."

Gladstone, constrained to defend his colleague, dexterously disguised the real nature of his offence, and, while holding out hopes of a "gradual withdrawal from connection with this traffic" at some future time, deprecated "the morality of a Government which makes promises without knowing that it has the means of fulfilling them."

Mr. Gladstone has on previous occasions condemned the sources of the opium revenue in language unsurpassed in force and fire. He has for it now no word of defence, but he measures his indignation by the responsibility of office. Yet no statesman dares deliberately to defend the traffic as moral in itself. Mr. Gladstone, free, saw in it an iniquity which Mr. Gladstone, manacled, cannot forget. But the manacles are there. Indian revenue must be provided. Therefore "practical statesmanship" must continue the iniquity till the convenient hour for repentance comes.

Indian revenue is unquestionably of immeasurable importance. Nothing in the world, except justice, mercy, and truth can be more important. The millions of India, already taxed to the limits of endurance, assuredly must not pay the price of our repentance. The sin is England's, and the price must be paid by her; and that price will more and more accumulate the longer payment is postponed. The convenient hour for repentance *never* comes. Every hour is less convenient than the last. When Lord Shaftesbury first entreated Parliament to face the matter, it was a question of two millions *per annum*, now it is seven millions, and India is far more embarrassed. Yet the loss even now would be far less than appears on the face. Abolish opium culture in India, and vast tracts are liberated for food production. Abolish opium importation into China, and that trust will at once spring up in the native mind which is the breath of commerce, and for the first time British manufactures will have a fair chance of entering the Chinese market.

But these considerations are beside the point. Our monopoly, our traffic, our compulsion of China are one huge immorality. No second argument, *pro* or *contra*, is lawful after that. The question for England and her statesmen is not *whether* we must withdraw from our position, but *how* we must withdraw. It is the duty of a statesman to arrange the details of the great moral acts of the nation. It is the part of such a statesman as Mr. Gladstone not to stand waiting for the nation to call on him to initiate such an act, but with his own voice to call on the nation to bid him to initiate it. Mr. Gladstone has taken that high part before. His sensitive conscience has told him that it behoves statesmen to lead as well as to follow. He has created the high public opinion which has afterwards executed its judgment through his bold and skilful hand. If he would be worthy of his own noble reputation—a moral reputation, independent of mere party allegiances—he will take this great part again. His genius fits him, before all men, for the task of carving anew the finances of India. His position presses the duty imperatively upon him.

We are not of those who deem that our part will have been done when we have put an end to the active participation of our Indian Government in the culture and sale of opium, and abandoned our monopoly in favour of an open competition. The shame of that monopoly is deep indeed. But its abolition will not wipe out the effect of our high-handed and unjust policy. Nor will it even be enough to permit China once more to prohibit absolutely the importation of the poison. We created and fostered the trade when it was actually so prohibited. The only reparation now in our power is so to aid the Chinese in the suppression of the trade after it has once more been made illegal, as effectually to destroy the horrible and iniquitous traffic which probably slays its five hundred thousand

victims every year, and of which the full and awful responsibility rests upon this English people. If we need a precedent, we have it in the cruisers which we sent in the old days to destroy the slave-trade on the coast of Africa:

But while statesmen hesitate between the blind policy of the expediency of the moment and the deed of national righteousness, the voice of the people must not be hushed. Let press and pulpit proclaim that righteousness is the moving principle of all true politics. Let an informed and honourable people give unmistakable behest to the Government, which exists only as its servant, to remove from it a reproach which is a shame before all the nations.

THE EDITOR.

*GILBERT WAKEFIELD.**

AMONGST the now almost forgotten minor martyrs to the political intolerance of the eighteenth century, was the Rev. Gilbert Wakefield; a man of great attainments, original mind, active benevolence, and unbending conscientiousness, though we must allow him also to have been of vehement and acrimonious prejudices, and singularly imprudent in many of his efforts to benefit mankind.

He did himself less than justice in his writings; but his private life was spotlessly pure, pre-eminently true, and great in qualities which only those who knew him intimately and enjoyed his friendship had the opportunity of knowing. He conveys a disagreeable impression of himself in his autobiography (a work now almost unknown), but this impression those who loved him declare to be quite a false one, due only to his unfortunate manner of expressing himself, and to a want of moderation and judgment.

That stern obedience to conscience which, in the eighteenth century, brought him to Dorchester Gaol, would certainly, in the fifteenth, have gained him a martyr's death; since he never hesitated for a moment to sacrifice what he held most dear to his intense and ardent conviction of truth.

That his character had a tender side is plain from the testimony not only of his children, who always spoke of him

* This account is written by his great-granddaughter, the granddaughter of Anne Wakefield who married Charles Rochemont Aikin, son of Dr. John Aikin, and adopted son of Mrs. Barbauld.

with the deepest love and reverence, but also from that of friends who knew the real man. Miss Lucy Aikin, whose family was connected with his by marriage, wrote of him to Mr. Bright, of Liverpool :—

“ He was one who, whatever might be the errors of his judgment, exhibited in evil times and under trials indeed severe, some of the highest and rarest of human virtues. The time is not yet come for writing such ‘ A History of England during the French Revolution ’ as may teach those who live in happier days justly to estimate the struggles, the trials, the moral martyrdoms of that brave minority to whom is due that England we may be proud to own and blest to live in.”

What were these “ struggles, trials, and moral martyrdoms ” ?

Nothing, perhaps, very terrible ; for, even of his imprisonment, Gilbert Wakefield wrote to his daughter Anne “ that his circumstances amounted more to uncomfortableness than misery ; ” still, even were this the case, we may wonder whether there are many, in our easier days, who would have the courage of their opinions to the point of enduring two years of imprisonment, rather than keep the expression of those opinions for the select few who can allow that there is room in the world for the widest angle of divergence.

Punishment for unpopular forms of belief has become an anachronism, though society still reserves its peculiar penalties for those who run counter to its cherished standards of the orthodox and becoming.

Gilbert Wakefield is little known now ; a fact which is largely due, I think, to the very uninviting nature of his memoir. He wrote a volume of autobiography, published in 1772. Another volume, with an appendix, edited by his friend and executor, Mr. Rutt, appeared in 1804. The earlier one ends at that period of his life which

was most remarkable ; and is, I must admit, an awkwardly written though not uninteresting volume. It is full of anecdotes and quaint and learned remarks. The second volume of the life is far more interesting, as it contains a full account of his imprisonment, and also gives, through the medium of an enthusiastic and sympathetic friend, a far more pleasing picture of Gilbert Wakefield's character than he conveys himself. The autobiography is written in words of Johnsonian length, nearly every sentence is italicised and emphasised by capital letters, so that a page of it presents a curious appearance. His style is exaggerated and sometimes absurd. He begins his narrative in characteristic words :—

"I was *introduced into this planet* on February 22, 1756, in the parsonage house of St. Nicholas, in Nottingham, of which church my father was rector."

His mother's family had been settled in Nottingham for generations and was derived from both the Russels and the Cokes. His father was seventeen years rector of Nottingham and nine years vicar of Kingston, where he died, much beloved by his parishioners, in 1776.

Gilbert Wakefield, like many other learned people of the last century, was a remarkably precocious child. He gives an account of his early years in quaintly solemn diction.

"From my earliest infancy I was endowed with affections unusually composed, with a disposition grave and serious. I was inspired from the first with a most ardent desire of knowledge, such as I believe hath never been surpassed in any breast, nor for a moment impaired in mine. . . . At the age of *three* years, I could spell the longest words, say my catechism without hesitation, and read the gospels with fluency." Before he was five he went, he says, "to a writing-school, and about the age of seven I was initiated in the Latin language at the free school of Nottingham." In 1772 he obtained a scholarship in Jesus College,

Cambridge. Here he devoted himself to classical studies. The College lectures in Algebra and Logic he declared to be "odious to him beyond conception;" but he pursued his studies with unremitting zeal for two years, except when, as he oddly expressed it, "a strange fastidiousness" seized him, generally in the spring, when he was "so enamoured of rambling in the open air, of cricket, and of fishing," that he was unable to read a single page. This seems a natural phase in the character of a lad of eighteen. Only so solemn and learned a young scholar would have thought there was anything "strange" in an occasional disinclination for study and a desire for open air in fine spring weather. In his third year he gained the prize for the best Latin ode, and he was elected Fellow in 1776, at the age of twenty. Through this year he worked hard at classical and theological studies, "meddling neither with controversialists nor commentators, but endeavouring to obtain complete mastery of the phraseology of both Scriptures."

He was second wrangler, second medallist, and second in the Bachelor's Prize both years; obtaining what he calls "an inferior allotment on every occasion." It would have satisfied a less ambitious scholar.

In March, 1778, he was ordained deacon at the age of twenty-two. Even then, he says, he was so little satisfied with the requisition of subscription that he afterwards regarded this acquiescence as the "most disingenuous action of his life."

He declares that he reconciled himself to it by that "stale, shameless sophistry which is usually employed on such occasions; for instance, that so young a man could not be competent to form a judgment on such points." He goes on in his vehement way to exclaim against "the abominable wickedness of requiring an unfeigned *consent* and *assent* to such a miscellany of propositions, some of

which are unutterably stupid, beyond the sottishness of even *Hottentot* Divinity!"

This invective gives a good idea of Gilbert Wakefield's violent, aggressive, and exaggerated manner of expressing his hatred for anything in the nature of falsehood or hypocrisy. His devotion to Truth was so ardent, that, in defence of her he injured the justice of his cause and alienated more moderate thinkers. He considered the conduct of those who professed to be teachers in the Church of Christ as in direct defiance of the express prohibitions of Jesus Christ, and quotes the words of St. Paul, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from Iniquity."

He was curate at Stockport to a Mr. Watson, a hard student and a very lively, well-informed man. He behaved in a friendly, hospitable way to Wakefield, and treated him with far more consideration than curates usually received in those days. While curate there, he relates an anecdote of a woman old enough to be his grandmother, who was confirmed for the *fourth* time, "because she found herself strengthened so much by the Bishop's hands!"

Gilbert Wakefield married the niece of his rector. The great-grandfather and grandmother of this lady afforded an extraordinary example of conjugal happiness lasting over a period of *seventy-five* years. They died nearly at the same time, she at the age of ninety-eight, he at a hundred and seven! He was vigorous to the last, and hunted a short time before his death. Both died in full possession of their faculties.

Mr. Wakefield was most fortunate in his choice of a wife, and was the tenderest husband imaginable. In domestic life all his asperities gave place to the gentlest kindness and affection.

In August, 1778, Gilbert Wakefield left Stockport, and applied for the post of head-master of Brewood School. He inquired in his letter to the trustees whether it would be

necessary for him again to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, which he had determined not to do, though the nature of his convictions was not yet fixed enough to justify his relinquishing his profession. As he found that this step would be expected of him he gave up the appointment, and he soon after took a curacy in Liverpool. He says that he had never lived anywhere where the clergy were treated with less notice, and he only made a few friends, amongst whom were Mr. William Rathbone and Dr. Gregory, afterwards chaplain to Wakefield's antagonist, the Bishop of Llandaff.

The curate could not keep the growing heterodoxy of his opinions from appearing in his sermons, which led to his rector, Mr. Maddock, mildly expostulating with him. Whereupon the irrepressibly truthful and pugnacious curate asked him to answer one question, "as he expected to render an account to the Great Umpire of the Universe."

"Tell me plainly, Mr. Maddock," he said; "did you ever read the Scriptures, with the express view of inquiring into the doctrine of a Trinity, *early in life*, and before your *preferment*, or your *prospects* of preferment, might contribute to influence your judgment, and made it *convenient* for you to acquiesce?"

"Why, then," says he, "I must honestly own I never did." The rector seems to have borne the searching questions of his subordinate very good-naturedly.

Gilbert Wakefield studied the Scriptures incessantly, and every day his objections to the creed of his forefathers increased; so that he finally determined to quit the Church as soon as an opportunity offered, though his attachment to his profession was so great that he could not bear the thought of taking up any other.

While he was at Liverpool he began to interest himself in public affairs, which were just then in a state of the greatest chaos and confusion all over Europe. The French war was raging, and hundreds of prisoners were brought

in by the privateers. Gilbert Wakefield visited them while in confinement, and was mortified and ashamed to hear their complaints of ill-usage and scanty allowance of food. He wrote anonymously to the Mayor, and was the means of getting their condition improved.

The indignation which he felt against the bad practices of the privateers was expressed in one of his sermons in so "hypertragical" a manner, as he says, that a lady in the congregation was so deeply agitated by it as to induce her husband to sell his share in one of these vessels.

Liverpool was at this time the headquarters of the African slave trade. Incredible horrors took place in those privateering ships. Gilbert Wakefield states that it came out on trial that on one occasion, when the captain of a ship of this sort had an opportunity of saving his crew and cargo by taking refuge in a French island, but had no chance of making any profit by his traffic in human life, he threw overboard, one by one, as they were brought out from their dungeon below, *one hundred and thirty* of these miserable slaves! Another Liverpool captain, living when Gilbert Wakefield wrote, himself related that a female slave having fretted herself to a degree injurious to health about the infant she had with her, this monster of cruelty snatched the child from her arms, knocked its head against the side of the ship, and threw it into the sea! No wonder that the honest blood of such a man as Gilbert Wakefield boiled at such iniquities, enacted under his eyes! No wonder that humane men all over England revolted against authorities and powers which allowed such horrors to be possible! Better far to be too violent, too rash, in denouncing abuses, as he was; than to stand on one side and let wickedness go on. At this time the House of Commons refused to listen to the requisitions from all classes of the people to put an end to this traffic.

In 1779, having determined not to proceed with his

degree, he removed, with his wife, to the once famous Warrington Academy, where he was classical tutor. This institution, distinguished by such names as Enfield, Priestley, Price, and Aikin, had been founded twenty-two years before, in order to provide a course of liberal education for the sons of Dissenters. It survived four more years after Mr. Wakefield's appointment. John Aikin, D.D., the father of the other John Aikin, and of Mrs. Barbauld, was then the divinity tutor. He was a man for whom Mr. Wakefield had an unbounded admiration, and is described by all who knew him as of almost perfect life. In 1783 the academy was dissolved, and Gilbert Wakefield removed, with his family, to a village near Nottingham, where he tried to get pupils; but only succeeded in finding one. The following year he removed to Nottingham itself, where he was more successful in finding them on handsome terms. Amongst them, about this time, he had Robert Hibbert, afterwards well known as the founder of the Hibbert Trust, which has provided the scholarships and lectures known by this name. This pupil had always a great enthusiasm for his master, which took the practical form of sending him, while in Dorchester Gaol, the sum of £1,000.

Mr. Wakefield left Nottingham in 1790, and took a post as classical tutor in Hackney College. Wherever he was, whatever he might be employed upon, it was simply impossible to Gilbert Wakefield's ardent, restless, and disputatious mind to keep from controversy. He wrote constantly against the Established Church, and against everything in which he thought he saw abuses and hypocrisy. If the consequences of his writings had been penal, he would have braved them. But for his great want of moderation and tact, he would have made an admirable reformer. He had zeal enough to set the world on fire. He was a "political fanatic," as Crabb Robinson called him, and rushed into print on every occasion when his feelings of opposition were roused.

He attended all the capital punishments while in Nottingham, though it sickened the kind-hearted and humane man, for the purpose of making observations on their results, and came to the just conclusion that the penal laws, as then enacted, were among the "enormous sins for which the Governor of the universe will visit us." One death he witnessed was that of an unhappy lad who had robbed a traveller of a few shillings, under the influence of a hardened accomplice.

Gilbert Wakefield lived at Hackney for seven years, and brought out various works during this time, one famous in its day—the "*Silva Critica*." In 1794 he published a pamphlet called, "*The Spirit of Christianity compared with the Spirit of the Times in Great Britain*." He also wrote an answer to Paine's "*Age of Reason*." He had sympathised strongly with many of Thomas Paine's former writings, but as strongly disagreed with this present work.

Mr. Wakefield was, at this time, what was then called a Unitarian Christian, declaring himself "a genuine votary of a crucified Saviour, who looks for a 'better country,' and feels himself impelled to a bold and open profession of the practical principles of Love, Peace, and Liberty to the whole human race."

Early in 1798 he published the pamphlet which brought upon him, at last, the penalty which he had seemed almost to court. It was an answer to a political pamphlet written by Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, the object of which was to defend the measures of Mr. Pitt and his colleagues. Gilbert Wakefield's paper was written in a single day, and is an exceedingly rash and violent affair. He asserted in it that the poor and labouring classes in England would lose nothing by a foreign invasion. The Bishop took it in a very moderate and unresentful manner; but those statesmen who were strongly condemned by him determined to prosecute the author and the publisher of the pamphlet. This

prosecution involved first a Mr. Cuthill, then Mr. Johnson, the Unitarian bookseller, and, lastly, Mr. Wakefield himself. The author wrote at once to the Attorney-General, acknowledging the pamphlet, and begging to be answerable alone for it. He defrayed all the expenses of the suit for Mr. Cuthill—a sum amounting to his whole yearly income.

Twelve months of anxiety passed between the arrest of Cuthill and Mr. Wakefield's trial, which took place at the Court of King's Bench, in February, 1799. He undertook his own defence, which he drew up in writing—an eloquent and fervent address, but one not calculated to serve his cause. He was the last man capable of a calm and judicious defence, and he brought in a number of irrelevant and irritating topics. The jury delivered a verdict of guilty without leaving the court. Bail was offered and accepted. He was brought up for judgment a few weeks later, when he took the opportunity of addressing the Court in a speech prepared for the occasion, in which he held forth on various subjects, moral and political, condemning capital punishment, even for murder. One is hardly surprised to hear that considerable impatience was shown, especially amongst the *junior* counsel. Instead of judgment being at once pronounced, as he expected, he was conveyed to King's Bench Prison, to be brought up the following term. For the use of a "meanly-furnished room" for less than eight weeks the marshal of the prison demanded the sum of £50 and a "copy of Mr. Wakefield's *Lucretius*, bound in morocco." While in the prison he was visited by many friends, amongst whom were the Duke of Bedford, Lord Holland, and Mr. Fox. In May he was brought before Mr. Justice Grove to receive sentence.

The terms employed by the judge were of unjustifiable severity. He spoke of Gilbert Wakefield, whose whole life had been spent in the pursuit of truth and in efforts to help

and benefit mankind, as "a man of artifice affecting to enforce peace and goodwill for pitiful purposes, who could not possibly be sincere in his profession."

The sentence, declared to be a very lenient one, was imprisonment in Dorchester Gaol for two years, and that he should give security for his good behaviour for the term of five years, himself in the sum of £500, with two sureties at £250 each.

Wakefield kept up bravely till the "great trial" of having to tell his wife and daughters, who felt the sentence acutely. It was not so much the imprisonment as the separation from his friends, that made the penalty so hard to bear. The money difficulty, which would have been very great considering Wakefield's slender means and the drain of the law expenses, was happily got over by the generosity of his friends and sympathisers, who, without his knowledge, soon raised the sum of £1,500. In the end, double this was obtained, which was enough to provide for Mrs. Wakefield and his children a comfortable residence near the gaol while he was confined there.

He was taken to Dorchester Gaol in June, 1799, in the custody of the tipstaff. His eldest daughter Anne accompanied him. His brother had procured him the best accommodation to be got in the gaol, on agreeing with the gaoler (who would now be called the governor) to pay £100 per annum, Mr. Wakefield taking his meals at his table. As he seldom tasted animal food, was most sparing in his diet, and was to provide himself with wine, the terms were high enough. He had the misfortune, owing to unavoidable circumstances, to offend the gaoler and his son, and suffered greatly all through his imprisonment from the petty malice of the man, whom he describes as a "gloomy and malignant biped." He was denied the privilege of seeing his family oftener than three or four times a week from twelve till three, and, in many ways, was made to suffer from the

small tyrannies which did not allow him even the "dignity of suffering."

He felt the separation from his family deeply. He had delighted in teaching his daughters Greek and Latin, and was a most fond and indulgent father. His daughter Anne, afterwards Mrs. Charles Aikin, then a lovely girl of seventeen, in consequence of the persecution of the gaoler's son, who wished to marry her, had to leave Dorchester, and was removed to Eton, near Liverpool, by her kind friends, Dr. Crompton and his family, who sent their "great coach" all the way to fetch her. Her father constantly wrote her interesting and loving letters while he was in prison, which make him appear in a most favourable light. Indeed, the noblest part of his nature came now fully into play; he left controversy alone, and, whatever his words might be, his actions were always benevolent and generous. His behaviour to the other prisoners in Dorchester Gaol was touchingly kind and humane, reminding one of that of the immortal Dr. Primrose under similar circumstances. He took great pains to inquire into individual cases, and now and then was able to redress some of their wrongs by drawing up petitions and by appealing to influential friends in their behalf. Nor did he neglect simple and humble ways of showing courtesy and kindness. "During the high price of bread, he bought large quantities of mackerel, which he distributed amongst the prisoners; he also, occasionally, gave them money for tea. To such of them as were desirous of employing themselves in reading on Sundays, and after their work, he gave Testaments. In the winters of 1799 and 1800, the weather was remarkably severe, and he supplied them with potatoes, tobacco, and other things, of which they stood in need, as their portion of bread was small and the quality very inferior. He likewise contributed to the comfort of the debtors by giving them his advice in their affairs, and sending newspapers to

them daily; he wrote letters for them to their friends, and was the means of procuring the liberation of several. He gave them also money for coals and other necessities. After their release, many of them sent him trifling presents to show their gratitude for his kindness."

While he was in confinement he took upon himself the painful task—especially painful to his tender heart—and fulfilled it with true Christian devotion, of ministering to the unfortunate creatures who were condemned to death for stealing, according to the iniquitous laws of that day. After the Spring Assizes of 1801 thirteen prisoners were sentenced to death, four of whom had to await their execution in Dorchester Gaol, three of them never having been in prison before. Gilbert Wakefield wrote to his daughter:—"They are now undergoing the previous torture of cold, solitary cells, heavy irons, with bread and water to continue existence rather than to sustain life."

He obtained leave to visit these poor wretches, and exerted himself, since he could do nothing to mitigate their penalty, to prepare their minds to bear their doom with courage and resignation. He actually succeeded in this, though he found them in a state of despondency beyond description when he first visited them. "It was universally admitted that no men ever met death with more tranquil resignation. They welcomed the summons to execution with a readiness, even cheerfulness, that commanded the admiration of the beholders, whose lamentations and sorrow, mine among the rest, formed a striking contrast to their steadiness, silence, and magnanimity."

While he was helping others to bear their burdens, he had his own private griefs to add to what he felt for these condemned prisoners. A few days after their execution, he lost a little boy who had been an invalid for some time. Besides this sorrow, his daily life was made bitter by the small persecutions of the gaoler, against which he had no

redress. Any complaint was met by a threat that he should be removed to the common prison among the felons, where he would have to sleep in a stone cell without fireplace or window, with an open grating which admitted the rain.

There is no doubt that the constant and harassing trials of this life, as well as the confinement acting upon a sensitive nature, brought on a state of health which led to his premature death.

He was released on Friday, May 29th, 1801, "after an abode of two years in a room in which the sun never shone, and within walls whose height almost excluded his rays from the area of the prison."

And what was the crime for which this penalty was imposed? A few rash and outspoken words, hastily launched on the world in the hope of redressing wrong and injustice. He was treated as a criminal by judge, jury, and gaoler; a man whose moral character was spotless, and whose whole life was freely devoted to the service of his fellows, who valued his own worldly advantage as nothing, and only lived to benefit the oppressed and the suffering. In the cause of what he felt to be truth he did, in effect, lay down his life, for he only left prison to die.

His own release did not make him forget those who were more unhappy than himself, and whom he left behind him. He made an appeal to the superintending magistrate for the prisoners, stating with his usual fearless frankness all those grievances and abuses which he had witnessed himself, and of which he believed the magistrates to be ignorant. The prisoners had confided them to him of their own accord, for he had never tried to stir up discontent amongst them. He was unsuccessful in this application, as might have been expected, since he had no witnesses but the prisoners themselves, and against him there was the testimony of the gaoler, his son, and many leading men in the county. But, though he did not succeed in this instance, he

certainly was the means of drawing attention to the treatment of prisoners, and probably helped to bring about in time a better condition of things.

He intended to draw up an account of Dorchester Gaol, in which he should dwell upon the defects of the system and the treatment of the prisoners which he had had opportunities of observing personally, as the magistrates never had, since all accounts were taken from the gaoler on trust. "A man might be on his books as disorderly, locked up for days, shut up in a cell without fire, because, perhaps, he had found fault with his provisions." In this solitary confinement the unfortunate inmate of the cold, desolate cell was left for fifteen or sixteen hours in winter in total darkness. The prisoners, even before trial, were loaded with heavy irons, under which they could scarcely move, at the discretion of the gaoler. The same spirit which prompted Howard to reform the prisons inspired Gilbert Wakefield: while one is remembered, the other ought not to be quite forgotten.

Soon after leaving Dorchester, Mr. Wakefield returned to Hackney, and took up his old life there, much as before, till the following August, when the shadow of the last change approached. His disease proved to be typhus fever, and made rapid advances, so that in a few days he lost full consciousness, though he had gleams of intelligence and even cheerfulness, in one of which, as his doctor writes, "He fixed his eyes on his wife with a smile and look of tenderness that I shall never forget." His daughter, Anne, who had been so long separated from her beloved and most loving father, only met him again to see him die. After about a week, his disease took the last form of such a fever, and he died on September 9th, 1801, in the forty-sixth year of his age, leaving a widow and six children.

Into these forty-five years Gilbert Wakefield had compressed a great deal of life. He had worked hard and produced

much ; his was an eager nature and a strong individuality ; idleness or inaction was impossible to him. At the age of twenty he had published his first book, and had written altogether a very great amount. Many of his works were famous in their day, and went through many editions ; amongst the best known were the "*Silva Critica*," "*The Spirit of Christianity*," his "*Reply to Paine's Age of Reason*," and the "*Reply to the Bishop of Llandaff*." He published more than fifty works of different kinds, besides many pamphlets. He was an excellent classical scholar and an admirable instructor in what he knew himself.

His domestic life was beautifully gentle and affectionate ; his friendship warm and constant. He was, in an age of cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and almost universal indifference to the sufferings of animals, so humane that he gave up fishing, of which he was exceedingly fond, as well as shooting, because every form of cruelty was abhorrent to him. He tried to persuade his friend, Charles James Fox, to do the same, but was unsuccessful in this attempt. He was ascetic in his personal habits, as many men of his type were in that day, and probably weakened his constitution by excessive abstemiousness ; tea was his only weakness. He never employed any but gentle means with his scholars, and he was always opposed to harsh punishments of every kind.

He tried to follow Him whom he always acknowledged (while the world called him a heretic) as his Master and Saviour.

His religious opinions were in some respects peculiar ; he did not entirely join any sect, though he was generally classed with the Unitarians of his day. He believed firmly in Revelation, trying to draw inspiration direct from the Scriptures without the intervention of any Church or Authority. He disagreed with the advocates of what was

called "Natural Religion," declaring that Revelation was the only warrant for belief in resurrection. His own faith was strong in this hope.

The following is the conclusion of a will he made in Dorchester Gaol :—

I wish to be buried with as little expense and ceremony as is consistent with decorum, and hope that my family and friends will not lament my death, which is a motive of joy and not of grief, under an expectation of immortality by the Christian covenant, but rather profit by their fond remembrance of me in avoiding my faults and imitating my virtues.

"I come quickly, and my reward is with me. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Amen."

This man, "take him for all in all," deserves to be remembered with honour. He lived in difficult times; he endured persecution and calumny; he never flinched from duty; he never resisted the voice of conscience or the call of pity. In an age of bigotry, tyranny, and oppression, he kept true to the English watchword of Freedom. He did something to earn for this generation the blessings of liberty of thought and respect for individual conviction.

Dr. Parr said of him after his death :—

Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might: he knew the value of every fleeting moment; and he improved every talent which a gracious Providence entrusted to him.

MARY E. MARTIN.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

"THE aim of the present study,"* says Mr. Swinburne, "is simply to set down what the writer believes to be certain demonstrable truths as to the progress and development of style, the outer and inner changes of manner as of matter, of method as of design, which may be discerned in the work of Shakespeare." Had Mr. Swinburne adhered to this, his own profession, all lovers of Shakespeare would have been grateful for a poet's thoughts about the great master, however much they might differ from certain of his conclusions, or resent the dogmatism of his tone, as manifested even in the above statement of aim. Is it one of the "demonstrable truths" that King John and Henry VIII. are to be classed together as "examples not as yet perfect of Shakespeare's second manner"? It is suggested "that the passages which would seem most plausibly to indicate the probable partnership of Fletcher—written in a style not elsewhere precisely or altogether traceable in Shakespeare—to which no exact parallel can be found among his other plays—may perhaps be explicable as a tentative essay in a new line by one who tried so many styles before settling into his latest." But even if this unfounded conjecture be admitted as an explanation of the quasi-Fletcher portion of the play, how is the style of the remainder to be reconciled with that of the plays which are, undoubtedly, in the second manner? Fingers, which Mr. Swinburne so despises, are quite sufficient to assure any one who can count syllables by their help that the metre of Henry VIII. is throughout a wholly different one from that of King John which he would place alongside of it, or of King Henry IV. or King Henry V., which he supposes to be its successors.

But this is a question on which surely difference of opinion may be tolerated. What is really regrettable about Mr. Swin-

* *A Study of Shakespeare.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto and Windus.

burne's work, and even painful to those whose ears have been charmed by the surpassing sweetness of his song, is the acerbity and savagery of his style in attacking those who, with humbler powers, but not less loving patience, have devoted themselves to a like study, but not arrived at similar results. "His store of bitter words is inexhaustible," his book "a treasure-house of obloquy." Nor is he content with a sneer or a snarl whenever he crosses the path of some fellow-labourer whom he despises, but must mar the whole volume with a thirty-page appendix of libellous parody on a Society whose whole aim and effort is to make Shakespeare more widely studied and better understood. If, indeed, its utterances are but "the squeak of the real pig," as the last page implies, surely it was beneath a poet's dignity to answer them, and a slight upon the public to publish the answer.

There are many who set small store by Mr. Swinburne's utterances in verse or prose; if we were of them we should care little for that virulent vituperation which sours his style. But it is because we value his criticism as that of a true poet, loving at once and intelligent, that we deplore these aberrations. He has been a student of Shakespeare, than whom none, it would seem, more persevering; an admirer not to be outdone in enthusiastic loyalty: and yet not thereby blinded, as are so many, to the errors of judgment and faults of style which are inevitable in the work of one who wrote incessantly from early youth to manhood. "It is difficult to say to what depths of bad taste the writer of certain passages in *Venus and Adonis* could not fall before his genius or his judgment was full-grown." It is a bold saying, but the candid acceptance of it would save students and commentators from much feeble apology, or idle guess-work in assigning to other playwrights all that seems to them unworthy of their ideal dramatist.

We trust that some day when his own genius and judgment are full-grown, Mr. Swinburne may give us a worthier study of Shakespeare, tempering with charity his criticism of fellow-workers, however humble, and rising with the dignity of his subject above the petty prepossessions of contemporary literary squabbles.

Lovers of Mr. Browning will be loth to accept his own estimate of the true poet-soul,* as rock soil, surface hard and bare, on

* *Dramatic Idylls*. Second Series. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

which sun and dew, storm and frost spend themselves in vain, where few flowers awaken, and whose worth is only proved by the solitary, stately pine which slowly rears itself in some cleft and grows to be a landmark on the mountain. We think of "Paradise Lost," but remember that the soil from which it grew gave birth to many a graceful tree and stately flower as the seed of occasion fell upon it; nor is Hamlet the solitary monument to Shakespeare's glory, nor the Faerie Queene to Spenser. Surely in modest self-depreciation were the lines written:—

"Touch him ne'er so lightly, into song he broke :
Soil so quick-receptive,—not one feather-seed,
Not one flower-dust fell but straight its fall awoke
Vitalising virtue : song would song succeed
Sudden as spontaneous—prove a poet-soul !"

Only to be repudiated with

Indeed ?
Rock's the song soil rather, &c.

At all events, they characterise Mr. Browning's genius in a striking manner, and might well have been designed as motto for these his two latest productions styled *Dramatic Idylls*. Nothing too little or too great, too rough, coarse, savage, or grotesque for a poem. "Publican Black Ned Bratts and Tabby, his big wife, too : Both in a muck sweat ;"—Halbert and Hob, the father and son, "wild men of the genuine wild beast breed ;"—Old Tray, the dog who leapt into the stream to bring up the doll after having saved the drowning child ;—such were among the subjects of the First Series of *Idylls*. In this volume there is no poem, it seems to us, so full of power as are two of these just mentioned, or "Ivan Ivanovitch," who made himself on the instant judge and executioner of the mother who stood before him self-convicted of having saved her life by giving her children to the wolves, but there is no lack of either force or variety. We have the Rabbi's tale of Satan, how, angered at the saying among men that stronger than his own first-born Death is a bad wife, he himself became man to marry and try conclusions, we need not say to his own confusion.

One dose,
One grain, one mite of the medicament
Sufficed him.

Then of Muléykeh, "the peerless mare," the poor Hóseyn's one treasure, valued above lands and gold, whom yet he lets go to

the thief rather than by a word restrain her in flight and have it said that Muléykeh had been overtaken in pursuit, and lost her peerless glory. Three lines of Virgil hinting at a lost legend of the capture of Luna—

Munera sic niveo lanae, si credere dignum est.
Pan, deus Arcadiae, captam te, Luna, fefellit
In nemora alta vocans, nec tu aspernata vocantem—

supply the theme of a poem purposely a little obscure. How “but these two gifts, cleverness uncurbed by conscience,” are a spell potent above any endowments of magic to lead a man to office and rule is the moral of the legend, “not sung, but lilted” to the lilt with which in music the poem concludes, of Pietro of Abano. But of all the pieces in this volume the most striking is the story of Clive’s one moment of fear. Fear, thinks the friend to whom he tells the story, of death when he found himself at the mercy of the antagonist, whom he had accused of cheating at cards. No, with a volley of angry oaths, he explains, but fear lest the man had spared his life and branded him with the name of liar—*forgiven* him, and forced him to save his honour by picking up the weapon his adversary had thrown aside and using it on himself.

“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters—these men see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.” It is in the great deep of the human soul, amid its abysses revealed now and again by the stress of life and storms of passion, that lies the business of this greatest of living English poets. To accuse him of obscurity, of coarseness, of choosing subjects vulgar or revolting, is but to accuse human nature of being what it is, or the poet of making man his study. After all, is not Shakespeare open to all these reproaches, except that the matchless simplicity of his style often conceals from the ordinary reader the obscurity of his meaning and purpose? Mr. Browning is not certainly a poet to be recommended as light reading after dinner, or for an hour of recreation; but the preacher to living men and the student of human nature will find in him, we believe, a master who will never fail to reward the serious attention of his scholars with deeper knowledge and ever-renewed delight.

CHARLES HARGROVE.

THE recent numbers of the *Theologisch Tijdschrift* are so full of matter as to place great difficulty in the way of any one who wishes as briefly as possible to draw attention to their singular interest and importance, which the language and the rareness of the publication in England might otherwise conceal from the students of a liberal theology. The inquiries here embraced are distinguished by breadth no less than by a moderation that shows well beside the heat with which critical subjects are habitually discussed in this country. The critical spirit is always there; but it is held in check. The theologians of Holland have learned that liberation from dogmatic despotism need not bring with it a wanton contempt for the enduring principles contained even in what seem the most antiquated husks. On the contrary, they find that the more one looks into and searches out the forms of truth that have given its spiritual life to Christendom, the better and truer they come to appear, and the more they are in accord with the larger faith of the world. Such an impression is given by the last papers which Dr. A. H. Blom, of Dordrecht, has contributed to the January and July numbers of the *Tijdschrift*. These "Paulinische Studiën," now making a series of six, will not, it is to be hoped, be allowed to remain in a fugitive shape. The closeness of their reasoning defies a rapid analysis; and, rather than mislead or prejudice the reader by any attempt to reproduce Dr. Blom's acute studies of Pauline metaphysics, we are compelled to refer him to the articles themselves.

In a paper on "The Importance of the Paschal Controversy for Christian Theology," Dr. J. W. Straatman draws out the incidental bearing of the question upon the origin of the observance of Sunday. As this observance is not in England even now the "antiquarian" matter it seems to Dr. Straatman, we are glad to quote his argument at some little length. Those who refer the custom to the apostolic age, have only two places in its literature to point to. In one of these, the author of the Revelation, they say, fixes the beginning of his vision in the words, "I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day." It is reasonable to object to the assumption that the later use of a word can be established by a single early example. In fact, had not every one agreed that Sunday must be a primitive institution, it is improbable that any one would have thought of finding it here.

The diction of the Revelation looks so steadily backward upon the Old Testament that it is not only natural, it is inevitable, to understand the phrase as referring to the great Day of the Lord of the prophets, the *ἡμέρα* of Christian writers. The only other evidence of the observance of Sunday in the first age of the Church is that harmless provident suggestion of Paul's, that those who wished to contribute to the alms he was collecting for their fellow-Christians in Judea, would do well to lay by their money "on the first day of the week," obviously for fear they should spend it before the week was out. Dr. Straatman sensibly remarks that had Sunday been then kept, the arrangement would have been, not to "lay by," but to offer, the alms to some one appointed by the congregation. In any case, the evidence is slender indeed for the immense superstructure it has had to bear,* and the *à priori* argument receives a final shock from Dr. Straatman's inference from the Paschal controversy. "If," he says, "it be true that the 14th of Nisan"—whatever the day of the week—"was originally the universal Paschal feast among the Gentile-Christians, and that it was only after the reaction against Judaism, in the time of Hadrian, that the influence of Rome transferred it to the Sunday after the 14th, then there can remain no doubt that the Christian observance of Sunday did not exist before this reaction" (xiv. p. 303). The final desolation of Judea in the year 135 marks the final separation of Jew and Christian. Judaizers no longer impeded the free growth of the Christian Church; and when a new day of rest had to be found and could not now be modelled on the Jewish Sabbath, men looked back on the first creation of the world and the creation of light on the first day; and it seemed that the new creation of the world must begin on the same day. Sunday, according to its oldest apologists, is not a commemoration of the resurrection of Christ; on the contrary, Christ gave the example of its first observance. So far from its being a transferred Sabbath, its essential difference in origin, character, and mode of observance, was elaborately explained by the help of every artifice of illustration and symbolism.

In the department of Old Testament criticism, we have two more of Prof. Kuenen's "Contributions to the Criticism of the Pentateuch and Joshua" in the May issue of the *Tijdschrift*, characteristic in their exhaustive treatment but too technical to

* Reference to Acts xx. 7 is precluded by the critical difficulties that surround the question of the date of the book.

be reproduced here. They discuss the sources of Genesis xxxiv. and Exodus xvi. The March number contains a long paper on the oldest of the prophets, Amos, by Prof. Oort. Those who are familiar with this scholar's previous monographs will not be surprised at the brilliancy of conjecture and the originality that mark the essay. But if he has lost none of his thoroughness (see, for instance, the way in which he proves the northern nationality of the prophet, pp. 122—127), it is matter for congratulation that he has tempered his critical impetuosity, and is now more eager to persuade than to astonish.

R. LANE POOLE.

THE late Sir William Wilde, working in the spirit of "Old Mortality," was at some pains to prepare a memoir of one of the well-nigh forgotten pioneers of the science to which his own contributions are so valuable and lasting.* Gabriel Beranger, who was born at Rotterdam in 1729, was descended from Huguenot refugees, of whom one branch had settled in Ireland. In that country, whither he repaired on his marriage, the influence of friends secured him an official post, and the death of a relative placed him in circumstances which enabled him to gratify his tastes as an artist and antiquary. His careful drawings and descriptive comments have preserved the features of many then crumbling and now demolished ruins in various parts of Ireland, and entitle him to that rescue from oblivion which he has gained for them.

Sir William Wilde's account of Beranger's long career, for he lived to be nearly ninety, is enriched with discussions on certain of the relics, and we turn with interest to his common-sense remarks, notably on the Round Towers, a distinctive feature of Ireland, and one concerning which many absurd theories have been broached. Sir William considers that the first "were built solely and exclusively as places of defence and security," and not as phallic emblems or "Druidical" temples. The completion of this biography, unhappily prevented by his illness and death, was undertaken by Lady Wilde, who fitly maintains the continuity of the history of Irish archæology by brief reference to her learned husband's researches. One of the most

* Memoir of Gabriel Beranger and his Labours in the Cause of Irish Art and Antiquities from 1760 to 1780. By Sir William Wilde, M.D. Dublin: Gill and Son.

important results of these was the discovery of the "crannoges" or lake-dwellings in Ireland, while Sir William's classification of the antiquities of that island is of permanent value for the comparative study of the science of culture.

EDWARD CLODD.

M. RENAN'S lectures,* delivered in April last, appeared almost simultaneously in French and in an English translation by the Rev. Charles Beard, in the series of Hibbert Lectures inaugurated by Prof. Max Müller. The French edition includes, besides the Hibbert course, the lecture on Marcus Aurelius, delivered at the Royal Institution, which appeared in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*. But there is a much more important difference between the two editions before us. Of the references which stud the pages of the English edition, the French contains, we believe, only three; of the valuable foot-notes, which, in the opinion of all but the most casual reader, must be held to be of equal interest with the text, it contains none at all. And further: illustrative matter of much value and singular appropriateness in its connection is ruthlessly cut out of the French text, sometimes to the amount of three or four pages at a time, and disappears altogether. It may be, of course, that this text represents the lectures as they were actually delivered; but the real ground of the difference appears to us to be this: In the English form, M. Renan's Hibbert Lectures are a presentation to the English public of certain of the most important results of studies which the author has traced at length in the latter volumes of his great work *Les Origines du Christianisme*, entitled respectively, *L'Antechrist* and *Les Évangiles*, with apparatus sufficient to enable the reader to criticise and check these results as he goes; while in the French, we have a work intended, not to take rank upon the library shelf with these more finished productions, but to serve the purpose, as it assumes the form, of a popular *brochure*.

But we should be doing an obvious injustice to M. Renan if we were to represent these lectures as nothing more than a *réchauffé*

* Ernest Renan. *Conférences d'Angleterre*. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

The Hibbert Lectures, 1890. Lectures on the Influence of the Institutions, Thought, and Culture of Rome, on Christianity and the Development of the Christian Church. Translated by Charles Beard, B.A. Williams and Norgate, London and Edinburgh.

of matter which has appeared in the larger works. The light which was therein incidentally thrown upon Rome in her relation to Christianity is here brought to a focus. Rome, not Palestine, is here the point of departure, and Christianity is a phenomenon rising upon the Roman horizon. The title of the first lecture—"In what Sense is Christianity the Work of Rome?"—scarcely describes its purport. It presents us with a striking picture of the Roman of the Augustan age, first in his religious condition, or rather in the unreligious condition, in which the falling away of the old faith of Latium had left him—a faith puerile and inefficient at best, but now become a mere matter of traditional observance connected with civil offices, and, in so far as it carried with it any element of veneration, attaching it to such political conceptions as the *Salus Populi Romani*, or the Genius of the Emperor. The two great facts, that Roman religion had no dogma and no zeal, and that the Empire levelled all nationalities, conduced to a wide toleration and great individual freedom. The Genius of Rome was welcomed in the provinces, and, in return, the Pantheon of Rome made room for a crowd of provincial gods. Liberty of trade and industry, and, moreover, liberty of learning and teaching, together with wealth and comfort, prevailed to an extent unknown before. One people and one religion alone withstood the tide of compromise and fusion. The despised Jew felt no pleasure at incorporation into a world-wide dominion, and was content to stand as much aloof as he could, to be regarded as "*hostis humani generis*." "It was impossible to pass off Jehovah as a Lar, or to associate with Him the Genius of the Emperor." True, there were many semi-Oriental systems in which the Semitic ideas which the Roman mind could not assimilate in the original block were dissolved into "mysteries" which offered a temporary relief to the "religious nullity of Rome;" and these formed a medium through which the sentiment of religious awe, and the conception of the mystic brotherhood of religious communion, which had long ago faded out of the temples of Italy, were once again realised. But Judaism itself would make no terms with Rome: the connection, which soon became to other peoples a privilege and a pride, was never anything but a galling yoke to her. Yet with this uncompromising enemy of Rome the ultimate triumph rests. Rome only cleared the field for the victory—which her most direct assaults did most to ensure—of Judaism. "It is Judaism in its Christian form that Rome has unconsciously pro-

pagated, and that with such vigour as, after a certain time has elapsed, to make Romanism and Christianity almost synonymous terms."

The second lecture—"The Legend of the Roman Church"—treats specially of the *city* in its relation to early Christianity; and here M. Renan's descriptive power, and his wealth of literary allusion and local knowledge, are seen at their best. We shall not attempt to summarise his graphic account of the Jews' quarter in the Trastevere. It was among the squalid, lawless, "long shore" population of this Roman Alsatia that Christianity was first preached, about the year 50 A.D., Aquila and Priscilla, "whom legend, always unjust because always moulded by motives of policy, have expelled from the Christian Pantheon," having most to do with the movement. This Christianity was, it is important to note, not Pauline in its origin.

It was a Jewish-Christian product, attaching itself directly to the Church of Jerusalem. In it Paul will never be on his own ground; he will feel the presence in this great Church of many weaknesses, which he will treat with indulgence, but which will offend his lofty idealism. Given to circumcision and to external observances; Ebionite both in its love of abstinences and in its doctrine; more Jewish than Christian in its conception of the person and death of Jesus; strongly attached to millenarianism,—the Roman Church displays from the beginning the essential characteristics which distinguished it throughout its long and marvellous history. The legitimate daughter of Jerusalem, the Roman Church will always have a certain ascetic and sacerdotal character, opposed to the Protestant tendency of Paul. Peter will be her real head. . . . She will be the Church of authority. . . . The good and the evil which the Church of Jerusalem did to a nascent Christianity, the Church of Rome will do to the universal Church. In vain Paul will address to her his noble Epistle, expounding the mystery of the Cross of Christ, and salvation by faith alone. She will not understand it. But Luther, fourteen centuries and a half later, will understand it, and will open a new era in the secular series of the alternate triumphs of Peter and of Paul (pp. 57, *et seq.*).

In the year 61, according to our author, Paul comes to Rome a prisoner. In discussing the question of Peter's residence there, he strongly negatives the traditional supposition that Peter was already in Rome when Paul arrived (had been there since 42, according to the chronological scheme of the Catholic Church), and maintains, as in a former work (*L'Antechrist*, p. 30), his belief that Peter came to Rome after Paul. Then follows the story of the fire and of the Neronian persecution, which M. Renan has before worked out in such admirable detail. It could not be better told than in the words already used in *L'Antechrist*, and we are not surprised to find them reproduced here (Cf. *Conf.*, pp. 79, &c.; *L'Ante.*, pp. 145, &c.); and in the English translation

we have nearly the whole of the valuable body of notes which accompanied the text in the former work.

The Judæo-Christianity of Peter and the Hellenism of Paul having both made good their foothold in Rome, and each having endowed the Roman Church with the memory of a martyred founder, one great step in concentration is necessary. The theocratic dream which centred about Jerusalem must be dissipated, and the links of association which bound the Christian Church to the soil of Judæa must be rudely snapped. The destruction of Jerusalem and the temple gave to Christianity an independent life. If Titus thought that the demolition of the temple would be the ruin of Christianity as well as of Judaism (and M. Renan is inclined to ascribe to Titus a deliberate intention in the matter, *Lect.* p. 115, &c.; *L'Ante.* p. 516), he was, in reality, doing his utmost to secure its success.

If the temple had remained, Christianity would have been arrested in its development. The temple, still standing, would have continued to be the centre of all Jewish activities. They would never have ceased to look upon it as earth's most sacred spot; to resort to it in pilgrimage, to bring thither their tribute. The Church of Jerusalem, assembled about the sacred enclosure, would have continued, in virtue of its primacy, to receive the homage of the whole world, to persecute the Christians of the Pauline Churches, to exact circumcision and the practice of the Mosaic law from all who desired to call themselves disciples of Jesus. All fruitful missionary effort would have been forbidden; letters of obedience, signed at Jerusalem, would have been exacted from all wandering preachers.* A centre of infallible authority, a patriarchate, residing in a kind of College of Cardinals, under the presidency of such persons as James, pure Jews, men belonging to the family of Jesus, would have been established, and would have become an immense danger to the nascent Church (pp. 116—17).

But "Rome is about to take up the part of James. We are to have the Pope of Rome; without Titus we should have had the Pope of Jerusalem" (p. 122).

The Christian Church of Jerusalem is reduced to secondary importance; the little knots that gather in Batanea around the members of the family of Jesus, the sons of Cleopas, soon cease to have any but the most limited and local importance, and are destined, as Ebionites and heretics, to dwindle away and utterly disappear. The Church in Rome, on the other hand, becomes the centre of organisation and authority. It set itself to provide and legislate for a future which visionary souls here and there, clinging to the hope of a speedy Parousia, were still unwilling to recognise as possible. Clement of Rome appears (in a picture reproduced from *Les Évangiles*) as the ruling spirit which was to

* See the letters at the head of the Pseudo-Clementine Homilies.

make the Roman Church the Church of order and subordination. And his First Epistle (which our author holds to be authentic, *Lect.* p. 127; *Les Evan.* p. 319) is "the first manifesto of the principle of authority made in the Christian Church." The question of the Episcopate is not yet reached; it is the privilege of the Presbyterian body that is now at stake. The Presbyters are to be respected as holders of powers transmitted from the apostles. The law of liberty in the spiritual man,—the equal right of spiritual gifts, knowing no subordination save in proportion as they tended to general edification; this was "an anarchic Utopia, holding no promise of the future. With evangelical liberty, disorder went hand-in-hand; they did not see that in the long run hierarchy meant uniformity and death." Certainly, the *presbyteri* of the first century did not foresee that, in the second, that power which they successfully demanded from the community of the faithful would be taken from them and concentrated in the person of the *Episcopos*; nor did the *Episcopi* foresee that that power which in the second century they so successfully asserted against the Bishop of Rome would, in the nineteenth, be dogmatically absorbed into the person of the Pope.

The progress of the Episcopate and the growing pre-eminence of the Roman Church and its Bishops are the chief themes of the Fourth Lecture, entitled "Rome the Capital of Catholicism." These receive a number of most interesting illustrations from Christian literature, the most striking of which, however—*e.g.*, from the pseudo-Pauline epistles to Timothy and Titus, the epistles of Ignatius, and the fragments of Melito preserved in Eusebius—do not appear in the French edition. The historical review ends with a notice of the decline of Roman influence brought about by the fact that Constantine, while making the Empire Christian, allied it to Eastern rather than Western Christianity. The lectures close with an eloquent eulogy of religious liberty and toleration, in which we cannot fail to notice a covert reference to the recent action of the French Government with regard to the Jesuits:—

Liberty is the best weapon against the enemies of liberty. Some say to us in all sincerity, "We accept liberty from you because, in accordance with your principles, you owe it us; but you shall not have it from us, because we do not owe it you." Well, let us give them liberty notwithstanding, nor imagine that we shall be overreached in the bargain. No; liberty is the great dissolvent of fanaticisms. When I claim liberty for my foe, for the man who would put me down if he had the power, I really offer him the most fatal of all gifts. I compel him to drink a strong draught that will turn his head, while I keep sober. . . . We do more harm to dogmatism

by treating it with implacable mildness than by persecuting it, for by this mildness we inculcate the principle which cuts up dogmatism by the roots—the principle, namely, that all metaphysical controversy is barren, and that in this region of thought, truth is for each what he thinks he can dimly discern" (pp. 205–6).

A volume like this, composed partly of details which must take their place as part of the author's most valuable contributions to historical study, and partly of an outline into which the details have still to be fitted, is not easy to criticise. We have preferred simply to indicate the line which M. Renan has taken, and by which he has connected some of the most perfectly-wrought episodes of his great work. We fear that the attention of hundreds of English readers, attracted and arrested for a time by the startling character of the first and least satisfactory volume of "*Les Origines du Christianisme*"—*The Life of Jesus*—died away almost as suddenly as it had been aroused. Few read *The Apostles*, fewer still the *St. Paul*. The former of these found an English translator; the latter, we believe, did not. We trust that the publication of these Hibbert Lectures will recall popular attention to the great gifts of research, combination, and exposition, which M. Renan undoubtedly possesses. Never before, we may venture to affirm, was the story of early Christianity invested with such interest, such verisimilitude, as he has succeeded in imparting to it. The scholar may object to particular assumptions or inferences here and there; but all scholars would agree that the general reading of M. Renan's books in England would do incalculable good in quickening the *historic sense* in which the Christendom of our day is weak, and for lack of which a rising generation seems inclined to regard Christianity itself with a supercilious depreciation.

The Hibbert Trustees were fortunate in being able to entrust the work of translating these lectures to the skilful hands of Mr. Beard, who has succeeded admirably in preserving the vivacity of the original while clothing it in flowing and not too rhetorical English; fortunate, too, in being able to pay a just compliment to their lecturer by appending to the volume the graceful speech in which Dr. Martineau offered to him the thanks of his audience. Dr. Martineau makes a pathetic confession that he has lost all he should have derived from France but his name and his descent; he proves, however, that he is by no means M. Renan's inferior in that *curiosa felicitas* of diction which constitutes so much of the charm of the French scholar's pages.

J. E. O.

IT is, perhaps, not surprising that Mr. Conway's extraordinary book * has so quickly reached a second edition. His conception of his subject has provided his clever pen with ample scope to display its popular powers. Few men can tell stories of devilry better than Mr. Conway. No man probably can rail at the gods with an effrontery more charming to their enemies. Moreover, Mr. Conway is a travelled man—up and down the earth, and up and down literature—and wherever he has travelled he has sought out the things he calls demons and devils, and in his book describes them with pen and pencil. Accordingly, people who like a book of piquant narratives, outrageous attacks on sacred things, interspersed with a good deal of out-of-the-way knowledge, can no doubt read this of Mr. Conway's with pleasure. On the other hand, people who really want to get a serious and accurate acquaintance with the subject which this work proposes to handle, must look elsewhere. Mr. Conway appears to believe in nothing else than Nature and Evolution. His realm of devils embraces all "the phantasms which man has conjured up from obstacles encountered in his progressive adaptation to the conditions of existence on his planet." All man's divinities, Elohim, Jehovah, Zeus, the Holy Ghost, are in his view such obstacles, and are confounded in one frightful limbo of superstitions. Indeed, the divinities obtain less favour than the devils. While the very name of Jehovah acts on Mr. Conway as an exciting phantom, Mephistopheles is all but a perfect ideal: he is "culture." Of course, Mr. Conway has a perfect right to maintain his theory, that any idea of the supernatural is a mere phantom of a disordered brain, and he has an equal right to maintain that all man's divinities as well as his demons are obstructions to his progress. But it ought to be obvious to every one that the just condition of a science of such supernatural phantoms is to carefully keep apart the two classes which those who have believed in them have regarded as so diametrically opposed. A science of superstitions has surely to deal with the *beliefs* of bygone times; and the division of supernatural agencies and powers into devils and divinities was, generally speaking, the most characteristic feature of those

* *Demonology and Devil-Lore*. By Moncure Daniel Conway, M.A., B.D., of Divinity College, Harvard University, Cambridge, U.S.A., Member of the Anthropological Institute, London. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. London: Chatto and Windus. 1880.

beliefs. But Mr. Conway also neglects the fundamental maxim of modern mythological science, to get at the feeling and conviction which underlies every mythological conception. He never tries to find the religious idea and feeling which led to the symbol of a divinity or a demon. He disbelieves himself in all gods and devils, and at times leads his reader back to the exploded notion that the priests invented both.

Mr. Conway's treatment of the details of his subject is as little trustworthy as his notion of its scope and his method of inquiry are scientific. He ventures the wildest and most astounding statements in opposition to the conclusions of best authorities, without the slightest show of evidence in support of them. For instance, he says (II., p. 46):—"The actions ascribed (in the Bible) to the Elohim, who created the heavens and the earth, generally reflect the powerful and unmoral forces of Nature. . . . When good and evil come to be spoken of, the name Jehovah at once appears." Such a distinction between Elohim and Jehovah is utterly foreign to the Biblical use of these names. In his account of the Elohist and Yahvist creations of Genesis, Mr. Conway's attempt (II., p. 79, *seq.*) to make a Biblical Danaë and Jupiter myth is not only characteristically wild and baseless, but furnishes typical illustrations of his scholarship. The Hebrew word *yatsar* is not to bear the simple meaning of *formed*, and *aphar* is more correctly rendered *sperma* by the Septuagint. Moreover, there is no reference whatever to the *sex* of the woman in the verses which describe her creation, the word for help-meet—*ezer*—being masculine. Now, we have here two extraordinary mis-statements of the fact. The LXX. render *aphar* by *ῥέος* and Eve is named by Adam *ishsha*, which is simply a feminine formation from *ish*, *man*, rendered by Luther *Männin*. The attempt to make the words *yatsar* and *aphar* allude to sexual matters, is equally groundless. One more illustration of Mr. Conway's exegesis of his documents.

"Out of the north an evil shall break forth upon all the inhabitants of the land." So said Jeremiah (i. 14), in pursuance of nearly universal traditions as to the region of space in which demons and devils had their abode. "Hell is naked before him," says Job (xxvi. 6), "and destruction hath no covering. He stretcheth out the north over the empty place." According to the Hebrew mythology, this habitation of demons was a realm of perpetual cold and midnight, which Jehovah, in creating the world, purposely left chaotic: so it was prepared for the Devil and his angels at the foundation of the world.—II., p. 115 *seq.*

Now, no one who will read Jeremiah's references to the enemy

from the *north* can avoid seeing that he is thinking simply of the Scythian and Chaldean invaders from the north of Asia. The passage from Job itself shows that in it, at all events, the *north* is not hell, but something suspended over it. Consultation of any good commentary would supply proof of the fact that the Hebrews, instead of looking on the north as the abode of devils, are inclined, in common with other nations of Asia, to look in that direction for the mountain-dwellings of deity (Isa. xiv. 13; Ez. xxviii. 14). If Mr. Conway replies, "Just so; I call all gods devils," we should have only another illustration of his radical unfitness to write a book on this terribly serious chapter of human history.

J. F. S.

PROFESSOR LANKESTER'S "Degeneration"* is a reprint and expansion of an address delivered before the British Association at Sheffield last year. It marks an epoch in scientific thinking only second to that made by Dr. Darwin, twenty-one years ago; and, like his great chief, the writer has wisely left his generalisation to speak for itself without prejudging, or even indicating, its possible ethical and religious applications, and has thus protected himself from the charge of unworthy or mixed motives, foreign to the spirit of pure science.

The essential heart of Darwin's theory is its doctrine of evolution by the process of natural selection, taking advantage of such small variations as benefit the creature concerned; and the transmission of these changes until they culminate in specific distinctions. Its method rests upon the validity of our judgment that the scale of value in organic life runs parallel with the specialisations of organs to particular functions; those creatures in which this largely obtains being considered high, while those of less complexity are considered low. It seems obvious that if we consider elaboration by natural selection to be possible, degeneration from higher to lower types must be possible also. Mr. Darwin fully recognises this when he insists upon the great value of disused and aborted organs, as way-marks of development and survivals of former condition; but it has hardly been recognised how extensively this downward process has operated, and how much light it can throw upon the puzzling and intricate variety of life-forms, and their complicated

* Degeneration. A Chapter in Darwinism. Professor E. Ray Lankester, F.R.S. Macmillan and Co.

relations to each other. It is these things which Mr. Lankester's book makes plain for us in a very uncompromising scientific way, and yet with sufficient popularity for intelligent and observant readers.

It is interesting to note, by the way, how, in the application of great scientific truths, especially in their moral and spiritual bearings, it is the poet who is always the prophet, and that only after a generation or so the man of science, the moralist, and the preacher, come toiling after the son of song up the sunlit summit of truth. It has taken evolutionists twenty-one years to seize this law of degeneration; but more than thirty years ago Mr. Tennyson wrote "The Vision of Sin," where it is all stated so plainly and nakedly that the poem reads to-day like a comment upon Professor Lankester's book; and fully twenty years ago Charles Kingsley, who entered literature as a poet, and was to the last more of a poet than anything else, put into his fairy tale of the "Water Babies" the history of the great and famous nation of the "Do-as-you-likes," which is, also, an unmistakable chapter in degeneration. With Tennyson and Kingsley the insight was intuitive and prophetic; here we have the facts upon which it rests, in what ways it works, and how it helps to explain large classes of phenomena hitherto very puzzling to the naturalist.

Without attempting any close analysis of the book, or any laboured criticism of its argument, it may be useful to indicate the lines on which it proceeds. Science is defined to be the inquiry into causes, and its method is the same as that by which the knowledge of causes is gained in every-day life. The first step is by the exercise of the imagination to frame an hypothesis; the second, to experimentally test the soundness of the hypothesis; and the third, observation of results and generalisation from them by which the hypothesis is confirmed or condemned. Darwinism is accepted as proven because it has followed this path, and stood this test; and according to it, the forces of natural selection may act in any one of three ways—either to keep a thing as it is, which is *balance*, or to increase the complexity of its structure, producing a higher form, which is *elaboration*, or to decrease the complexity of its structure, producing a lower form, which is *degeneration*. A certain form of degeneration has been for some years recognised in parasitic and half-parasitic animals, under what has been called *retrogressive metamorphosis*, but it now appears that this law must be carried much further, and that its power to discover causes can

explain, not these cases only of the atrophy of unused limbs, but those more extreme ones, where degeneration has implicated a variety of organs, so that the senses, the nervous system, the digestive organs, and even the mouth, have all become obliterated. Instead of there being, as in *elaboration*, a new expression of form and function, there is a suppression of form and function; this is, of course, taking the creature on the whole; it does not hinder what, in fact, is generally the case, the *elaboration* of some one organ accompanying *degeneration* in all the rest.

The conditions which determine degeneration are: First, any change which, by making food and safety easy, takes the animal out of the struggle for life. Thus, if a creature change its habits, and, instead of fighting its own battle, become parasitic, its limbs and sense-organs may one by one disappear until it becomes a mere sac, absorbing nourishment and laying eggs. Second, a sessile, or immovable habit of life. Many things which, while very young, are vigorous and active, presently fix themselves to some object; all the active organs become absorbed, and so they spend the rest of their existence, either solitary, or in communities. From their early free condition it is inferred that they are the degenerative forms of free-moving creatures, and in many cases the degeneration has gone so far that vertebrate animals have sunk from reptilian forms, like the frog or triton, to almost the base of organised existence. Third, from unexplained causes, animals sometimes take, partially or wholly, to vegetative forms of nutrition, feeding by absorption instead of digestion, and no longer needing to seek for food but lying basking in the sun, like plants, the limbs and sense-organs become aborted or pass away. Fourth, great scarcity of food may lead to degeneration, by giving advantage to smaller-sized individuals, who do not need so great an amount of nutriment, and thus, by natural selection, the race may become reduced to microscopic proportions, and many organs not needed in that condition may be lost. There is, lastly, a condition which may be called *arrested development*, in which the creature commences life in a larval condition, which, at some point before the adult form is reached, is permanently arrested. This condition may be temporarily produced by starvation or withholding the stimulus of light, and these causes, indefinitely continued, would probably cause its permanence.

The foregoing considerations will apply with equal force to the vegetable world, and it needs but a little vividness of the

imagination and power of spiritual insight, to see how closely they will apply to the life of man, to the development of civilisation, to the history of nations, to the laws affecting the growth or decay of individual character, and to the whole realm of morals and religion. He is a poor preacher indeed, who will not be able to get out of this little book suggestive material for putting ethical intensity and wide practical bearings into many a sermon.

T. W. F.

A WORK of this nature * can only be tested by long and constant use, and has very little to hope or fear from notices and reviews. If it is found practically to serve its purpose, it will make its way to general acceptance; and if not, no admiration for its laborious conscientiousness can possibly save it from neglect. Meanwhile, it is worth noticing that on the eve of the publication of the Revised Translation of the New Testament, scholars and publishers still seem to have unbounded faith in the permanence of our "Authorised Version," and do not shrink from very extensive enterprises which must collapse utterly if ever the text of the English Bible in general use should change. All that we can attempt at present is to indicate the advantages which this new Concordance endeavours to secure. In the first place, it claims to give one hundred and eighteen thousand references more than Cruden. In the second place, it is so arranged that, on referring to any passage, we see the original Hebrew or Greek of the key-word, with its primitive or literal meaning. In the third place, every New Testament passage which is omitted, or which is subject to any important variation in the best MSS., is enclosed in square brackets: there are thirty thousand of them in all. These advantages are sufficiently substantial, and, as far as we have been able to judge, the execution of the work fully carries out its design. On the other side, we have to mention the slightly increased difficulty in finding a passage which results from the splitting up of the texts containing the same English key-word under several heads corresponding to the several originals; and the total omission of all references to the Apocryphal books. Dr. Young's *naïveté* is almost incredible. He regrets the lack of ancient MSS. of the Old Testament, but is not without hope that excavations in the Temple area "may

* Analytical Concordance to the Bible, &c. By Robert Young, LL.D. Edinburgh. 1879.

yet provide us with MSS. of the age of Josiah, or of David, if not with the very autographs once preserved with the Ark of the Tabernacle;" but we are bound to add that an inspection of several test passages has convinced us that his special doctrinal or critical views have had no distorting influence upon the thoroughly impartial spirit in which he has carried out his stupendous labour. We doubt whether any form of *English Concordance* can be of very essential value to the genuine student of the Bible in enabling him to compare parallel passages or judge of literary problems; but Dr. Young's Concordance, together with its projected Hebrew and Greek index, will certainly do the most that can be done in this direction; and meanwhile the ordinary sermon writer who only wants his Concordance to help him to find the texts he is in search of, will have a great deal of valuable information about them incidentally conveyed to him by means of this book. Whether the light will always be welcome, or will always further the proximate object of the consultation, is neither our business nor Dr. Young's!

Since the above was in type, we have received the promised Hebrew and Greek Indices which supplement the Concordance. The whole work forms a very complete instrument for the verbal study of the Authorised Version in connection with the originals. Dr. Young has seen fit to add a number of Appendices for the use of "Sabbath School Teachers" and "Divinity Students," which contain some useful analytical tables, and in the course of which he gives an account of "Rationalism in its latest development," disposes of the "Waw converse," suggests sundry questions for Bible classes,* and performs many other feats which leave the essential merits of his work unimpaired, though they seriously disfigure it by their absurdity.

P. H. W.

WE have from America an interesting and useful volume of nine essays, contributed by men of very various shades of theological and philosophical belief.† The subjects dealt with

* e.g. "Did animals prey upon one another before the Fall, or were they then differently constituted?" "*Marriage with a deceased wife's sister* :—Is this forbidden at all, or only during her life-time, or is it a prohibition of Polygamy, as some say?"

† Institute Essays. Read before the "Ministers' Institute," Providence, R.I. October, 1879. With an Introduction by Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D. Boston. 1880.

are some of the most crucial questions of philosophy and criticism, such as the relation of modern philosophy to Christianity, the idea of God, the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, Monotheism and the Jews. The treatment these and kindred subjects receive is always interesting, and in the case of some of the essays, decidedly able. That on "Monotheism and the Jews," by Dr. Gustav Gottheil, Rabbi in New York, is certainly, from a literary point of view, one of the best. As a defence of Judaism as one of the great religions with a title to live, it is striking and ingenious, though to the reviewer not convincing. Professor Everett's paper is exceedingly interesting as one of the numerous signs on both sides of the Atlantic of a revival of hope in Hegelianism as the religious philosophy of the future. Mr. Francis E. Abbot's essay on "The Influence of Philosophy upon Christianity" is a good illustration of the unfair handling Christianity has to meet with at the hands of its modern enemies. They refuse the name of Christians to those who desire to free their religion from some of the false accretions of ages, and maintain that orthodoxy is its only genuine form. Having made this unjust assumption, they proceed to show that Christianity and philosophy are at variance. Strauss set Mr. Francis Abbot an example in this respect, and he follows it with much the same result. The reasoning of Mr. John W. Chadwick's paper on "The Idea of God," appears to us to suffer under two serious errors. They are, the notion that the essence of religion is in a sense of mystery, and that religion can ever stop short of, or get beyond, the communion of the human with the divine spirit. The need of help is much more the essence of religion than a feeling of mystery. And surely the mind which can conceive that if God has not consciousness "he has something better," is in a most abnormal condition. We men are committing mental and religious suicide when we dream of distrusting our own nature. The idea of an unconscious God is really as preposterous as it is irreligious. Happily, Mr. Chadwick does not hold it. We wish he had not admitted its possibility. We leave the other essays of this interesting volume without special mention simply because our space is already exhausted.

J. F. S.

MR. BAILDON'S *Essays** form a pretty and an interesting volume. It is rich in the fruits of a loving study of Nature, a study which the author has evidently prosecuted not only in the laboratory and with the microscope, but by first-hand observation of her quiet spots and secret ways. We do not suppose that Mr. Baildon's arguments, though by no means deficient in originality or cogency, will be regarded as triumphantly successful in the controversy with scientific materialism, properly so called; but we are sure that the reading of this little work might do much as a corrective to that prevalent habit of mind which, while knowing nothing of those revelations of Nature's beauty and variety which are the "harvest of the quiet eye," adopts and disseminates the most mechanical and least cheerful views of her action and her origin. It will not be surprising if Mr. Baildon incurs the charge of treating scientific subjects in the language of enthusiasm and poetry; the genuineness of his feeling, however, may well excuse him, and the fact, moreover, that most of these essays were originally delivered as lectures. If other excuse be needed, he may justly plead, as, indeed, he does, that Professor Tyndall has often similarly erred.

WE are glad to record the appearance of the fourth volume of Mr. J. F. Smith's excellent translation of Ewald's "Prophets,"† containing Ezekiel, and the anonymous fragments belonging to the later days of the captivity which are imbedded in the book of Isaiah, viz., Isa. xxi. 1—10, Isa. xiii. 2—xiv. 23, as well as the "Great Anonymous Prophet," Isa. xl.—lxvi. This volume is, perhaps, the most interesting of the four: for the English reader will probably feel that he never understood Ezekiel at all before, and will rejoice in a flood of new light thrown upon the words of the prophet with whom he is most familiar, the "second Isaiah." The versions of the metrical or strophic passages, especially Isa. xiv. 4—21 and xlvii., strike us as particularly fine.

* *The Spirit of Nature; being a Series of Interpretative Essays on the History of Matter from the Atom to the Flower.* By Henry Bellyse Baildon, B.A., Cantab. London: J. and A. Churchill. 1890.

† *Commentary on the Prophets of the Old Testament.* By the late Dr. G. H. A. von Ewald. Translated by J. Frederick Smith. Vol. IV. Theological Translation Fund Library. Williams and Norgate. 1890.

A GIANT is needed to fairly measure swords with the leader of the philosophy of evolution, and the public will not pay much attention to the challenges of unknown men, or bestow more than a temporary interest on fugitive papers and magazine articles even when they come from writers of acknowledged authority: The criticisms of Mr. Guthrie* are, for the most part, tolerably obvious; and such as have already proceeded from various well-known quarters without producing much effect upon the massive impression made by Herbert Spencer on our age. "This work," we are told, "is an elaboration of papers read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool," and it will doubtless be very welcome to those who heard and were interested in the original papers. Whether in the fierce struggle for existence among books it will show any fitness to survive is another question. Such efforts as Mr. Guthrie's may have a genuine local value, which we should be most unwilling to underrate, and may be sowing the seed of an interest in philosophy, which, when the season of harvest at length arrives, may yield abundant fruit.

MR. SAVAGE happily combines a reverent religious spirit with a temperament to which the modern criticism appears to be thoroughly congenial. He is able to perceive how that criticism is truly constructive and restorative, and as applied to the central biography of human history, substitutes a figure firmly outlined and truly proportioned for a confused and inconsistent personality. His present little volume† should do much the same for America as Mr. Clodd's last work will do for England; it should diffuse a popular conception of the Jesus of criticism as distinguished from the Jesus of creeds. Mr. Savage largely avails himself of Dr. Abbott's remarkable article, "Gospels," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and the portrait he draws from "the triple tradition" of the Synoptics is instinct with beauty and nobility. We cannot, indeed, wholly concur in Mr. Savage's canons of criticism; the matter is hardly so simple as he would

* On Mr. Spencer's Formula of Evolution. By Malcolm Guthrie. London: Trübner. 1879.

† Talks About Jesus. By M. J. Savage. Boston, U.S. 1880.

make it. The triple tradition *minus* all the rest of the Gospels is hardly equivalent to the Jesus of history, or even the nearest to the Jesus of history at which we can now arrive. "We have no right," says Mr. Savage, "to assume an ideal of Jesus, and make it a Procrustes bed to the dimensions of which the triple tradition must be violently conformed." That is, of course, true; but it is, nevertheless, our duty to take into consideration the conditions and atmosphere of the age and land in which Jesus lived, and there are ingredients in the triple tradition itself which we may modify or eliminate in view of the prejudices or misunderstandings of even the earliest biographers; nor is it impossible that an utterance or a movement of Jesus may have filtered down into only a single canonical Gospel and yet be more authentic than many parts of the triple tradition itself. That tradition gives Mary as Jesus' mother, and implies Nazareth as his birth-place; it also gives the miraculous appearance of Jesus, with his angels, in the clouds, as the mode predicted by him for the inauguration of his kingdom. Yet that prediction certainly does not stand on the same level of authenticity as the parentage and native-place of Jesus; and Luke's solitary report that Jesus said that the kingdom "cometh not with observation" ranks far higher in the scale of authenticity than the triply confirmed utterances about an apocalyptic advent. But these are blemishes of detail only, and we cordially thank Mr. Savage for his seasonable and attractive little book.

END OF VOLUME I.

COPY OF EDITOR'S PROSPECTUS.]

ON JANUARY 1, 1880,

WILL BE PUBLISHED THE FIRST NUMBER OF

THE MODERN REVIEW

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

RICHARD ACLAND ARMSTRONG, B.A.

THE first need of a New Periodical is justification : the purpose of this Prospectus is to justify the publication of the MODERN REVIEW.

No task is less possible than accurately to measure and co-ordinate the intellectual and spiritual forces of the observer's own times. Yet no thoughtful man refrains from the endeavour.

All wise men admit that there must be some and may be much error in their estimates of current mental movements; but both those whom it elates and those whom it afflicts agree that a rapid and even irresistible disintegration is now affecting old beliefs long held in reverence. Such disintegration is the work of a Modern

Philosophy described as Positive, that term implying allegiance, not to a Master, but to a Method.

We live at a time in which Magazines have acquired unprecedented influence in the formation of the national mind. Increasing multitudes feed their intellectual life, in no small measure, on articles in Periodicals. The attitude of current magazine literature towards that disintegration of belief which is in process becomes, then, a matter of moment. It is a mark of the growing strength of Free Inquiry that the ablest Reviews of the day give space impartially to champions of Ancient Creeds and exponents of the Positive Philosophy.

Close observation, however, reveals the fact that types of Orthodoxy, more or less deeply pledged to Tradition, and types of Agnosticism, more or less distinctly Atheistic, divide the chief hospitality of these Reviews between them; while types of Religious Belief spiritual, yet reasonable, fail of adequate expression. It ensues that Religion and Science, Faith and Reason, tend to be popularly regarded as contradictories; nor will it be disputed that the opinion is rapidly spreading that such is their relation.

If, then, there are men who, amid many diversities of thought and habit, yet agree in fervent loyalty to the principle of Free Inquiry, in fearless welcome to the teachings of Modern Science, and in deep conviction that the sanctities of Faith and Hope must be permanently characteristic of sound manhood, these constitute a third